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VOL. CXLII. MARCH, 1936. NO. 852.

# THE CATHOLIC WORLD

## A Monthly Magazine of General Literature and Science


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THE
CATHOLIC WORLD

MARCH, 1936

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### MEXICO: THE "INTERVENTION" BUGABOO

I WAS present recently at an informal lecture on Mexico given to a little group of some twenty persons. The speaker was a Jesuit priest sent from Rome to gather material relative to the possible beatification of Father Pro. His report is to be made to the Master General of the Society of Jesus and to the Pope. Of necessity he entered Mexico in disguise, since no one wearing clerical garb may cross the frontier. At the risk of bodily harm if not assassination he went everywhere, interviewed all sorts of persons, clergy and laity, Catholics, Protestants, atheists, took motion pictures (occasionally with the assistance of an obliging and unsuspecting policeman) and came away safe with pictures, documents and relics of Father Pro and of other latter-day Mexican martyrs.

**A Quiet Little Lecture**

The story of this little adventure was, as may be supposed, deeply interesting, but in the telling of it there was little if any sign of emotion. In fact I marveled that one could tell such a tragic tale so dispassionately. I must be less tolerant than the venturesome Jesuit, for in my heart I confess there is deep resentment against the Mexican government which perpetrates, and my own government which tolerates the brutal attack upon religion, the mad violation of justice and right and human feeling on the other side of the Rio Grande. I say "I confess," but in this case I confess without contrition. Not to be angry in the face of oppression is to be un-Christlike.

ALSO, I think it un-American. I happen to be one of those old-fashioned Americans (the tribe is not quite extinct) who believe that our country has a mission. For this was she born and for this did she come into the world, that she should champion the cause of those who suffer persecution for conscience' sake. True, the Pilgrims and the Puritans did not rise to that high concept of America's vocation. They believed in religious toleration not for all but for themselves. Nor were the Cavaliers of Virginia exponents of religious liberty. They

accepted the hospitality of Maryland, abused it, and persecuted those who had harbored them. But in spite of New England and Virginia, the spirit of other colonies, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Rhode Island prevailed, and when the Constitution came to be written, it embodied the principle of religious and racial toleration.

**An Old American Custom**

That is familiar history. What is not so well known is that the early Americans considered themselves not merely custodians but apostles of liberty. One of the greatest of Americans said, "My country is the world, my countrymen are all mankind"—a noble sentiment and not less American for being a plagiarism of the ancient Roman's *"Homo sum . . ."* "I am a man; nothing that pertains to man is alien to me."

Yes, we were zealous in early days and unafraid. Only later did we learn and adopt the diplomatic device of expediency. Only yesterday did we assume the attitude of the bogus optimist who doesn't care what happens so long as it doesn't happen to him. Unfortunately we have now come to such a pass that we think it silly to say that America has a "mission," a "vocation" or "message" to mankind; we have achieved a defeatist mentality; we are stricken with the weariness of tired old Europe. The buoyancy of our youth is gone, our idealism and optimism have petered out. I think I have quoted previously in these columns the cynical remark of a Frenchman who said, "The Americans present the unique spectacle of a people who passed directly from barbarism to decadence without touching civilization." That, of course, is a libel. But he might have said more truly that we have passed from childhood to old age without touching the prime of life.

**Helpers of Heroes**

When we were young we helped Kossuth achieve freedom in Hungary, Garibaldi in Italy, Daniel O'Connell, Parnell and Gladstone in Ireland; we rebuked Russia, Austria, Switzerland (yes, liberal Switzerland) for pogroms against the Jews; we protested to Turkey, to Germany, to Spain, to China, to Hawaii (before we took it over) in behalf of persecuted peoples. I have sometimes told the story of a man, charitable but of narrow vision, who gave money for American soldiers in France, but when part of the money was diverted to help starving Armenians, objected, "What is Armenia to me?" The typical American never felt that way. Armenia meant much to him, as did China and the Congo and Morocco. We went far afield in our apostolate for liberty and toleration. Victims of tyranny everywhere received our sympathy and our help. We rescued Cuba at our door, and the Philippines on the other side of the world. Whether or not we were always prudent is not the question: prudence is sometimes a mean virtue. We may have been tricked from time to time, but our motives —I mean the motives of the people not the politicians—were pure. And is not that the all-important matter? Do not moralists teach that it is the motive that determines the morality of the act? Yes, the morality and in these instances the nobility. Men may laugh at us for having been idealistic, and indeed in our present mood of skepticism we may smile a cynical smile at ourselves, but in

those days the dry rot of sophistication had not touched us. We hadn't learned to conceal cowardice with a facile phrase, "It's none of our business." Humanity *was* our business. We were young, confident, optimistic. In a word, we were American. If we have now become European, that is disillusioned, or, what is worse, Asiatic, fatalistic, we have lost our vocation and with it our reason for existence.

**The Paramount Claim of Humanity**

OUR leaders tell us glibly nowadays that we must not "interfere in the internal affairs of other nations." What! not even in the name of humanity? Where did we pick up that craven maxim? It isn't early American. It must be recent. In fact very recent. As late as 1929, Wheaton, a great authority on international law, vindicated the right and the duty of interference in the affairs of another nation "where the general interests of humanity are infringed by the excesses of a barbarous and despotic government," and another writer on international law, Oppenheim writes: "Should a State venture to treat its own subjects or some of them with such cruelty as would stagger humanity, public opinion of the rest of the world would call upon the Powers to *exercise intervention*" to guarantee to the citizens of the tyrannical State "an existence more adequate to the ideas of modern civilization." That principle of international law has been invoked habitually by the United States. In 1902 Secretary of State John Hay wrote to the United States Minister to Rumania: "This Government cannot be a tacit party to an international wrong. It is constrained to protest against the treatment to which the Jews of Rumania are subjected, not alone because it has unimpeachable ground to remonstrate against the resultant injury to itself, but in the name of humanity. The United States . . . does earnestly appeal to the principles . . . of international law and eternal justice, advocating broad toleration, and standing ready to lend its moral support to the fulfillment thereof."

**Have We Degenerated?**

Since that noble declaration of American policy, we seem to have lost our nerve. We made no real effort to stop Japan when she swooped down and slaughtered Chinese almost on the doorstep of our consulate in Shanghai. We didn't breathe a word of protest when Russia deliberately starved millions in the Ukraine. And to come to the case particularly in mind, the United States Government hasn't ventured to indite even the politest remonstrance to barbarous Mexico for its present persecution of the Christian faith, a persecution which the Pope, no alarmist, compares with that of Nero. We, a powerful people, are too pusillanimous even to convey a mild suggestion to the nondescript, unstable, loosely knit, bandit-ruled pseudo-republic on the other side of the Rio Grande. The government at Washington affects to disbelieve the most circumstantial accounts of barbarity, refuses to listen to evidence, nips a congressional investigation in the bud, disregards the appeal of at least twenty million American citizens to "do something!"—returns a lick-spittle ambassador to Mexico to flatter murderers, violates the good old American policy

established these 150 years of speaking out and acting in behalf of those who suffer persecution. In a word the present American administration has apostatized from the faith once delivered to the fathers.

IN a feeble attempt to excuse this political cowardice our leaders profess a horror of "intervention." In point of fact no one to-day has asked for intervention. But suppose we did, what of it? Since when have our statesmen shuddered at that bugaboo? Didn't we intervene in a tremendous way in 1917 in behalf of Belgium, or if you prefer, in behalf of Right and Justice and Democracy? The question is not whether certain cynics critical of all idealistic action say now that we ought not to have gone into the War. The question is, will the State Department and the White House go on record as regretting all cases of America's intervention when humanity demanded it? Intervention? We have intervened in Mexico repeatedly; we are intervening in Mexico to-day, and *not* on the side of humanity.

"Intervention" Bugaboo

IF the Secretary of State is not familiar with American diplomatic correspondence of the last century and a half, we shall be pleased to send him a convenient memorandum, containing samples, or he can get some bright young fellow in his office to assemble a few of the many protests to foreign nations in behalf of persecuted subjects. For example, here is one: "Resolved, That the attention of the Senate having been called to the reported massacre of members of the Jewish race in the Ukraine and to the existence and execution of pogroms, which indicate a determination to exterminate the Jews of Ukrainia, it is requested of the State Department that such information as may be available, not inconsistent with the public interest, be transmitted to the Senate showing the actual conditions in the Ukraine."

That resolution dated December 12, 1919 was unanimously reported. It is polite and pacific. Mr. Hull need only write in "Christians" where he finds the word "Jews," and "Mexico" in place of "Ukrainia," and send the letter to our Ambassador in Mexico, who in turn may let Cardenas see it. The job will be done. Otherwise we stand convicted of being more concerned about Jews in Russia in 1919 than about Christians in Mexico in 1936.

ANOTHER subterfuge sometimes alleged in defense of governmental apathy is that the conflict in Mexico pertains to religion and since the United States Government is committed to no religion, we cannot say anything. So? Then what about such a document as this, written by Secretary of State Hamilton Fish to our chargé d'affaires in Spain in 1876:

"You are instructed to . . . take occasion to speak . . . to the minister of state, impressing upon him the deep interest which the question of religious liberty in United States, and Spain excites in the the strong hope that the steps lately taken by the Spanish Government with reference to religious freedom and toleration may not be followed by others of a more retrograde character, and that the rights which the minister of

Those Were the Days!

state admits are secured to Protestants by the eleventh article of the constitution may be entirely respected."

Since we dared speak thus sharply in behalf of Protestants in Spain why do we fear to open our mouth in behalf of Catholics or for that matter Protestants in Mexico?

**A Question of Fact?**

DOES the Administration really doubt the *fact* of persecution in Mexico? Do the President and his Secretary of State accept without question the report of the fatuous Josephus Daniels that "there is no religious persecution in Mexico"? Will they welcome evidence to the contrary? Upon the slightest invitation we will dump a carload of evidence on the broad steps of the State Department or on the White House lawn. And by the way, why did they shelve Senator Borah's resolution to investigate the facts? Was it on the principle of the judge who said he had heard one side of the case, had made up his mind and didn't intend to listen to any bewildering counter-evidence? At this moment there are half a dozen men in Congress or out of Congress, who could knock the incredible Daniels into a cocked hat, if the President cares to listen to them. He might at least consider the speech of the Honorable Clare Fenerty of Pennsylvania delivered in the House on April 25, 1935. True, Mr. Fenerty is a Catholic, but if on that account his testimony is considered *ex parte*, there is the Protestant Dr. MacFarland and the freethinker Carleton Beals, who corroborate Fenerty's testimony.

I should like to hear a debate between Josephus Daniels and any one of the men I have named on the question of the *fact* of religious persecution in Mexico. But Ambassadors do not debate. Fortunately. It would not be an edifying spectacle to hear the inept and incompetent Josephus, good Southern Methodist that he is, defending a gang of atheists and solemnly asseverating what they themselves don't for a moment believe, "There is no persecution of religion in Mexico"!

Truly we have retrograded. Of old our spokesmen abroad were champions of toleration. Now we suffer the shame of supporting an Ambassador who makes himself the apologist of tyranny.

**"Reformers"! Save the Mark!**

ONE consideration more: the suspicion is whispered here and there that the Mexican clergy were corrupt, that the brand of religion they inculcated was superstitious, and therefore (the conclusion is implied if not spoken) a "purge" was called for. In other words Calles, Cardenas, Canabal and their fellows, are actuated by a zeal for purity of morals and of worship. Indeed? So that explains their having little boys and girls stripped in the classroom as a lesson in physiology? And the pictures of nude men and women shown to the children, with the caption, "This is Nature"? And the vicious, indecent, obscene mural paintings kept before the eyes of school children all day and every day? And the expeditions from school to the maternity wards in hospitals so that the kiddies might witness the painful and sometimes horrifying phenomenon of childbirth? The foul atheists who now dominate Mexico are as zealous for purity as the six-

wived Henry VIII., or Martin Luther of the unprintable "Table Talk." "Hypocrites! First cast out the beam from your own eye and then will you see clearly to cast out the mote from your brother's eye."

As for superstition: may we grant that a population eighty per cent Indian or half-breed retains some lingering paganism, and that the clergy, finding it impossible to root out the tares from the wheat, permitted both to grow together. But shall we for that reason justify the murder of 200 priests, the banishment of other hundreds, the limitation of the number of the clergy in some States to one in 50,000 or 100,000 and the total exclusion of the clergy from others? Let us not be ridiculous. It is wicked for the oppressors to lie, but it would be stupid of us to believe their lies. If they could lie cleverly, they might trick us, but only a simpleton could be deceived by the specimens of crude mendacity now emanating from Mexico—a simpleton or an ambassador.

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## The Next War: Annihilation

THE next war (and short of a miracle there will be a next war) will be inconceivably horrible. We have grown used to prophecies that science may destroy the world, that civilization may be retarded a thousand years or blotted out forever, that infantry, artillery and battleships are obsolete, that even the most elaborate and impregnable fortifications, as for example those on the eastern frontier of France, mean nothing in this age of improved aircraft; that death will drop upon us from the skies, that lethal gases will strangle us and explosive bombs blow our cities to dust, and that in fine we shall all perish in such agonies as not even the weird imagination of Dante could have pictured.

But when we have become sufficiently horrified at these nightmare prophecies, along comes an artillery officer (I have read his statement) with the reassurance that anti-aircraft guns will take care of all hostile airplanes, that "they shall not pass" our borders or our coast lines, that the latest range finders will pick up the enemy in the sky automatically. And the chemists with confident denial that any gas more destructive than mustard gas has been discovered, and that we learned in the World War how to protect ourselves from mustard gas.

Naturally we should like to believe these counselors of good cheer. But as we are about to regain confidence and conclude that science can counteract science, there appears a most devastating little volume, *Hitler's Wings of Death*,[1] by Otto Lehmann-Russbueldt, vouched for by Wickham Steed as "a man of careful mind and good faith . . . a zealous and fearless worker for the rational and guaranteed disarmament of nations." But disarmament in the usual sense of the limitation or abolition of arms and ammunition has become futile even if, by a miracle, it could be achieved. The munitions-makers are no longer Public Enemy No. 1. Their place has been taken by the chemists. Even as far back as the World War it became evident that infantry and artillery were doomed to become as obsolete as cavalry. In 1925 a major in the German army, Soldan by

[1] Harrisburg, Pa.: The Telegraph Press. $1.50.

name, could speak of the "fiasco" of armies and the "fiasco" of war-methods used as late as 1918. "Gas" was the new word, "a terribly effective gas." In 1928 there occurred in the city of Hamburg what Herr Lehmann-Russbueldt calls "the notorious phosgene catastrophe," so horrible an explosion that the details of it were hushed up and are not known to this day. But now in 1936 phosgene itself is *passé*. The newest and latest scientific invention is a liquid. All that an enemy needs is an airplane or even a balloon with enough lifting power to carry a few carboys of the new invention, which, dropped like rain upon a city, will destroy every mortal whose person or whose clothes it touches.

Horrors

Wherever and however he got it, the author produces a letter from Hitler dated Berlin, May 17, 1933, to a firm of chemists engaged in experiments with this new implement of horror. It contains a bacillus which breeds a culture. The chemists are commanded to keep the formula strictly secret and not to "make the culture plates yourself nor breed the germs upon them since that might easily attract the notice of the academically educated members of your staff." Our author supposes the liquid to contain a bacillus like the *micrococcus prodigiosus* known in 1911 but perfected and modified by a new ingredient that makes it more convenient to use and more deadly in effect. This new mixture was "rained down from an aeroplane flying at various heights between 5,000 and 1,000 metres, culture plates having been placed in suitable positions upon the flying field below. The culture plates were then taken to Berlin so that the results of the experiments might be secretly and exactly discovered. . . . An extract from a memorandum consists of a long disquisition upon the velocity of drops of liquid falling through the air, together with a number of mathematical calculations and comparisons. But the beginning of the extract runs: *'As regards the experiments with the bacilli, the undersigned is glad to know that, in accordance with his advice, two experiments have already been made and have given encouraging results.'* "

THIS sort of thing, the invention and the experiment, seem to me more hideous than all the wild fancies of the romancers who have made fiction out of science.

Further, we are informed that German agents made experiments in the subways of London and Paris with the same bacillus-carrier loaded now with an innocuous germ, the action of which could nevertheless be recorded on sensitized plates. The mixture was sprinkled from a taxicab at the *Place de la Concorde* and other squares having entrances to the underground railway. The result of one of the experiments is recorded scientifically.

Strictly Scientific

As a scientific curiosity a few of the opening lines of the document are given:

"O. P. f. Vers. u. Koor. Conc. (ob.).-Mehrf. umf. -oa. 210 X $10^{12}$-. Be. m. H. Pers; gen. 6 h sp. Strg.-2.47 p.m.-18.8.33.

Nr. 1: Pl. Rpq: ONOO; 3, 12 km: B 1-2; A. 8,75; nor. neg.; s.g.ggt. K 4231."

These hieroglyphics, so bewildering to the layman were deciphered

"by careful expert study." I give these data for what they are worth. Mr. Wickham Steed, former editor of the English *Review of Reviews*, evidently accepts them as reliable and epoch-making. Anyone is free of course to remain skeptical, but in fairness such a one should do the author of *Hitler's Wings of Death* the justice of reading his book. Whatever be the final judgment concerning the particular piece of evidence, one thing seems certain: the chemists are hard at work upon instruments of destruction that will make gunpowder, nitroglycerine, lyddite, maximite as obsolete as the bow-and-arrow.

**"All Our Pomp . . ."**

THE supposition that a whole civilization may be destroyed is not ridiculous: the surface of the earth is strewn with ruins of civilizations as great as ours. In these days when Rudyard Kipling's death has brought to mind some of the best and some of the worst things he wrote, I dare say that a line that has run in the memory of many persons is that one from "Recessional," "And all our pomp of yesterday is one with Nineveh and Tyre." Yes, Nineveh and Tyre, and Sodom and Gomorrah, and Babylon and Persepolis and Thebes and Syracuse and Troy and Heliopolis and Sparta and Athens, and Rome (pagan Rome), and Carthage and Crete. Add to all these the defunct civilizations of Mexico and Peru, the Aztecs and the Incas. The surface of the globe is littered with the relics of defunct civilizations; and we have no guarantee that our present European and American civilization will be an exception to the rule and live forever.

**Will Science Destroy Mankind?**

In certain ways ours is a greater civilization than any that has gone before, greater especially because of science, the machine and mechanical and scientific inventions. But the development of science which in a way lifts us higher than the ancients may cast us lower and do it more quickly. When the Eiffel Tower tumbles, it will make a louder crash than the Colosseum of Rhodes, and when the Empire State Building topples and falls, it will kick up more dust and make a bigger heap of ruins than the temple of Venus in the Roman Forum. The higher they stand, the harder they fall; the more complicated the civilization the more danger of its destruction. H. G. Wells reckons that by 1970 the earth will be a desert. He comes to that conclusion by supposposing a war—such a war as the world has never seen—after the war, famine and after the famine, epidemic, killing off millions that were not killed by the war.

THERE is a recent motion picture, *The Invisible Ray*. In it a scientist discovers a substance more powerful by far than radium, and from which emanates a ray a thousand times more destructive than the X-Ray. He devises a machine to harness this terrible power, an instrument somewhat in the shape of a telescope. He trains the machine like a gun upon a part of a mountain; the unseen ray crumbles the rock and earth so that it falls away like melting butter. In his mad enthusiasm, the discoverer exclaims, "I can destroy a city a thousand miles away with a ray that no human eye can see!"

As a matter of fact he does direct the ray first upon certain statues and they crumble into dirt, then upon certain persons who have incurred his hatred and they drop dead. But he has poisoned himself with the mere handling of the ray and he dies.

Take it as a flight of imagination, or as a nightmare. But we have no certainty that something almost equally terrible is not now being prepared in chemical or physical laboratories at the service of War Departments. Sooner or later the chemists and physicians will invent or discover something that can blow us all to atoms, or make us evaporate like steam.

For this reason the most important business of the human race today is to prevent war. Any king, president, premier, general, dictator, duce, munitions manufacturer, politician, propagandist, purveyor of race hatred or class hatred, communist or capitalist, who by word or by deed helps to bring on that war is a criminal, an enemy of the human race, a traitor to civilization, an agent of Satan, the rival of God.

# AGRARIAN CAPITALISM IN ENGLAND

By D. Marshall

CAPITALISM can be defined as that state of affairs when a few have in their hands all or nearly all the wealth of the community; and it is that state which exists in England to-day, where according to the computation of Professor Clay, six per cent of the population own half the national income and three-fourths of the national property. It is my intention to trace the history of the establishment of that state of affairs in England, using, as far as possible, the words of those responsible authorities who have dealt with the subject, rather than my own words. This history may be divided into two parts, first the destruction of the peasants, second the destruction of the craftsmen.

The land of England was at first cultivated by serfs, men who were not slaves, but bound to the soil. Their ancestors, it is thought, had been slaves—laborers on the great landed estates of Roman times; but gradually, under the beneficent influence of the Church, these slaves became possessed of customary rights and were treated as men. They became serfs, then they became free peasants. In England the destruction of the Church caused the reversal of this process. Peter being denied, Mammon came into his own, and commenced once more to enslave men.

The high-water mark of freedom and happiness for the normal man seems to have been reached in this country about the beginning of the sixteenth century, just before the removal of the cause—the Catholic Church—which had ensured that freedom and happiness. "To an observer of agrarian conditions living about the year 1500," says Tawney in his *Agrarian Problem in the Sixteenth Century*, "all the possibilities must have seemed to point in the direction of a continuous improvement in the condition of the peasantry." That hope was dashed. The reason may be stated in one word—wool. It was wool that first led England to sacrifice agriculture to trade, the fields to the loom. It was wool that first began to make the few rich and the many poor. The wool trade made England a country incredibly rich for the times, it smashed the guilds, and it began the destruction of the peasantry. To supply the wool that was needed in such vast quantities, sheep were needed. The great sheep masters swept all before them—the common lands of the peasantry were enclosed, plowed land was turned into pasture, whole villages were pulled down to make room for sheep. "The sheep consume, destroy, and devour whole fields, houses and cities," cried St. Thomas More, "for look in what parts of the realm doth grow the finest and therefore the dearest wool, there noblemen and gentlemen, and certain abbots, holy men, God wot, not contenting themselves with the yearly revenues and profits that were wont to grow to their forefathers and predecessors of their lands, not being content that they live in rest and pleasure, nothing profiting, yea much noying the weal public, leave

no ground for tillage; they enclose all in pasture; they throw down houses, they pluck down towns; and leave nothing standing but only the church to make of it a sheep-house."[1] As for the poor themselves, the dispossessed, their voice is echoed in that bitter "Ballad of Nowadays":

"Envy waxeth wondrous strong,
The rich doth the poor wrong,
God of His mercy suffereth long
The devil his works to work.
The towns go down, the land decays;
Of cornfields plain lays[2]
Great men maketh nowadays
A sheepcote in the church.

"The places that we right holy call,
Ordained for Christian burial,
Of them to make an ox-stall
These men be wondrous wise;
Commons to close and keep
Poor folk for bread to cry and weep
Towns pulled down to pasture sheep,
This is the new guise."

One notes St. Thomas More's reference to "certain abbots" with sorrow. But generally the monks behaved creditably in the matter. Virtually half the land under their direct control was still under tillage at the time of the Dissolution.[3] After their estates had passed out of the hands of the monks, their rule was remembered regretfully even by their enemies. "But for the faith's sake," cried one Protestant, "it had been more profitable no doubt for the commonwealth that they remaineth still in their hands."[4] In the minds of the rebels of 1536 the rule of the Church was associated with the reign of the plow. The men of Lincolnshire marched under a banner embroidered with a plowshare, and in the North generally the Pilgrimage of Grace coincided with the plucking down of the sheep enclosures. Had it not been for the sinister power of wool England might have been Catholic to this day. Professor Tawney says plainly that "had the Catholic gentry generally been willing to sacrifice the rents got from pasture-farming, these movements might have found leaders who would have made them more formidable."[5]

Royal proclamation followed royal proclamation, statute followed statute, and all to no purpose. "We have good statutes made for the commonwealth," drily remarked Latimer, "as touching commons, enclosures—many meetings and sessions, but in the end of the matter there comes nothing forth," for the officials who were to have put the good laws into execution were the very offenders themselves. The peasants rioted; Ket's men slaughtered the offending sheep in hundreds, leaving their skins for the sheep masters, as they sarcastically sang:

"Mr. Pratt, your sheep are very fat,
And we thank *you* for that;
We have left you the skins to pay your wife's pins,
And you must thank *us* for that."

Yet all to no purpose. The profits were so great. Gold poured into the hands of those who dealt in

[1] *Utopia*. Bk. I., pp. 23, 24, of Everyman Edition.

[2] *I. e.*, laid down to grass.

[3] Lipson, *General History of England*, Vol. I., p. 133.

[4] Brinklow, *The Complaint of Roderick Mors.*

[5] *Agrarian Problem in the Sixteenth Century*, p. 333.

wool. Enclosed pasture had an excess rental value of sixty-six per cent over unenclosed arable, such as the peasants commonly lived upon. Foreigners were amazed at the barbaric splendor of the English capital. "In all the shops in Milan, Rome, Venice and Florence put together, I do not think there would be found so much of the magnificence that is to be seen in London," wrote the astounded Venetian ambassador at the end of the fifteenth century.

Nevertheless the monarchy kept the depopulating landlords in some sort of order. It was not until the eighteenth century, after its disappearance as an effective force, that the peasantry was finally destroyed, though for other reasons than wool.

"That blind, selfish, indomitable aristocracy of country families, which made the British Empire and ruined a considerable proportion of the English nation," as Tawney puts it, having destroyed the Church and crushed the monarchy, now turned upon the English people; and very successfully reduced them to servitude by depriving them of their property. First comes the completion of the work begun by the sheep enclosures—the destruction of the free peasantry.

That work was done chiefly in two ways, firstly what was called the "engrossing" of farms, secondly by enclosures. Engrossing of farms simply means the throwing of several small farms into one large one, and the consequent reduction of the small farmers to the status of laborers. These small farmers had gradually progressed from the status of villeins to that of customary tenants, tenants, that is, who paid only a nominal rent and who were protected by the custom of the manor. The landlords, not receiving enough profit from these men, had done their best to convert these customary tenants into leaseholders in which they were mainly successful. Then, they had the farmers at their mercy. They could evict whom they liked and when; and with such success that, for instance in Durneston in 1796, there were only two farms; twenty years before there had been thirty. Cobbett in his tour through North Hampshire about the year 1825 gives some startling examples. "In the parish of Burghclere," he says, "one single farmer holds by lease, under Lord Carnarvon, as one farm, the lands that men now living can remember to have formed fourteen farms, bringing up, in a respectable way, fourteen families. In some instances these small farmhouses and homesteads are completely gone; in others the buildings remain, but in a tumble-down state; in others the house is gone, leaving the barn for use as a barn or cattle-shed; in others the out-buildings are gone, and the house, with rotten thatch, broken windows, rotten door-sills, and all threatening to fall, remains as the dwelling of a half-starved and ragged family of small farmers that formally lived happily in this very house."[6]

But the destruction of the peasantry was chiefly accomplished by the great enclosure movement of the eighteenth century. To understand what an enclosure was, we must first describe the old village community. To-day we think of the normal countryside as divided up into a system of small fields. Two hundred years ago that was very unusual. The normal system was

[6] Cobbett's *Rural Rides*, Vol. II., p. 157, of Everyman Edition.

for each village to have several very large fields or commons. Some of these would be used for pasture and others for plow land. The plowed commons were divided up into innumerable little strips of an acre or half an acre in extent and separated by balks or wide borders of unplowed turf, often with a growth of small trees on them. Each cottager would have several of these strips in various parts of the common, and besides this the right of pasturing his cattle on the common pasture.

"The commons," the Hammonds tell us in their book *The Village Labourer*, "were the patrimony of the poor. The commoner's child, however needy, was born with a spoon in his mouth. He came into a world where he had a share and a place."

"Where the labourers still had the use of the commons," says Hasbach,† "or where they could rent a bit of land, they could fat a pig, and as we have said keep geese, sheep and a cow or two. So that they had milk which served to eke out their own frugal meals, as well as for their children; and now and then a bit of meat. . . . The commons also, as we have seen, provided the fire which burnt on their hearths in winter.

"Evidently, therefore, the cottagers were as a class in no uncomfortable position. They were at any rate better off than the agricultural labourer of the present day, and than many industrial labourers. For most of them had something, namely, their live stock to call their own: they were independent of the fluctuations of the market, and were not very hard hit even by occasional unemployment.

"The most important fact about this system," the Hammonds tell us, "is that it provided opportunities for the humblest and poorest labourer to rise in the village. Population seems to have moved slowly, and thus there was no feverish competition for land. The farm-servant could save up his wages and begin his married life by hiring a cottage which carried rights of common, and gradually buy or hire strips of land. Every village had its ladder, and nobody was doomed to stay on the lowest rung."

Enclosure meant simply the dividing up of the commons and the apportionment of them in the form of compact fields among the various people who had rights on them. It seems just enough, and the reason alleged for the change — that the old system was wasteful—is true enough. But it is the way in which the change was carried out that made all the difference. It was done purposely so as to deprive the small man of his property.

Hasbach sums the situation up as follows: "The commoners were obnoxious to many interests. The rent hunger of the landlord, and the tithe-hunger of the parson fell in with the views of the large farmer (who wanted the whole common for his own cattle, and found the land-holding and stock-owning day labourer too independent). They were all agreed that the cottager must be sacrificed in the interests of the whole community. After Adam Smith, their extinction was held to be a necessary condition of progress. Men hesitated at no means which could serve this end." The upper classes were appallingly outspoken, as will be seen from these quotations from a pamphlet on the Agriculture of Shropshire by one Bishton, published in 1794: "The use of common land by la-

† *History of the English Agricultural Labourer.*

bourers operates upon the mind as a sort of independence." When the commons are enclosed "the labourers will work every day in the year, their children will be put out to labour early," and "that subordination of the lower ranks of society which in the present times is so much wanted, would be thereby considerably secured."

"Enclosure was fatal to three classes," according to the Hammonds, "the small farmer, the cottager, and the squatter. To all of these classes their common rights were worth more than anything they received in return. Their position was just the opposite of that of the lord of the manor. The Lord of the Manor was given a certain quantity of land (usually 1/16) in lieu of his surface rights, and that compact allotment was infinitely more valuable than the right so compensated. For even if the small farmer received strict justice in the division of the common fields, his share in the legal costs and the additional expense of fencing his fields often overwhelmed him, and he was obliged to sell his property." "The reader will not be surprised to learn that the costs sometimes amounted to the whole value of the land, and sometimes exceeded it" (Hasbach).

If the expenses still left the small farmer on his feet, he found himself deprived of the use of the fallow and stubble pasture, which had been almost as indispensable to him as the land he cultivated. The small farmer either emigrated to America or to an industrial town, or became a day laborer. Thus at Merton in Oxfordsire "the small farmers who had hitherto lived in comparative plenty,"[8] were reduced to laborers and threw themselves on the parish in a few years.

The effect on the cottager can best be described by saying that before enclosure the cottager was a laborer with land, after enclosure he was a laborer without land. In the first place he lost a great many rights for which he received no compensation. Hasbach says that "the scraps of land allotted to them could not feed the stock they had been accustomed to drive upon the commons." A witness in the General Report on Enclosures in 1808 gave evidence that, "In most of the enclosures he has known the poor man's allotment and cows are sold five times out of six before the award is signed." The Hammonds on the same subject say, "It is obvious that there must have been very many small proprietors who had neither the courage nor the knowledge necessary to put and defend their case, and that vast numbers of claims must have been disregarded because they were not presented, or because they were presented too late, or because they were irregular in form.

"Let us imagine the cottager, unable to read or write, enjoying certain customary rights of common without any idea of their origin in history or legal basis: knowing only that as long as he can remember he has a cow, driven geese across the waste, pulled his fuel out of the neighbouring brushwood, and cut turf from the common, and that his father did all these things before him. The cottager learns that before a certain day he has to present to his landlord's bailiff, or to the parson, or to one of the magistrates . . . or to some solicitor from the county town, a clear and correct statement of his rights and his claim to a share in the award. Is a cot-

[8] Hammonds.

tager to be trusted to face the ordeal, or to be in time with his statement, or to have that statement in proper legal form? The commissioners can reject his claim on the ground of any technical irregularity. It is significant that in the case of Sedgmoor, out of 4063 claims sent in, only 1798 were allowed."

"History," the Hammonds add, "has drawn a curtain over those days of exile and suffering, when cottages were pulled down as if by an invader's hand, and families that had lived for centuries in their dales or on their small farms and commons were driven before the torrent."

Thus "agriculture, which had hitherto provided most people with a livelihood, but few people with vast fortunes, had become by the end of the century a great capitalist and specialised industry."

The last stage of the tragedy was the driving of the poor off the land altogether, into the great industrial towns. This was accomplished in two ways, by a systematic depopulation of the countryside, and by the Great Famine of the twenties and thirties of the nineteenth century. Firstly the pulling down of the cottages. The laborers had to go to the towns—their homes were pulled down over their heads. In Norfolk the small farms were pulled down so remorselessly that scarcely anything remained but large farms lying far apart one from the other. "In the counties of Leicester and Northamptonshire," said Addington in 1772, "where inclosing has lately prevailed, the decrease of inhabitants in almost all the inclosed villages cannot but give every true friend of his country a most sensible concern. The ruins of former dwelling houses, barns, stables, etc., show everyone who passes through them that they were once much more extensive and inhabited."[9] Secondly, the Great Famine. The English poor have never suffered so much as during the first half of the nineteenth century. All the agricultural laborer's resources had been taken from him, and now he was a wage earner and nothing more. Enclosure had robbed him of the strip he tilled, of the cow that he kept on the village pasture, of the fuel he had picked up in the woods. And while a social revolution had swept away his possessions, an industrial revolution had swept away his family's earnings, for the domestic industries were overwhelmed by the new machine production. "In the thirty-five years before 1826, the standard of living (of the poorer classes) had dropped as much as a third."[10] Wages were impossible—the agricultural industry never recovered from the slump that followed the Napoleonic War—the laborer had no possessions, and all that the countryside produced went to the towns. "Neither the miller nor the meal-man will sell the labourer a less quantity than a sack of flour under the retail price of shops," said one contemporary,[11] "and the poor man's pocket will seldom allow of his buying a whole sack at once." "Formally they could buy milk, butter, and many other small articles in every parish, in whatever quantity they are wanted," said another,[12] "but since small farms have decreased in number, no such articles are to be had; for the great farmers have no idea of retailing such small commodities,

9 "An inquiry into the reasons for and against inclosing open fields." 1772.
10 Hammonds.
11 Davies, in *The Case of the Labourers.*
12 Kent, in *Hints on Norfolk Agriculture.*

and those who do retail them carry them all to town."

As an example of this Cobbett's experience in Lincolnshire may be quoted: "Today we have seen hundreds upon hundreds of sheep, as fat as hogs, go by this inn door, their toes, like those of the footmarks at the entrance of the lion's den, all pointing towards the wen [as he called London]; and the landlord gave us for dinner a little skinny hard leg of mutton—where the man got it, I cannot imagine. Thus it is: every good thing is literally driven or carried away out of the country. In walking out yesterday, I saw three poor fellows digging stones for the roads, who told me that they never had anything but bread to eat, and water to wash it down."[13] The condition of the laborers can be imagined. This is what they were like in Wiltshire: "The labourers seem miserably poor. Their dwellings are little better than pig-beds, and their looks indicate that their food is not nearly equal to that of a pig. Their wretched hovels are stuck up little bits of ground on the road-sides where the space has been wider than the road demanded. . . . It seems as if they had been swept off the fields by a hurricane and had dropped and found shelter under the banks on the roadside."[14] The towns were preferable to this. At any rate, there one could live.

But it must not be imagined that the laborers capitulated without a struggle. The introduction of machinery on the farms in 1830 proved the last straw, and mobs smashed the new mechanical reapers to pieces, while all over the South the ricks flared. For some weeks the rebels had part of the country in their hands, but eventually the revolt was crushed, and dispensers of justice went about the country, administering it with a heavy hand. In the riots the only fatality was a rioter killed by a yeomanry soldier, and for that offense he was refused Christian burial. For these riots, apart from the cases of arson, for which six men and boys were hung, aristocratic justice exacted three lives, and the transportation of 457 men and boys, in addition to the imprisonment of about 400 at home. I will conclude with a description, by an eyewitness, of the moment the executions were carried out at Winchester.

"At this moment I cast my eyes down into the felon's yard and saw many of the convicts weeping bitterly, some burying their faces in their smock frocks, others wringing their hands convulsively, and others leaning for support against the wall of the yard and unable to cast their eyes upwards." Such was the end of their fight for justice. They had lost. England was launched in a fight, not for individuals and their rights, but for wealth. And with the spread of the results of the Reformation materialism was made the god, all else was as nothing. The spiritual went with the Faith.

[13] Cobbett, *Rural Rides*. [14] *Ibid.*

## YEARNING

By Liam P. Clancy

I NEVER see the sun
On any waters shining,
I never see the moon
Ensilver any sea,
But the heart o' me is going
Where a thousand streams are twining
Round hills of heathered glory
From Callan to Kilkee.

I never hear the sound
Of any breezes blowing,
I never hear the song
Of any bird at noon,
But the thoughts o' me are winging
Where my feet would fain be going,—
To Dehomah[1] and Darra,
And the singing groves o' Doon.

. . . . . .

Would God I'd see the sun
On certain waters shining!
Would God I'd see the moon
Ensilver one loved sea!
I'd sell the soul within me
For a sight o' streamlets twining
Round hills of purple glory
At Callan and Kilkee!

1 Dehomah: Pronounced De'humah (accent on first syllable).

## FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK

By P. J. Gaynor

IT was wee Brian himself who found the shamrock. Critically the old man surveyed the tiny sprig of green.

"It's a four-leaved one sure enough," he declared. "You're in luck, Brian, my boy."

"But, granda, the shamrocks were for Aunt Mary, and this one is hers by right."

The smile faded from Brian O'Rourke's face. The latest tidings from America were far from reassuring.

"No, lad," he said, after a pause. "'Twas you found that shamrock and you mustn't part with it for love or money."

The boy looked disappointed. He liked Aunt Mary though he had never seen her. The thought of her letters stirred up pleasant memories.

"Granda, I—I think we'll send it," he persisted.

The old man reflected.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Brian," he said. "Here's Aunt Mary's last letter, and we'll put the shamrock in it for safety. Who knows but it'll bring her luck?"

The well-thumbed envelope was beginning to fray. He secured the charm and returned the letter to his pocket.

"There, now. It's as safe as a house. We'd better go in and fix up the other ones. 'Twould never do to be late."

Outside the door Brian's mother was teeming potatoes. The elder children would soon be home from school. There was nothing for them but the usual week-day repast—potatoes and salt, with a drink of milk to wash it down. It was meager fare but hungry children are seldom critical.

The old man passed in to the kitchen, Brian stopping to tell his mother of his find. He seemed put out over the matter-of-fact way the news was received. The stern realities of life had long since dulled Ellen O'Rourke's faith in such omens.

"We'd want it all, dear knows, but I'm in dread it's wanting it we'll be," she said skeptically.

In a box beyond the fire a child was crying lustily. The din roused the baby in the cradle and it, too, began to cry. The mother came rushing in.

"There! he's wakened the child on me after all my rocking! A limb of the divil he is, if ever there was one."

Brian paused in his task of arranging the shamrocks. Going over, he soothed the ruffled feelings of the incorrigible youngster.

"Quare now how he takes to some people," the mother said. "I could be at him for hours and it's worse he'd be getting."

The old man smiled and crossed to complete his task. Ellen peeped into the cradle. The baby had ceased to cry but a pair of wide-open eyes stared up at her.

"Here, Brian, come and rock the child for me. The others'll be in on top of me before I know it."

The boy shot a beseeching glance at his grandfather. He loved to ac-

company him on those weekly trips for the pension. It meant a penny for sweets when they passed the shop.

"I promised to bring him with me," the old man explained.

"He can't go this evening, then. If I didn't want him myself, it's no weather for him to go ploshing through the mud, and his boots letting in."

Brian knew his daughter-in-law too well to press the matter.

"Never mind, boy," he said, as he donned his overcoat. "Depend upon it, I'll not forget what you know."

Reconciling himself to the inevitable, his grandson took his seat on a creepy and began to rock the cradle.

It was cold outside. The sky was sullen and overcast and the distant ocean shrouded in mist. Brian O'Rourke turned up the collar of his old frieze to shield him from the biting blast. It was at his back now, but it would be in his face returning. He was glad wee Brian had not come. It was a tough two miles to the post office but he covered the distance in record time. Dinny the postman was busy arranging papers by the window. Andy Bán sat beside the fire, smoking. The postman drew a chair up to the hearth for the visitor.

"Younger you're getting, Brian," he said heartily. "I declare to my sins but you've the step of a lad on the look-out."

"Now, Dinny, don't be having a hand at me," the old man smilingly demurred.

"Oh, the sorra lie in it. You can ask Andy there if them isn't the very words I said."

"He did then, surely," corroborated Andy, "and if he said anything else it wouldn't be true for him. You'll bury the lot of us."

Brian looked pleased but he continued to remonstrate.

"Dang the fear of me. Shook enough I do be at times."

"Arrah, will you whisht your nonsense? If the Man Above hasn't said it he'll see the hundred."

The postman stamped the pension book. Taking a ten-shilling note from the drawer, he laid it on the desk.

"With the help of God he'll live to draw many a one of them," he said fervently.

"That he may break the bank," said Andy. He wiped the stem of his pipe and passed it across the fire. "Here, Brian. Have a *dreas*."

Dinny studied the address on the shamrocks.

"They're the first we sent the year and I hope they'll bring her luck," he said, as he stamped the box.

"Amen to that," echoed Andy Bán.

There was an awkward pause. In silence the old man smoked, gazing fixedly into the glowing peat. Dinny Moran coughed demonstratively.

"A wonder now you haven't the wee lad with you," he said. "Seldom he misses the pension evening."

"Troth he wasn't a bit pleased when the mother wouldn't let him come. In dread she was the evening'd turn out wet."

"I wouldn't say she was far wrong," said Andy. "Sorra one of me cares for the look of the mountain."

"He was out picking shamrocks with me, and what d'ye think but he found a four-leaved one?"

"Musha then, did he? They say that's a sure sign of good luck. Troth, if it was Dinny there found

the like, he'd swear a hole through a pot he'd win the Sweep."

Brian looked surprised.

"And d'you tell me, Dinny, you have a ticket?"

"Bedad then I have and a pair of them at that," Dinny declared. "And, if you wouldn't be minding, Andy himself has another."

"Well, isn't that a caution? And me never to hear a whimper of it."

"It's a wonder you didn't then, and the lads gambling for the tickets over at Andy's there every night. The playing for turkeys wasn't well over when I sent to Dublin for a couple of books and they're at it ever since."

The old man's eye twinkled.

"Tare an' 'ouns but there must have been great whipping! Who were the lucky ones?"

Producing the counterfoils Dinny read over the names. Brian listened attentively.

"Be d—n, but Foxy Regan did great work. It's a caution to think of him having four tickets."

"Ay, and he won another couple too that he put up for second play," Andy informed him.

Brian laughed.

"He's the divil's own boy at the twenty-fives," he said. "Once of my days I used to play a fair enough game myself, but I'm in dread I wouldn't be in it with Foxy."

Dinny Moran's face lost its jovial expression.

"If I had my way I'd have yon gentleman warned off. There's too much of the trick-o'-the-loop man about him for my taste."

"'Twouldn't surprise me a bit if he won the Sweep," declared Brian. "The divil's childre have the divil's luck."

He returned the counterfoils which he had been studying.

"I see you've a ticket on hand yet, Dinny. What night are ye playing for it?"

The postman scratched his head.

"I'm in a bit of a fix to know what to do about yon one. The card-playing is over since the Lent came in, and there's only a few days left."

"Maybe Brian'd take it himself," suggested Andy. "Sure didn't I see where an old age pensioner won a lob the last time."

Dinny's face brightened.

"The very thing, Brian. Maybe it's in it the luck 'd be."

Brian shook his head.

"I'd be afraid to chance it. Ten shillings is a lot of money to a poor man."

"Arrah, you'll never miss it, man. One week of the pension, sure that's all it is."

"Ay, and look at him finding the four-leaved shamrock too," urged Andy Bán.

"'Deed in sowl but you're right," said Dinny. "Be a sport, Brian. Don't turn away your luck."

The old man sat with bent head, the thin, gnarled hands working nervously on the knob of the blackthorn. Drawing himself erect, he struck the ferule a resounding blow against the hearthstone.

"I'll never break your word, Dinny! I'll take the ticket in the young lad's name."

"That you may never regret it," the postman said, as he took up his pen to fill the counterfoil.

Brian came over to watch him.

"You're to put down in plain letters 'Brian O'Rourke, Junior.' He found the shamrock and it's only right his name should go down."

Methodically Dinny filled in the details. Tearing off the ticket he handed it over.

"There goes the last of them and

I'm not sorry. We'll have a great let-out, Andy, boy, if it wins."

"Troth I'll warrant you Brian'll give us a night to remember," said Andy.

The old man nodded a laughing assent.

"It'll be a night of nights, ye may depend on it," he said.

A woman's figure darkened the doorway.

"More power to you, Brian! When are you going to give us the big spree?"

A frown flitted across Dinny Moran's countenance. Beesy Coggins had the reputation of being the biggest gossip in the parish.

"Oh, is that yourself, Beesy?" he observed indifferently.

The greetings of the others were no more cordial. Beesy's keen eye wandered from the counterfoils to the ticket in the old man's hand.

"And you bought a ticket for the Sweep, Brian? Well, now, aren't you the great old sport?"

"Faint heart never won fair lady," quoted Andy Bán. "You didn't get e'er a ticket yourself, did you, Beesy?"

"Arrah, God give you sense! Maybe out here, when I'm getting the money soft like Brian, I'd be more *fláithiúil* about it."

"Troth we all had a flutter as well as Brian," Dinny told her.

Beesy's shake of the head indicated her opinion of such extravagance.

"Musha, isn't it a wonder ye wouldn't have more sense? I could never have any faith in them oul' Sweeps. Nothing 'd put it out of my head but them lawdy-daws above in Dublin do have the whole thing cut and dry beforehand."

Brian smiled. "You have a bad opinion of them, Beesy," he said.

"I have, Brian, and I have a worse opinion still of them whipsters that does be mixing the tickets. I seen a picture of them in the *Weekly* and them rigged out like jockeys! Would you believe it—I burned the paper for fear Owney'd see it?"

From his point of vantage behind her back, the postman drew a grimace.

"It's telling you, Beesy, that Owney is a safe distance from yon lassies."

"Musha, if he made a move itself it wouldn't spoil his growth," was Andy's comment. "The same Owney is no chicken."

With an impatient whip of the shawl Beesy faced him.

"I'd have you know, Andy McGivney, Owney has quite time enough to think of such a thing," she said tartly.

"Well, I hope in the Lord, when he does take the notion, the poor fellow won't hit on a lassie that'll wear the breeches," Andy rejoined.

This was a home thrust, for Beesy had the reputation of ruling her brother with a rod of iron. Dinny paused in his sorting to throw oil on the troubled waters.

"I could never have much *grádh* for that lady," he declared, when Beesy had taken her departure. "She'd tell lies as fast as a horse'd trot."

"Ay, and d'ye mind all she put off her about that oul' Molly of a brother of hers?" said Andy, in disgust. "A *gasún* she'd have us believe he is, and him bordering fifty."

The postman resumed his interrupted task.

"Divil's cure to her but she has my evening wasted!" he said. "The mail car'll be here before I know where I am."

The others rose to go.

"Troth I'm in dread we're all nearly as bad," said Brian, as he buttoned up his overcoat. "A good fire like that does be very tempting."

"Ye're both welcome to it as long as ye like to stay," said Dinny hospitably. "I gave you the ticket, didn't I, Brian?"

"You did then. I have it in my pocket folded up with the shamrock. I'll keep them together for luck."

"I don't envy you your tramp home this evening, Brian," said Andy from the doorway. "That northeast wind 'ud take the nose off a brass monkey."

"Arrah, man alive, he'll never feel it. Figuring out how he'll spend the Sweep money he'll be all the way home."

Andy's road lay in the opposite direction and they parted at the gate. Passing the shop Brian remembered the young people. He had only a few coppers. It meant doing without the bit of tobacco, but, then, he could not go home empty-handed. He wondered if Ellen would miss the eight shillings he gave her every pension day. With that houseful of children to clothe and feed, he could well understand her being irritable at times. A mother's lot was a hard lot. She had to bear the brunt of things. Dominick had gone to the fair that morning. Perhaps he had sold the bullock and, then, all would be well. It would be great if Brian won. The money would tide them over all their difficulties. And Mary—he could help her too. It would be wonderful if the ticket won.

Turning in the *bóithrín*, Brian met Beesy Coggins. She was coming from the house. He knew why she had called before she told him.

"I just dropped in to tell Ellen about the ticket. Troth I'm in dread, Brian, you'll catch Lanty."

The old man's manner stiffened.

"You needn't worry about that, Beesy," he said icily.

"The poor creature is in the worst of humor," she went on, unabashed, "Pat o' the Hill is after telling her Dominick didn't sell."

The news disturbed him. He gathered, from scraps of conversation accidentally overheard, that they had been anxiously looking forward to the sale of the bullock. He felt vaguely uneasy as he lifted the latch.

Ellen was sitting on a stool before the fire. She did not look up as he entered. The children were unusually quiet. The old man shook the sleet from his coat and hat, and hung them up. Drawing a chair to the fire, he cleared his throat.

"Dominick didn't sell?"

"No."

The reply came short and sharp. She did not take her eyes from the fire.

"That's bad."

Brian shifted his chair and coughed again—a made cough.

"Beesy Coggins was telling you about—about the ticket?"

"Ay. It's well to be some people."

There was a cutting bitterness in her voice. He started to explain.

"It's for the lad there I bought it. If it won he'd be able to help ye all."

Ellen faced him, her cheeks flaming.

"For the Lord's sake, will you not be rising the head off me?" she cried. "I have enough to worry me without listening to nonsense."

"It was the last ticket Dinny had and I was tempted to chance it. I didn't think you'd mind."

"Did you not? Well, if you want to know, I was waiting for the money to send to the shop for a few things for the supper. Dominick took the last few shillings that was in the box with him. No matter what comes or goes the O'Rourkes 'll do the big people."

"I had no notion things were so bad—"

"Oh, no, of course not. Well, you may know now that, if God hasn't said it, we'll have the bailiffs in before many days. Dominick got a solicitor's letter from Kerrigan threatening to process him if the account isn't squared up at once. He meant to give him a few pounds today if he sold, but that's all up now. Then there's the bill on the bank he raised to bury his mother, and that's not the half of it."

The old man looked troubled.

"If the ticket won—" he began.

"For mercy's sake, will you not be making me worse than I am? If we had the money you handed out so soft, we'd have been able to get a few things in the shop anyway."

Brian reflected.

"Maybe, if you were to send Séamus over—"

" 'Deed I'll do no such thing. I'm not going to give old Dan the chance of taking the nose off my child. Ye can put up with it now."

He arose and took down the coat again.

"There's nothing for it but to see if Dinny'll take back the ticket. If I knew how things were I'd never have bought it."

"You may please yourself about that," Ellen said coldly.

When the door closed after him she did not bother to light the lamp. There was a tense silence in the kitchen. The children's faces were grave. With hands on knees wee Brian sat, taxing his brain in a fruitless effort to puzzle it all out.

A heavy footstep crunched the gravel outside. It was his father returning from the fair. Séamus hurried out to help him with the bullock. With a sigh the mother got to her feet and proceeded to light the lamp. She was washing the paraffin from her hands when her husband came in. His flushed face told her he had been drinking. Without speaking, he took off the wet coat and hat and hung them up. Noisily drawing a chair to the fire, he held his hands over the blaze. Ellen lifted his dinner and laid it on the table. In sullen silence he sat over and began to eat. He did not speak till the meal was finished.

"You were badly off putting that tramp on the poor old man," he said truculently. "I wouldn't have wished it for twenty ten-shilling notes."

"Of course not. Ten-shilling notes are of little account to the O'Rourkes. I wish to God others could take the world as easy."

Dominick pushed the plate from him.

"For the Lord's sake give that tongue of yours a holiday! You're never easy but when you're chawing the rag about something. A hard-hearted turn it was to drive a man of his years out in the storm."

"It's a lie to say I drove him out. He went back of his own free will."

"Ay, when you wounded him to the quick. I know well what happened."

"There's no need to tell me. Dying he was to make a story of it."

"Well, you know he's never the one to grumble. 'Twould be telling

you if you took a leaf out of his book."

"May the Mother o' God look down on me!" Ellen O'Rourke cried distractedly. "Everything's thrown on my poor shoulders. I wish to God I was dead!"

Her voice broke. She crossed to the fire and, sitting with elbows on knees, burst into tears. Her husband showed signs of relenting. He went over and sat beside her.

"I shouldn't have said that, Ellen. Whenever I drink whisky I don't know what I be saying. I'm sorry —God knows I am!"

She did not reply but continued to weep silently, rocking her body to and fro. He renewed his plea.

"I was mad when I met the old man, but all I could do wouldn't induce him to come back. He said ye hadn't a thing for the supper. Is that a fact, Ellen?"

She nodded.

"God help us! It's a blue lookout. And to think of me spending every cross I brought to town! It's little wonder you'd be wild."

He heaved a deep sigh and gazed moodily into the coals. Ellen leant an arm on his knee and stole her hand into his. In silence they sat there, vainly endeavoring to unravel a very tangled skein. They were sitting thus when the old man came in. He was very wet. Ellen felt like bursting into tears again as she helped him off with his coat.

"Glory be to God! you're lost. I had no idea 'twas so bad, or I wouldn't have let you go. Why in the name of the Lord didn't you button up th' oul' overcoat?"

Brian drew forth a parcel. He had been holding it beneath his coat.

"Trying to save this I was. It's a few things I got in the shop."

"I d'know how you managed it but it's as dry as a bone," Ellen declared.

"Ay, but look at the cut of himself!" said Dominick. "You'd take the Book he was dipped in the tide."

"The worst of it is I had my journey for nothing," Brian said ruefully. "Dinny was just after sending the money to Dublin."

"All our bad luck go with it," said Ellen. "I'm more annoyed over the wetting you got."

"How on earth did you get the groceries and you having no money?" Dominick inquired.

"Dinny advanced me a few shillings out of next week's pension. He was terrible lude of himself over the ticket."

"Arrah, sure it's not a hanging matter anyway," said Dominick. "Who knows but it'd win?"

Brian's face twisted into a wan smile.

"Somehow or other I lost faith in it. There seems to have been some *mi-ádh* on that oul' ticket."

"Be said by me and cut off to bed at once," Ellen advised. "I'll make a mug of gruel to warm you up."

"I'm thinking I'd better, Ellen," he said. "I'm beginning to feel a bit shivery already."

In spite of this, Brian was confined to bed next day.

"I couldn't sleep with the chills down my back," he told his daughter-in-law. "'Twon't be worth a pin though," he went on. "A couple of days in bed 'll have me as fit as a fiddle again."

When another week still found him in bed Ellen grew alarmed.

"I'm terrible through-other about your father, Dominick," she said. "If anything was to happen him, I'd never forgive myself."

"Nonsense, woman. Just a touch

of the flu he has," Dominick assured her.

"As for wee Brian," Ellen continued, " 'twould break his heart if anything happened his grandfather."

This was true. The child was never at ease except beside the bed. At times the old man seemed to forget his illness and launched forth into one of those tales of fairies and leprechauns that the lad loved. The exertion generally brought on a fit of coughing, and the incident ended in poor Brian being summarily ejected.

The task of providing dainties for the sick man was with Ellen a fresh source of worry. She had already begun to show signs of the strain when the crowning misfortune of all crushed down on them. One evening the bailiff arrived with the dreaded process! It was the last straw. Dominick found her in tears.

"God sees we were bad enough without this!" she said despairingly. "If Kerrigan brings us into court, th' others'll pounce on us, too, and we'll be out the door."

Dominick seemed staggered.

"Does *he* know about it?" he asked.

"No. He heard the motor, but I told him it was a stranger inquiring about the road."

"I'm glad of that anyhow. I'll have to go in and see Kerrigan in the morning. Maybe he'd give us a little time when I tell him about the old man."

Ellen shook her head despondently.

"When God made Andrew Kerrigan, He put a stone in his breast instead of a heart," she said.

"You needn't tell me. Wasn't it by grinding the poor he made his thousands?"

"Still, Dominick, you'll have to see him. If all goes to all, you'll have to let Duffy have the bullock for what he offered."

"Ay, I suppose there's nothing else for it. Kerrigan must have his pound of flesh."

It was a five-mile tramp to Ballycarbury, but the Angelus had only ceased to chime when Dominick O'Rourke entered Kerrigan's. He had a long wait before he saw the proprietor. Mr. Kerrigan was busy, an assistant told him. By a strange coincidence he was always busy when unwelcome visitors called. When, at length, Dominick was ushered into his presence, he found things just as he had anticipated. Mr. Kerrigan was adamant. A substantial payment must be made forthwith, otherwise the law must take its course.

At Duffy's, the butcher's, a further disappointment awaited him. He was no longer prepared to stand by his offer. With sinking heart Dominick turned away. The fates seemed to be conspiring against them. On the street outside he ran against Andy Bán. For once he seemed excited.

"They say there's a horse gone to Gortnashee!" he told him.

Dominick stared.

"The Sweep, you know. The draw is on to-day."

The listener's heart gave a jump. His many worries had caused him to forget the ticket. A wild hope surged up within him.

"Who got the horse?" he inquired eagerly.

"Sorra one of me knows. Myself and Dinny met Foxy Regan down the street and he swore the news

came in on the wireless. Dinny cut down to the Post Office to find out the truth. He should—Oh, be d—n but here he comes!"

Out of breath with the news he had to tell, Dinny Moran came running up the street.

"It's the young fellow!" he called out. "He—he drew a horse!"

"You're a liar, Dinny," was Andy's incredulous rejoiner.

"It's the God's truth," persisted Dinny. "The wire went out to the house an hour ago." He extended his hand. "Put it there, Dominick. You're a made man."

Andy, now convinced, joined in the congratulations.

"Boys o' boys but it's great! Did you hear is it any kind of a good horse, Dinny?"

"It's not the favorite, but it's well in the running," Dinny informed them.

"Gortnashee for ever!" cried Andy. "Win or no win the *gasún* 'll get a tidy nest egg."

"It bangs Banagher!" Dominick declared. "The old man being laid up drove the ticket clean out of my head."

"I'll warrant you he'll soon be on his feet when he hears this," said Dinny.

"With God's help. And now, men, we must go down to Finnegan's till we drink the lad's good fortune."

Like everyone else Peter Finnegan was elated. Foxy Regan was there too, and wee Brian's health was toasted many times before they left. Going up the street they met Beesy Coggins. She stopped to offer her congratulations.

"Well, and isn't it me that's delighted? And to think of the rumpus that was kicked up over the old man buying the ticket! Poor Brian! I'm afraid he'll never live to enjoy it."

"Musha, don't be such a wet blanket, Beesy," remonstrated Andy Bán. "He'll be all right."

Beesy's head-dress executed a series of doleful nods.

"Maybe so, Andy, maybe so. All I know is the doctor hasn't much hopes of him."

Dominick felt an icy sensation down his spine.

"The doctor!" he repeated. "When was he with him?"

"He was there and me passing to town. Double pneumonia, I believe, he has, and he doesn't think much of his chances. Well, that's the way. I hope ye'll enjoy the money anyway, Dominick— I hope ye will."

Without waiting for a reply, Beesy jogged off down the street. Dinny glared after her.

"The curse o' Crummill on that oul' faggot!" he cried angrily. "She'll be for ever going till I read her out."

The news seemed to have stupified Dominick.

"I'll have to cut home at once," he said. "I had no notion he was so bad."

"No, nor you'll find he isn't," said Andy. "Yon damsel loves to look the black side of everything."

Foxy Regan's old Ford was at the top of the street, and Dominick was soon on his way home. He was relieved to find that things were by no means so serious as Beesy had led them to believe.

"He got a bad turn about an hour after you going," Ellen told him. "The doctor was out with the Widow, and I brought him in. He considered him shook enough, but he

thinks he'll pull through. The wire just landed and him leaving, but he wouldn't let us tell him for the present, for fear it'd excite him."

"Isn't it great, Ellen?" said Dominick gleefully.

"Ay, but it's little comfort I'd knock out of the money if anything happened your father. Thanks be to God, though, he's greatly improved. Wasn't it lucky Nora Keegan being home on holidays? She fixed him up grand, and poulticed him, and he's fine now."

"It'll rise his heart when he hears about the ticket," said Dominick. "I think the time'll never come till I get telling him."

To Nurse Keegan fell the task of breaking the news next morning. The old man was naturally overjoyed. Wee Brian was summoned to the bedside, and a couple of hours pleasantly spent, planning out the great things that were to happen if the horse won. It all acted as a wonderful tonic on the invalid. So Dr. O'Reilly said when he dropped in.

"If all the patients drew horses the doctors would soon be on the dole," he jocularly remarked.

They told him of the exciting day they had had, of all the newspaper men that had called, of the many others who had made them tempting offers for the ticket. Brian had set his face against all such offers, and the doctor agreed with him.

"If I were you, I'd think twice before I'd throw away my luck," he advised. "The horse is a good one, and 'twon't surprise me a bit if it wins."

And it did. It was Dr. O'Reilly himself who brought the tidings. The old man was sitting up in bed chatting, when he rushed into the room.

"Great news, Brian!" he cried jubilantly. "Your horse has won!"

For fully an hour he sat and listened to all the wonderful things the money was to do. Aunt Mary and Nurse Keegan were each to have their share, while he himself was by no means to be forgotten. As for the big night the neighbors were to have, O'Rourke's feast of old wouldn't hold a candle to it.

Dr. O'Reilly laughed. "It all sounds like the final chapter of a fairy tale," he said.

"And sure that's what it is," the old man rejoined, as he drew his little grandson towards him. "Brian here is the fairy prince, for wasn't it him that found the shamrock? The Sweep ticket's the leprechaun he was on the look-out of all along, and the big prize the crock of gold."

# PAINTING—MIRROR OF AMERICAN LIFE

By James W. Lane

THE Belgian critic, Père de Munnynck, has remarked that art shows us "in a synthetic way the attitude of man facing the world and life." What can American art, especially the predominant phase of it, painting, teach us about ourselves? For long after the newspaper files of our past have yellowed to illegibility, the paintings of our artists will still be on public show, or at least in imperishable and accessible bins, mute testimony to the beliefs and outlooks of our fathers and grandfathers.

That American painting has much to say for itself on the score of our culture let no one doubt. From its very beginnings, either with the foreign-trained Copley, Sully and St. Memin, who could turn graceful poses in portraiture, not eschewing the insouciant profile, or with more naïve and native artists whose subjects, as with Caleb Bingham, look you straight in the face, waxworklike, to the most modern self-conscious portrait confections, there is a story to be told. It is a story of now too little, now too much, training; now of unlooked for and even undeserved riches and acclaim, now of excellent work and harshest penury, as in the cases of Albert Ryder and Homer Martin; now of Paris-copied beliefs, now of great and startling originality; now of brutal subservience to the truth of ugliness, as it somewhere has to exist; now of no less equal subservience to sugarplums; now of obedience to surface substance, as with Sargent and Chase, and now of listening to the inner voice, imaginative and religious.

Painters are strange fellows and we have had enough of them in America by now to furnish forth the material for a modern Vasari. Painters, like other artists, know that, on the whole, they must lead the public up new paths, to greener pastures—yet, to lead, they must be persuasive and to a certain extent follow the *Zeitgeist*. Working on a fund of prolific originality and high sensibility hardly possessed by most other men not artists, they nevertheless excellently mirror what their age is thinking, consciously or subconsciously. Their technique is scarcely of concern here, only their beliefs or lack thereof.

Along about the time of the Civil War, prior to which our painting had been in the hands of either the too-primitive or the foreign sophisticates, and in any case rather inarticulate as to philosophy, a school called the Hudson River School sprang up. There was no automatic or official gathering of this group. Probably they were not known as the Hudson River men until most of them were dead. But because they painted scenes up and down, east and west, of the Hudson, going as far north and east as Lake George and the White Mountains, as far south and west as the Shrewsbury and Pompton Plains, they were bracketed together. Their work fell conveniently from George Inness' first successful paintings — the "Delaware Valley" and the "Peace

and Plenty" of 1865—to the first year of the twentieth century.

The *chef d'école* was undoubtedly Inness. He represents the sound graver-like qualities (simplicity, sincerity, serenity) of the other men of the school—Kensett, Casilear, Durand—fused with a much higher magnetism, that of the imaginative reason and religion. For like the elder Henry James he succumbed to the mysticisms of the Swedenborgians and, shortly after the time of his trip to Europe, his painting changes, on the whole for the better. It becomes impregnated with a sort of lyrical mist and charm. What if, in the work of his later years, the 'eighties and the 'nineties, it becomes too vague, too scumbled. Like the rainbow in his own "Delaware Valley," the American mind of the time was conscious of a strong rainbow on his horizon but it saw nothing at the end of it. Life was good but what it led to was hidden by the soap-bubbles blown around it. And so Inness, even, could not hold himself entirely aloof from the prettifying influences of Barbizon, but the arresting thing about him is that in his art landscape is no longer pedestrian and homely, but emotional.

There is one other man, perhaps two other men, who, although they painted the Hudson hardly at all, yet deserve to be mentioned with the school. They, too, show that the American mind of the second half of the last century had a deeper side to it than a taste for the polished realisms (in clinics, skiffs, and reed boats) of Thomas Eakins. In that age of red plush and black walnut, in that age of innocence, it was refreshing to come upon two landscapists, like Homer Martin and Alexander Wyant, who brought breeze into the air of their rivers and mountains and definite mood, that of the poet, into their slightest creations. The wind-moved clouds of Wyant, so unpostcardish, and the sad aquamarine, if Barbizonian, skies of Martin did more to testify to the opening up of the American imagination than any of the virtuous literature, artistically so much guff, with which—the saving grace is Emily Dickinson—that age reeked.

It is in just such easy castigations, however, that we of succeeding generations will err, unless we be careful. My thesis, as it is the burden of Marc de Munnynck's dogma, is that art is apocalyptic. Now there is a great difference, of course, between the paintings of Blake and those of Vermeer. You wouldn't say that a Vermeer was all titillating with emotion or an intense life-philosophy. And yet the very urbanity and satisfaction of the grosser and finer appetites which the Vermeers reflect point to a harmony of the feelings that is certainly an earmark of Dutch philosophy. Eakins, the Vermeer of the age of innocence, was unconsciously apocalyptic, like most of our other nineteenth century painters. He revealed the factualness of the nineteenth century American mind. That age of silk hats, over here, was terrifically plodding and realistic and, in the fine arts, graceless. Yet in clothed human forms there was grace and Eakins saw it. The only poverty seemed to be mental. It was left for those painters who decided, after the Armory Show of 1913, to emancipate American painting from the touch of Europe (which even such a fine

group of men as The Ten, impressionists like Twachtman, Weir, and Dewing, represented) to be consciously apocalyptic. And consciously apocalyptic American painting has been ever since.

The revelation that nineteenth century American painting made of the American mind was startling. It was a mind that was slow and unimaginative and probably took more pride in owning a Currier and Ives than in owning paintings. It was accumulating culture much more slowly than the bank account accumulated dollars. Culturally, it left its mark in prints and illustrations, not in painting. That is why the painting of that day, with the exception of the works of Inness, Homer, Martin, Eakins, LaFarge, and Ryder, mostly reflects nothing but run-of-the-mine stuff, lacking emotion, lacking religion and lacking philosophy.

I admit that it is difficult for painting to portray philosophy. Mere surface texture and mere photography interested the nineteenth century American painters more than their own personal feelings before landscapes and sitters. Thus, we got a painting of surface textures in the art of William M. Chase, impressionistic photographs in that of Childe Hassam, and feminine refinement in that of most of the other painters. For women were still seen as Tennyson saw them, impossibly idealized, and the easy literary fashion that influenced the corners and crannies of our minds had its shackles on painting, too.

The etherealized maidens of Watrous and Whistler revert to the hour when women and children were seen in the best not only of physical but also of spiritual lights. With these compare the ladies of the nineteen 'twenties and 'thirties —the brooding young women of Speicher, the full-lipped nudes of Leon Kroll, the unhappier faces painted by Walt Kuhn and others, and it will be seen that the old, elaborately golden and somewhat empty days of Frank W. Benson's early portraits are gone. The smiles that lit up Gari Melchers' sitters, the *bonhomie* of George Luks' best portraits, have vanished and we have the introverted masks befitting an unhappy Freudian or an economically suppressed era. There is no less spontaneity now in landscape than in portraiture—Marin can paint as imaginatively as Twachtman—but to-day there is in the good paintings an intellectual bite that the older generations did not know.

In the old days the farthest that our painters went in the sphere of the imagination was in the landscapes of Martin, Ryder, and Blakelock, and in the Daumieresque figure pieces of Robert Loftin Newman. But even with these painters, except the last, there was only one facet to the imagination—filmy trees and still water with Martin, moonlight and waves usually with Ryder, and sunsets, moonrises, and Indian camps with Blakelock. Our painting, making a decided exception of that of Homer, was one-mooded, and rather blunt-mooded at that.

A great change came over all this with the Armory Show of 1913—a convenient date. I don't know who first started the cry that American painting should be emancipated, but the cry meant emancipation not alone from European entanglements (such as Impressionism) but

most of all from the feminine confectionery, the chocolate-box and magazine-cover type of portraiture of which even good painters like Watrous and Kendall were capable. It really had nothing to do with Europe, but it had something to do with the easily penetrated masquerades by which the sitter was dressed up to represent an allegory or an emotion, but remained more the sitter than either an emotion or an allegory. It is the type of thing to which painters like John W. Alexander most readily fell heir, and the subsequent emancipation therefrom has proved undeniably beneficial.

No matter who started the cry, there was soon making its mark a group of painters, some of them, like Henri, Sloan, and Shinn, fresh from training in Philadelphia, most of them extremely skillful as illustrators or cartoonists, and nearly all of them intent upon seizing more characteristic bits of American life for mordant or philosophic illumination. Thus, John Sloan took you on to ferryboats; Henri, to the beaches; Shinn, to the concert-hall. French Impressionism may just barely have influenced this group in its philosophy and approach, but not at all in technique, and even in philosophy it greatly outdid the Impressionists. Take the ill-starred George Bellows, for example. Bellows, although a pupil of Henri, was the shortest-lived of this neo-American coterie, yet I am not sure but he is our greatest American painter. He is sometimes cruel. He takes you to the prize-fight, but his atmosphere of the ringside is unforgettable as compared with what a literal recorder like Eakins gives you. He takes you down to the slums (another member of the group, Jerome Myers, lives habitually there), shows you boys bathing in the river, or he will take you out into the country and paint you a landscape more poetic than a Davies or an Eilshemius.

These were the men who, reënforced by perhaps more derivative though highly significant painters like Prendergast, Glackens, Hopper, and Rockwell Kent, began to give people the idea that at last it was both profitable and wise to "Buy American." But mingling with these scenery-interested painters were some of more definite originality still, ungroupable at first, but fascinating.

The era of the skyscraper was upon us and it was natural that the virtual zikkurat cities into which New York and Chicago were turning should be recorded on canvas and panel. Among the first such representations, and the least understandable (due to his very original imagination) were those of John Marin, water colors of lower New York where, instead of great order, which the ordinary painter of an elevated line and office buildings would depict, topsy-turvydom reigned. At the same time Charles Demuth was laying the foundations of an austerer art with his semi-transparent tones for flowers and fruit that commenced to glow as though they were made of quartzite. When he turned to buildings, Demuth developed a more substantial architectural style and made rigid geometrical patterns as often as he could. As he left no loose ends in these pictures and never drew in people to give the scale,—as Sloan would have done,—his paintings seem like massive elevation drawings and horribly lonely. They have had an effect upon other archi-

tecturally-minded painters, upon Charles Sheeler, Elsie Driggs, Georgia O'Keeffe, Preston Dickinson, Niles Spencer, and Peter Blume —a group upon which Mr. Duncan Phillips has fathered the happy name of "Immaculates."

Here at last among "The Immaculates" some sort of fusion of the realistic and imaginative elements was taking place. Though these painters treated chiefly of architecture—except when Georgia O'Keeffe tried to get into the souls of flowers —it was architecture no longer treated *à* l'Alma Tadema but almost poetically, relying upon large masses, the uprights of factory chimneys and water tanks, and the horizontal planes of streets and bridges to bestow an extremely pleasing and eminently American effect, as of well-regulated traffic lines. A new taste was created, created, one might almost say, out of the steel mills of Pittsburgh—whose chimneys Elsie Driggs pictured—and the apartment and business buildings of skyscraper New York. The taste, occurring at the height of the construction boon of the Coolidge administration, seemed peculiarly apt. It showed that though we were the slaves of business regimentation, of the tyranny of the skyscraper, nevertheless the lines in which our lives were cast were not unrhythmic, just as the handling of money or of business generally has its own inner law, slavish but geometrical and rhythmic.

While "The Immaculates" were mirroring the modern business man's physical outlook on life, a few painters had for some time been trying to find the symbols for reflecting a modern spiritual outlook. Their slant was on the whole so bizarre as to be either esoteric or artificial. These painters severed all the tie-robes to past and present and went billowing about in a rarefied air, in a light that never was on sea or land. Abstraction was their goal. How successfully they made out may be seen in the work of Augustus Vincent Tack, who revels in great *arpeggios* of cloudlike forms and kaleidoscopic colors entitled "Ecstasy" or the like; in, again, the abstracted water colors of John Marin; in the more incomprehensible signalings of Marsden Hartley and Arthur Dove; and, finally, in the most sophisticated ruminations of all — in the precisioned forms yet free expressionism of Katherine Dreier.

Yet some of these abstractionists, like Marin and Tack, have been far from unsuccessful in their appeal to the business man's mind. Intuitively sensing that the modern mind, so continuously immersed in routine, needs a more violent escapement than ever before, they have fashioned articles of the imagination for it. Once the complete novelty of these abstractions has worn off, they may be seen for what they are worth. They have the refreshing charm that has always come from free spirits—play of the imagination, poeticism, and love of colors and forms for their own sakes.

But painting to-day has naturally also begun to reflect political or at least economic crises. Reginald Marsh, who, like many other younger painters has acquired a certain socialistic cast, has gone in for breadlines and Bowery bums. P.W.A.P. painters have exhibited scenes of forced sales of mortgaged farms, tenement flats, and of governmental reclamations and constructions like Boulder Dam.

Where, a generation ago, painters hailed from no farther west than Ohio and most of the dealers' stock came from brushes on the Atlantic seaboard, recently the West and Southwest have been coming into their own. The name for the sudden rise of these sections is regionalism. John Steuart Curry, for example, portrays tornadoes, Mormon weddings, and life on the Kansas farms. Grant Wood, a reigning sensation, gets under the skin of these self-contained people of farm and prairie and needs hardly the caption of his best-known work to call attention to the fact that they, as well as their architecture, are "American Gothic." He shows what they do in their hours of work, eating, and play, just as Thomas Benton, a universal American spirit in *genre*, records caustically, or with a vaudeville eye, mural tableaux of our industry, commerce, sport, and manners.

Artists are individual phenomena. They paint spontaneously, as the spirit listeth. But they do follow the *Zeitgeist*, the spirit of their age, up to a point. One interesting thing has now, at the end of the seventy years since the Civil War, come full circle. While we no longer have the photographic refinement that we had in the painting of those days, because the Leica, for one thing, has wiped out all demand for it, painting to-day can be as political as were the cartoons of Thomas Nast. It is only necessary to look at the works of Ben Shahn, dealing with gangsters or with Sacco and Vanzetti, and the Mexican, Antipodean, and Negro scenes of "Pop" Hart's lively water colors.

But the rest of our painting has changed. It is no longer polite. It has more color, literally and figuratively. An age of innocence ceases to cover passions, realism, and the truth. The modern painter is more conscious of his world and less conscious of good form. If this is a gross defect in some painters who have nothing else to offer, it has given the serious ones a vitality the like of which has never been seen in our painting hitherto. Sugarplums no longer fall from the tree of American painting, but substantial, although sometimes sour, apples. Which befits the modern world.

# THE BLASKET ISLANDS

By Mary H. Scanlan

SO often we hear the returned traveler lamenting that the old Ireland is gone. The land of fairies and little white cabins, the land that our grandmothers dreamed of, and they lonesome during the long New England winters, has leaped into the modern stride. One grows weary of this complaining, knowing that Ireland's salvation has been her quick acceptance of modernity, knowing, too, that all that was finest and most lovable in old Ireland and quaint Ireland is still preserved in Irish hearts. And they are wrong, these sightseers whose itinerary permits but a brief fortnight of Irish travel, when they infer that the old Ireland has vanished completely. Dublin's streets may ring with the smart click of high heels, but bare feet still plod the rocky fields of Connemara and the winding boreens of Kerry. If it is the old Ireland that you would see, and the seeing of it is a tonic for heart and soul, forget your plans for Killarney and the Giant's Causeway, forgo the Dublin Horse Show and the Youghal Regatta and spend your two weeks in some little village of the Gaeltacht, that is some section of north, south or west where Gaelic has never ceased to be the language of the people. But you must come quickly for the youth, even in these places, is learning, everyday, new, modern ways. We would not keep them old-fashioned even if we could. Best it is that they should advance. But it does tug at our heartstrings when we see the old customs dying out.

There is one little island, "the island far west" it is called, where you will find all things as Irish as you will desire. If you have read *Twenty Years A-Growing* or *The Islandman*, which has even more recently been translated from the original Gaelic, you know almost all that can be told you of the Blasket Islands. You have learned how their beauty and their wildness gave twenty years of joy to a young man, you have marveled to find that during more than thrice those twenty years that same elemental beauty and wildness continued to mold another man's life and brought him to an old age of happy memories, though his body is wracked and worn with toil. But there are in the Blaskets a few things well worth seeing of which neither the man nor the boy have told you enough, things that wear the drab color of routine in the daily lives of the people, but are fascinating for us.

My first glimpse of the Blaskets was not too promising. On a foggy morning in early July I rounded the corner of Slea Head, on the westernmost tip of Kerry to see, or rather not to see the Blaskets. I was assured, however, by the rich, persuasive brogue of my driver that they were there somewhere not so far in the folds of the thick moist blanket. As the wind shifted and stirred that baffling grayness, I did half see the outline of several great hulks of hill and catch the lovely promise of spray breaking high against black rocks. By the time we had wound around the Kerry hills down into

the little hamlet of Dunquin, the fog had become a very real and very wet rain. I took up my stand in the Post Office to wait for the men from the Blaskets. And wait I did for quite a while, listening to the soft quick flow of Gaelic, which was then quite strange to me, at least on the lips of native speakers. Just as I was beginning to think that the men of the island had not received my letter, or that the fog really was too thick for them to make the journey to the mainland, I heard the post mistress say, "Here is a Blasket man." I looked up, up, up more than six feet of manhood to a face sea-tanned and wind-hardened for all that it was very young, a face with the Spanish strain,—so strong in Kerry since ancient trading days, —clearly visible in black shining eyes and shapely nose. Shouldering my bags we started down the long road to the slip, myself almost floundering in the mud, most certainly floundering in the intricacies of the Gaelic that fairly rushed from this lad's lips. Beside the beached canoe waited my guide's father, Sean, as true a gentleman and as courteous a host as I have ever met. Seanin, which means "little John," was the boy's name, although he would have made a good two of his father. There, too, were his brothers Padraic and Miceal with the same warm smiles of welcome on their faces that lent kindly meaning to the words that sounded so unintelligible. Fortunate it was that they bundled me so hastily into the little boat, or navog as they call it, for had I had time to consider I might have lost my courage, so fragile seemed the black bobbing canoe, so huge the waves that were rolling up out of the fog that once again hid the Blaskets. A few yards of canvas stretched tight over a framework of wooden slats—that is the type of boat in which the men of the Blaskets tempt the Atlantic. But as I watched these four men lift and dip their slender, unshaped oars, I lost my fear, so much masters of boat and sea, too, they seemed. All too soon in fact, we had covered the three miles to Great Blasket Island, the only one of the group of six or seven that is now inhabited.

All places, and all events perhaps, have their own type of initiation for the stranger, but that of the Blaskets is certainly unique. A custom, similar in its exterior phase, prevails at Catalina Island on our own California coast, but its expression on the Blaskets is certainly more kindly. As the canoe slipped easily up to the little rocky quay of the island, I looked up fifty feet of sheer cliff to see the whole island, including the dogs, gathered to watch my arrival. Under the inspection of full 130 pairs of eyes I climbed the steep cliff path, feeling only a little less inadequate than I shall when I accost St. Peter. But the avalanche of *"De a Beata sa, a strangeir"* or "Welcome, and blessing, stranger," that greeted me at the summit immediately dispelled all my shyness. And though they addressed me as "a Stranger" and thought of me, perhaps, as one during all the nine weeks I was there, it was as one of themselves that they treated me from that moment out.

This, I think, was one of old Ireland's dearest charms—that she had time to pause in the work a bit, to call the blessing of God upon the stranger and take him to her own table for a cup of tea. Yet, their hospitality is not at all "playing up" to the stranger. It is full of quiet dignity with no apologies for oaten

bread, chipped cup or simple waxen candle. A hospitality devoid of pretense it is, too. Introductions are unnecessary in this community where the littlest colleens and the most aged man all call you by your first name and expect no Mr., Mrs. or Miss on your lips. You need knock at no Blasket door. Just lift the latch and with a "Blessing of God on all here" walk down the room to the turf fire. If it is the old folks gathered here you will hear a story perhaps of older days on the island "when the men were twice as tall as they are now and the women twice as strong, God bless them." Not in America alone is the young generation a poor substitute for their forefathers, evidently. If it is a house in which there are young folk, there will be laughter and talk aplenty and, soon, an old melodeon or homemade violin will be taken down from the loft and you will be persuaded to join in "a set." Even a little more strenuous than our own Virginia reel is this dance, but it is a joy to watch eight of the islanders going through each pattern with slow, shuffling steps that never falter in the rhythm.

It was not in the homes, alone, however, that I found hospitality on the island. No matter whom I met as I walked the little winding roads of the village or climbed the green hills it was with "God be with you" I was greeted and I soon learned the response, "God and Mary with you." Then always followed some conversation, short if there was a donkey loaded with turf to be kept on the right path or if there was a "ciste" baking over the open fire within, long if the day's work was finished or the lazy warmth of the sun made the world too sweet for work. As with all such chance conversations we discussed the weather or exchanged idle island gossip. The men, as men will, delighted in politics and the women were full of questions about America. Newspapers are rarely seen in Great Blasket for we had mail only twice a week and often then no paper comes. So the news of the world is slow in reaching them, and, indeed, a blessed respite I found it. Of very ordinary things we talked, topics not conducive to brilliant conversation; but I soon found that the Blasket people can brighten the dullest topic with their so very quizzical, so very Irish turns of thought and their many quaint expressions, especially those two that are ever on their lips, "With the help of God" and "Great thanks with God"—and, I must admit, a few other exclamations less hallowed.

But I was no stranger to Irish hospitality when I came to the Blaskets, so it was another phase of the old Irish life that most entranced me. I found in this tiny island a reflection in miniature of the people and customs of the Ireland of one hundred years ago. "Kerry girls are the prettiest in Ireland and Galway men the most handsome" runs the old saying. And the colleens of the Blaskets prove the adage as regards the Kerry girls, but the men dispute it, for I do not think that Galway men can be much more handsome than these tall, dark Kerry men with the naïve courtliness, a courtliness that is theirs by good right of inheritance, for their ancestors were princes in Kerry. Modesty marks the dress of the women with their long sleeves and high necks. Most of the married women wear continually a small head shawl that makes a soft frame of black, white or warm yellow wool

for their oval faces. Often, though, you see a dress of American style on one of the younger girls, sent over, of course, by some islander who has gone to the States to work. Virtually every family has some one "out there," chiefly in Hartford, Conn., and Springfield, Mass.

On the rare occasions when the women make the trip to the mainland they are enveloped in very large, very heavy black shawls, which indeed are worn commonly by all the country women in Kerry. The dress of the men is almost uniform, consisting of heavy blue trousers and blue jerseys and great hulking water-tight boots, such clothes as are suited to their life as fishermen. No Blasket man considers himself dressed without his cap, bought for some unknown reason several sizes too large, the extra cloth being tucked up by two huge pins above the ears. Only when eating does he remove his cap and then he keeps it near him as if fearful that some jealous pooka would away with this crowning adornment. Sunday, when they row over to the chapel in Dunquin, finds the men in their blue "best suits" that fit their broad shoulders too tightly and make their bodies that are so graceful in their ordinary clothes a bit awkward.

The homes of these people cling tight as barnacles to the hillside nearest the Kerry mainland. Close to thirty white cabins straggle along in a wavering row, their half-doors bright green or red, their black roofs glossy and shiny. Here is the cottage that has crept into our songs and stories and thoughts of Ireland. There are a few new houses on the island, too. They are yellow, instead of white, and boast two stories, —model cottages, no doubt, and built according to government plans, but oh, so smugly ugly beside the little, low white homes. May God preserve the Blaskets from any further invasion of this, their own particular "Yellow Menace." Within, the older cabins are almost all the same with a big kitchen and two bedrooms and sleeping space, too, in the loft. The kitchen, as the chief living room, is of course the most interesting. I could tell you of all the things that you would see there, the dresser bright with colored plates and bowls that never seem to be used; the homemade chairs that are so very comfortable; the spinning wheel, perhaps, in the corner with the fishnets hanging above it; the walls gay with American calendars and post cards. In some of the cabins pictures of the men of 1916 have honored places and I did not enter a home that had not a tiny shrine to the Sacred Heart or the Blessed Virgin with a little blue oil lamp burning quietly, steadily before it.

The life of the family centers around the hearth, which is not large as I had expected, but a quite small opening. Here the woman of the house makes her little turf fire, here she hangs her great iron pot in which the potatoes are boiled and the bread baked. Here in the evening when the sods are heaped higher and the blue turf smoke seeps into the very crannies of your heart, do the family gather, the men barefoot warming their feet that have been damp since morning with the fishing, the women knitting stout stockings, the young people talking softly or reading. Soon the boys and girls slip away to the "Dail" as their evening meeting place is facetiously named. I could tell you all these things about a Blasket kitchen

and you would not know its charm. There is an atmosphere therein as intangible as the ringlets of pleasant smoke that soothe your soul. It is the secret, I think, of Ireland's nationhood, her nationhood that persisted in years of subjection. On the firm foundation of simple family life is she founded, the only foundation, the only unit that can guarantee perpetuity to a country.

But this family peace could not live, were it not bulwarked by days of hard work. And hard work comes early to the men of the Blaskets. Their younger days are spent in the white schoolhouse, that looks just like the other cabins save that its door is not in the center, but at the end. It is surprising how well educated they are when they leave this little one-room school, the walls of which are hung with hand-colored maps, the desks scarred and battered by generations of kicking Blasket feet, the hearth kept bright on cold winter days by the turf sods that each scholar brings with his books in the morning. As soon as the boy is strong enough he starts the fishing,—lobsters in the summer, mackerel in the spring and autumn. Up he must be very early in the morning and unless the weather is too rainy or foggy, out in the open canoe for almost ten hours during the day, tugging and pulling at the oars, hauling and resetting the wicker lobster pots, traveling many weary miles as they proceed from one rocky shore or ocean crag to another. More dangerous is the mackerel fishing, for it must be done at night time. It would need only the grazing touch of one of those hidden rocks that make the sea here so perilous to rip the canoe's canvas bottom. So it is that all the men of one family never go mackerel fishing in the same boat. Considering the hours of hard labor, the price they receive for their fish and for their lobsters,—most of which they sell to the French market,—is very small. And yearly, they complain, the work grows less profitable, as the competition with the steam trawlers increases. This is their only money-earning occupation, aside from the price they realize when they occasionally sell their sheep or a cow.

In the winter they tramp over the long island hills to the far end to cut and stack the turf in neat piles; they make and mend their wicker lobster pots and patch their canoes. Then there are the mountain sheep and the other beasts to be tended. But if the men have some respite in the winter, the work of the women, it seems, is ceaseless. Summer or winter the turf fires must be lit, the hearty meals prepared (and hungry one always is on the Blaskets), the cows milked and the poultry fed. And for every spare moment there is knitting waiting or a great bag of wool to be teased. Yes, work aplenty for men and women and hard work, too. Yet because it is work with the land and the sea, because they dig their hands deep into the coolness of the earth, because the salt of the clean sea is on their lips and the rush of the wind in their ears, because it is work that keeps their minds alert and bodies busy, they are happy in the doing of it and lonely when old age takes them from it. When I saw their bronzed faces, the quiet eyes and the strong bodies of both men and women, when I heard their carefree laughter that could not but spring from contented hearts, I realized the kindliness and the wisdom of that curse that fell on man as Eden's

gates clanged. Certainly man is never so healthy, never so happy as when he is, very literally, "earning his daily bread by the sweat of his brow."

But there was something finer, something more intrinsic than the charm of hospitality or attractive quaintness in the old Ireland. "All her wars are merry and all her songs are sad." So has Chesterton crystallized Irish history and Irish nature for us. And why was their warring merry,—they who knew so often war's grim revenge for the vanquished? Because they went awarring for Ireland's sake, that she might be free, and because, and this I think is the greater reason, they went awarring for Christ's sake, that His Cross might still bless their churches and chapels. Merry they were and glad to fight when their cause was such. Ireland—it almost spells Catholicity for us, so great was her fidelity to the old faith. And, of course, this magnificent Catholicity has not faltered in modern Ireland. You need only to kneel in Dublin's crowded churches or watch hurrying Dublin men and women stop for a moment's prayer when the Angelus rings out over the Liffey to know that young Ireland is as fervent an acolyte as old Ireland. But there was something so simple and trusting in the faith of the old people, there was some special appeal in their religious customs that is not so strong in modern Catholic life. I found it, though, in the Blaskets. For the Blasket man or woman it is as natural to be a Catholic as it is to live. As in his speech he makes prayers of the commonplaces of conversation, so are other phases of his daily life attuned to the heart of Heaven. What else could make such a small poor community live in peace, with no shadow of serious strife or lust or cruelty to darken their lives? As I grew to know them, I realized, and the realization was almost a shock so incredible it seemed in this world of to-day, that you could trust the Blasket man with your honor and your life. Be sure, they are not saints, but God knows they can teach many of us the rudiments of sanctity. And how hard earned is their Catholicity. There is not priest or chapel on the island. In the winter time, storms often make the voyage to Dunquin and frequent attendance at the sacraments impossible. Yet, what they lack of knowledge of their religion they amply make up with their simple faith. God grant that no scorning skeptic ever shatter that lovely gift of theirs. Children of God they truly are,—fearing Him a little, and that little enough because their love of Him and trust in Him is so great.

You may come to the Blaskets, as I did, in search of a bit of old Ireland, and you will find it in these quaint cabins with their hospitable half-doors and sacred shrines. You will find it set in a perfect frame. There is the sea here, very moody and restless, for the island is set on the brink of the open Atlantic. Familiar I have been with this same Atlantic since childhood, but never had I seen her so very blue. When the sun blazes high and warm the blue fades beneath its ardor and you may see that marvel—a sea of silver. But silver or blue it is not always. At twilight it is warm with the sunset dyes of mauve and old rose. Black and gray it sulks and rages on stormy days. To the east, rising a mighty barricade to the ocean, are the purple Kerry hills. Topping them all is Mount Bran-

don, Ireland's second highest mountain, with the fog veils misting its head. Here dwelt Brendan, Kerry's sailor-saint, and his monks who were so numerous that a line of them with their hands joined would extend from the base of Brandon to its summit and down again on the far side. If your eyes grow weary of the hills and of the checkered golden and green patches that are the fields of ripe oats and the pasture lands that flank the hillsides, they will find refreshment in the craggy, rocky shore of Kerry where the uneasy tide is always raising fountains and jets of foam.

As your eye wanders on, and you standing atop Great Blasket's highest hill, you will easily see the other larger islands of the group. Beig Inish is the name of the round island very near to the north. Flat and green it is, and very bourgeois beside the hills of the other islands. Inish Mickilaun and Inish Na Bro are to the south. Several years ago quite a community flourished on fertile Inish Mickilaun, but to-day only one old cabin stands and it is occupied only during the summer. Here, too, are the remains of an ancient chapel with a doorway so low as to prove forever the humility of Ireland's early saints. We read that there were in Ireland three ages of saints. First, Patrick and his clergy, then the missionaries to England and Europe, and lastly the hermits who retired to lonely islands and rocky crags, there to lead a life of solitude and prayer. In the third age the Kerry islands were probably thronged with saints, and many reminders of them, such as this rude stone chapel, still remain. Another keeps lonely vigil on Inish Tuishcirt, the most western and most wild of the Blaskets. Tradition has it that each of these three ages of saints decreased a little in sanctity. But I used to wonder as I gazed upon these wind-swept islands, thinking of damp rock-hewn cells and monks of long ago who prayed there in the darkness, if the first two ages of Ireland's saints had exceeded in any great degree such brave sanctity.

Close to Inish Mickilaun towers Inish Na Bro, so rugged that it scarce seems capable of giving nourishment to the hardy sheep that pasture thereon. One of my loveliest Blasket memories is of a twilight sail back from sheep shearing on Inish Mickilaun. At just the most intense moment of sunset we came past the north end of Inish Na Bro. There the sea has carved out of the soft black rock a fretwork of Gothic arches. Through these arches I saw, and I filled my soul with the sight, the red glow of sunset blending sea and sky, even as the first stars crept out and the white sea birds, flying low, slowly sought their craggy homes and safety for the night. No Gothic arch or spire of any cathedral has ever lifted my heart higher in thanks to the dear God Who gave us the great gift of beauty and the greater gift of love of it. Only a mass of sheer rock cliff is the Teeracht, the last of the Blasket group, but on it is a lighthouse with its attendant government buildings. What a rush of homesickness their clean, cozy whiteness must bring to many a sailor's sea-weary heart.

Old or young Ireland is beautiful. And her beauty is that of sparkling sunlight and sudden showers, of hills made holy by the steps of saints and of waters,—seas and lakes and springs, blessed by the staffs of saints.

Whether you spend two weeks or triple that time in any of the Irish Gaeltachts your last day will be a lonely one indeed. My own loneliness, as I packed my bags in the Blaskets, was almost as poignant as homesickness. Your heart will dread the complexity of city life almost as much as your ears will shrink from its turmoil. But fortunate I was that it was back to the life of an Irish city that I was returning. I would not altogether lose the beauty of the Blaskets, of their people and their customs. Indeed, I sometimes think that one finds it all the world over, wherever a few of Ireland's sons have gathered. Deeply stained sometimes is this Irish ideal, by contact with things of this world sordid. But usually the spark of the old, holy Ireland is there, needing only the atmosphere of a Blasket Island to foster it.

## ARMOR OUT OF IRELAND

By Louise Crenshaw Ray

A GRANDSIRE born in Monaghan
Who loved the things of earth,
Left me a happy legacy—
A sense of mirth.

Another grandsire left a frown,
He was more sternly bred;
So I thank Erin for one gift
Inherited.

Often when situations
Assume a hostile guise,
And tears beneath the surface
Leap to my eyes,

A gust blows through my spirit-house
From cellar-floor to rafter;
Emotion finds a swift escape
In sudden laughter.

Thus, like a jester armed by wit,
No foe can baffle me;
Sometimes I blunt a bitter thrust
With levity.

# WANTED—CHRISTIAN SOCIAL SCIENCE

By Clarence J. Enzler

TO-DAY, in view of their disappointing and unmistakable failure to meet current problems, economics and sociology deserve to be called "dismal sciences." Not only are the most important problems to which economists and sociologists have applied themselves still unsolved; but there is even a lack of agreement on fundamentals, such as methods of approach. Take the so-called business cycle for example. The same old thousand and one panaceas clutter up magazines, papers and books; the same interminable list of causes is advanced as basic to the depression—war, credit mismanagement, oversaving, technological advancement, bad banking, speculation, greed, the profit system, laziness, maldistribution of gold, even sun-spots. Indeed, during the darkest days of the depression, it seemed almost obligatory for the social student, whether neophyte or professional, to possess his own theory on the business cycle; so much so that a prominent economist jokingly professed his ability to judge the course of recovery by the monthly variations in the number of plans in his mail.

Undeniably, students have yet to agree on efficient remedies for the existing social and economic disorder. This failure seems due largely to scientific narrow-mindedness or to what might be called, perhaps more appropriately, an overdose of science. In many respects we have become too scientific for practicality, too absorbed in masses of statistics to remember the all-important facts of human nature. Too many scientists discount the compelling force of religion, forget original sin completely, and treat free-willed man as an accumulation of atoms, like a brick wall or a china plate. And because it tends to disdain the intrinsic dignity of the individual, science loses many of its opportunities to be socially valuable.

Recognizing the deficiencies of modern social science, the amazing Pontiff, Pius XI., in his encyclical *Forty Years After*, insisted on a "reform of Christian morals" as the only salutary cure for the existing chaos. Pius, in recent years, and Leo XIII., nearly a half-century ago, stressed the necessity of a "frank and sincere return to the teaching of the Gospel" and a revival of Christian principles in economic life. But, unfortunately, many Catholic, and the great majority of non-Catholic, thinkers, heeded the pontifical warnings either half-heartedly or not at all. Students continued to submit voluntarily to the rubber stamp that marked their graduation with the degree of SSS —Standard Social Scientist.

As a result, Catholics of the United States can point out, for their own contribution to social science, little that is impressive. Generally, such Catholic leaders as appeared, whether because of lack of ability or from lethargy, confined their activities to their own group, publishing in Catholic magazines, addressing Catholic gatherings, and seemed quite content as more or less big fish in a small pond. And though

it may have been "splendid isolation," the intellectual outlook that dominated it merits the term "provincial." At all events, outstanding Catholic leaders in social science are certainly few; Catholic organizations are no less so. From a group of twenty million persons, but a mere handful of influential men emerge. And while they are characterized by sanity, courage and a vigorous proclamation of the principles of Christian sociology laid down by the two great Pontiffs, their voices are weak in a world that remains a sociological and economic bedlam.

Opportunities have been wasted conspicuously. For instance, perhaps nowhere has the proclamation of Catholic social teaching been more noticeably absent than in the pulpit. Never has the writer or any of his intimate friends heard a sermon on the practical application of the living wage doctrine, on the duty of distributing surplus wealth, on the protection of women and children in industry, on the obligation of employers and employees to cooperate, on the duty of the State to promote industrial harmony.

Consequently, the average Catholic business man realizes only vaguely the seriousness of the sin involved in paying less than a just wage and thus forestalling the laborer's efforts to obtain a decent living. Quite understandably, the average Catholic employer appears ignorant of his duty to God and man, namely, that before he takes from his business a cent more than is necessary for his own decent living, he must pay each and every laborer a wage sufficient to enable the employee and his family to live in reasonable and frugal comfort—to maintain himself and his dependents, as Monsignor John A. Ryan puts it, "in normal health, in elementary comfort and in an environment suitable to the protection of morality and religion." Again, the average Catholic seems not a whit bothered by his duty of distributing surplus wealth. The consistent silence of the clergy on this obligation almost inclines one to doubt whether even the clergy understand its seriousness.

But these are not the only impediments to the spread and power of Catholic social teaching. Another obstacle has been a woeful lack of unity of opinion on important questions. Thus, when Monsignor John A. Ryan, perhaps the most prominent Catholic economist in America, enunciated the bold but unimpeachable ethical principle that "incompetents do not belong in business at the expense of decent wages and working conditions," and that therefore the business man who was unable to pay the minimum code wages (under N.R.A.) which ranged from $10.50 to about $15 per week, had no inalienable right to continue operating his business, a flurry of protests followed. Catholic papers challenged the principle, though it is difficult to see on what grounds.

The split over the proposed Child Labor Amendment further illustrates this disastrous disunion. Clarence Martin, Catholic President of the American Bar Association; Cardinal O'Connell, dean of the American Hierarchy; and Alfred E. Smith, the country's foremost Catholic layman, joined in opposition to the amendment. On the other hand, Monsignor Ryan and other leaders exerted every effort in support of the measure. The correctness of either position does not here

concern us; the important fact is that the dissension aroused well-deserved criticism from non-Catholic observers and severely hampered effective action.

This inability to agree on specific measures designed for the attainment of social justice, the apparent neglect of the oppressed workingmen and the failure in general to develop an effective Catholic social science in the United States certainly have contributed and do contribute to-day to the spread of Communism and Socialism. The radical groups, incessantly preaching the brotherhood of man and the injustice of the gravely unequal distribution of wealth, "steal our thunder," and what is worse, do it under our very noses and without active protest. The brotherhood of man, a typically Christian doctrine, one logically founded on the belief in the divine origin and intrinsic dignity of the human soul and on the Mystical Body of Christ, is used with telling effect by materialistic and nonreligious organizations, simply because of our failure to apply the doctrine to current problems and to demonstrate in action the true implications of Christian brotherhood.

Though, as was stated above, lethargy may be a partial explanation of this shameful disregard of papal exhortation and command, the desire to meet modern standards, the standards of the new dictator, Science, is probably of greater influence. Of course, there was much to recommend the scientific method; its astonishing results in the physical sciences opened new vistas. Unfortunately, however, economics and sociology are of another caliber, for which the scientific method is not entirely adequate. However, nothing could prevent the attempt to reduce the social sciences strictly to the new technique. The reaction from former procedure could not be denied. In earlier years, the social philosopher held the center of the stage; now the spotlight is trained on the social scientist. Whereas, previously, philosophers had spun weblike theories and then hunted up facts to fit, and scholars had been intellectual trackmen, jumping to conclusions and sprinting to generalizations in a manner neither scientific nor productive, the scientist now concentrates on facts, tries to isolate his subject matter, and relentlessly rejects whatever cannot be proved by objective measurements.

The new mode marks a distinct improvement over the old. It seems eminently satisfactory just so long as the business at hand is the discovery of facts. But, as with most reactions, it pushed past the golden mean to the foolishness of an extreme, the extreme of a complete separation of social science from moral discipline.

A fact boasts no creed, but the same cannot be said of a system. Behind every social system, simply because it is inextricably tied up with the moral and religious acts of man, lies a philosophy and an ethics of some particular kind. In the same way as a thousand scattered bricks are just so many pieces of baked clay, but when joined together become a church or a house or a building erected for a definite purpose — so also in the social studies a thousand facts may be either a group of isolated truths or a system. If the latter, they must admit to some kind of religious or irreligious interpretation. For this

reason, the complete isolation of economics and sociology from religion and ethics is not only inadequate, impractical, and not at all in accord with common sense; it is also impossible.

The scientist may repeat until the crack of doom, "Keep religion and ethics out of it," but a social system cannot possibly be divorced from its connection with these other two. Practically speaking, the social student can no more separate his social principles from ethics and religion than the Justices of the Supreme Court can wall off their decisions from the influences of their backgrounds. Every five to four decision of the Court offers proof of this contention. When five Justices protest their unswerving conviction that a law is undoubtedly opposed to the Constitution, while four others, presumably equally learned and equally sincere, affirm their certainty that the same law is constitutional, it must be that their personal philosophies, the products of their social background, prove to be the deciding factors.

Since neither the system nor the principles can be entirely independent of the moral law, certainly there must be a place for religion and ethics in social science. Either the social system will be founded on Christian ethics, or it will be un-Christian, or it will be a mixture. If it is anything but the first, then the social system is not the best one; for the final interpretation of economics and sociology can only be made in the light of God's law. As Leo and Pius clearly stated, theirs is a social and economic doctrine. Not for nothing does Pius speak of a "truly Christian social science" and of "Catholic principles of sociology," thereby definitely and intimately allying the religious and the social spheres.

A moment's reflection suffices to show the necessity of this connection between religion and the social studies. For instance, employers almost unanimously agree that a living wage ought to be paid; but the individual business man refuses to dip into his pockets to pay such a wage unless his competitors do likewise. High wages make for efficiency, economists state, but the average business man knows that unless his competitors increase their pay rolls also, the greater efficiency of his laboring force will not compensate for the rise in the cost of production of his product. The mere knowledge that a living wage is a good thing *for others* leaves the average employer coldly inactive. But when the moral law is pointed out, when the denial of a living wage becomes an offense against God, a sin, *something harmful to himself*, the chances for effective action are increased. From this point of view business is no longer just business; it may be a crime or it may be a prayer.

Therefore to cut off social science from religion means hampering the effectiveness of the former. Yet this is the foolishness preached by the scientist and accepted by most students. Is it wisdom to trade our birthright of Christian principles for a mess of the pottage of impractical scientific generalizations? Or to reject truth on the one hand, and, on the other, attempt to substitute for it scientific experiment, which, if correct, merely reaffirms the doctrines from which we had previously turned? Is it common sense to rely solely on science for the construction of a better society, meanwhile disdaining the wisdom of Christ and

fearing to preach His social doctrines? Must we not only tolerate others attempting to construct a social system devoid of religion, a house built upon sand, but even follow in their footsteps? Is not sterility much too great a price to pay for scientific approval?

It is good to realize that Christ Himself is the world's greatest social scientist as well as the world's greatest priest. It is important to realize the following as His principles: That the laborer is entitled to a wage "sufficient for the support of himself and of his family"; that opportunities for work must be provided for those "who are willing and able to work"; that the State must protect the weak against oppression by the powerful; that the ownership of property entails individual and social obligations; that social and economic laws cannot be entirely alien to and independent of the moral order. It is not for us to demand scientific proof from Christ. Our task is to teach all nations and to develop specific methods for the accomplishment of the general aims.

It is high time that Catholics in the United States made something potent out of their social science. Certainly the need could scarcely be greater; the opportunities for clergy and laity, for teachers and students, for business men and laborers hardly could be more inviting. The necessary coöperation and activity alone are lacking. Emphasis from the pulpit is the first necessity. To become effective even among members of our own faith, the living wage and other distinctly Christian social principles must be stressed by the clergy. Undoubtedly it was with this in mind that Pope Pius issued the definite command that "all candidates for the sacred priesthood must be adequately prepared . . . by intense study of social matters." Study clubs for priests might work modern wonders.

Lay apostles also, as the Holy Father calls them, willing to sacrifice their own interests and eager for social justice are blessed with the opportunity of carrying the saving, nourishing bread of true Christian social science to workingmen and employers. In this way the paralyzing isolation of former years gradually may be displaced by a cooperation and leadership effectively urging the wisdom of a practical sociology. In a few localities, credit unions, extension courses, study clubs, consumers' coöperative associations, youth movements and workingmen's associations now operate. All these might prove valuable means for combating the existing chaotic economic and social situation. Catholic leaders in the midwestern States have begun to make distinct contributions toward the solution of the agricultural problem. The Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference has done service of inestimable value in making America "Catholic Action conscious." Unfortunately, the task is far too huge for the pitifully small number of workers.

In two midwestern schools, the College of St. Thomas at St. Paul, Minn., and Columbia College at Dubuque, Iowa, youth organizations have been started for the threefold purpose of combating Communistic propaganda, spreading and publishing the principles of social justice and preparing lay leadership for the future. A select group of students at those colleges has applied itself to the study of the papal

encyclicals, the works of prominent Catholic thinkers, and the pamphlets of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. The program calls for a series of debates and speeches on social questions; speeches which will be given by the students before parish assemblies, civic organizations, college gatherings; debates with members of radical groups; and similar efforts to place Catholic social teaching before the public eye. If this movement should some day spread among Catholic young men and women throughout the country, so that a nation-wide youth organization would come into being, such an organization might become one of the most powerful and efficient means of propagandizing for social justice.

A necessity for action seems to be an authoritative national Catholic daily paper, operated by our best minds and capable of reaching the entire nation—a paper somewhat like the *Christian Science Monitor*. Our myriad diocesan publications, sometimes with economics columns written by professors of English or by instructors in Roman history, produce strangely contrasting opinions on highly important questions. Often these papers are neither informative nor particularly interesting; they can achieve no more than a limited effectiveness. A representative national daily, on the other hand, might easily promote the unity of thought and opinion essential to an efficient social program.

Catholic social action is the supreme need of the day—action concerned with and directed toward the solution of present social disorder—action for the redistribution of incomes by means of income, inheritance and excess profits taxes—for decent family wages—for the protection, and, in so far as is possible, the removal of women and children from industry—action for unemployment insurance and old age pensions—for the support of the New Deal in so far as it is really a new deal—and action with a view to making social and economic life conducive, and not a hindrance, to personal development and eternal salvation. And the theme of Catholic action, of course, is the development and the spreading on all sides of Catholic social science.

The promotion of Catholic social science is then the unique service which our students can render. No doubt the scoffing of scientists would soon be directed full force against "preachments," "theorizing" and "speculation." Yet is it necessary to be greatly concerned with the disparagement of those who have already attempted to meet the problem and have failed? Accomplishments, not plaudits or censure, are still the true criteria of success.

Our opportunity lies in being both scientific and Christian, each in its proper proportion; scientifically careful that every fact is truly a fact; scientifically fearful of hasty generalizations and conclusions; but, in the application and interpretation of our facts and *our principles*, practical, sensible, and, above all, Christlike.[1]

[1] Interested readers may obtain material on the obligations of social justice from the National Catholic Welfare Conference, 1312 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C. Also, Monsignor John A. Ryan's *Distributive Justice* thoroughly covers the problem of industrial ethics.

# LEGEND AND FACT

By Alice Curtayne

THEY err who scoff at legend. It is rarely without high value in its literary and historical aspect. Frequently it deserves diffusion merely for its poetic beauty and spiritual charm. It always gives a clue to the subject's character, so that it is useful inasmuch as it embodies a type. As an instance, all the legends about Dante represent him as quick-witted and irascible—a true presentment of his character. I have never read a legend so grotesque as to represent him as dull or placid.

Even when a legend is known to be false in substance, it is still to be treasured for its incidental truth: it enshrines a character; embodies a type; it can convey a true idea of the subject's mode of life, and of the sort of figure he made in the public eye. The mind that elaborated much of our Christian legend was a candid, glad mind, utterly guileless and always grateful for the vision. So clearly is this mind reflected in religious legend that through it we effect beneficial communion with our remotest past.

But legend is not wholly false in substance if it holds some internal evidence of antiquity and genuineness. From nearly all legend it is possible to disinter some valuable historical facts. It gives important information on topography, food, dress, architecture, social customs, and local traditions.

Let the reader of "Saints' Lives" especially, remember that legend has its legitimate uses even in the most strictly historical biography. There are those who, as Dom Gougaud has it, "entrench themselves in absolute scepticism" where legend is concerned, never realizing that this attitude is as uncritical as the most unbounded credulity. Utter contempt of legend is cited by Père Delehaye as one of the hagiographical heresies against which readers and writers alike must be warned. The life of a saint, he says, "is, in truth, the concrete realization of the spirit of the Gospel, and from the very fact that it brings home to us this sublime ideal, legend, like all poetry, can claim a higher degree of truth than history itself."

Lest you should think that Père Delehaye has overstated the case for legend, I will tell you the story of what I can describe only as the historical evolution of a legend. In all the history I have been able to investigate, I have never found anything to equal the interest of this story.

Even the most fantastic type of legend will be found, upon examination, to have been based upon some foundation of fact, however slight. One may not always find it possible to disentangle the core of fact from the accretion of story, but this kernel of worth entitles the legend to preservation. It cannot be totally ignored by the historian. He must work with an eye to it. He may sometimes actually check his findings with the help of legend.

Now to the story, which happens to concern one of the most "far-

fetched" legends about St. Patrick. I will show you how it grew up around a nucleus of fact.

The legend goes that there lived in Ulster during the Saint's lifetime a certain pagan chieftain, named MacCuil, who resisted every attempt made to convert him. MacCuil was one of those men who are all-round bad. His favorite sport was the plundering and slaughtering of Christian communities. He was such a savage tyrant and marauder that the old lives describe him as a very Cyclops and a Son of Death. His character does not seem to have had any redeeming feature. The Patrician writer, Muirchu, sums him up as: depraved in thoughts—violent in word—malicious in deeds—bitter in spirit—wrathful in disposition—villainous in body—cruel in mind—heathenish in life—monstrous in conscience.

The description is fairly complete. Such was MacCuil.

One day, from his unnamed stronghold somewhere in Ulster, MacCuil perceived Patrick coming along the road with a little band of followers. Said MacCuil to his companions: "Here comes the shaven one" (referring to Patrick's tonsure) "who goes about fooling the people. Let us, for a change, make a fool of *him*!" He gave directions for a bier to be brought, and one of MacCuil's friends, Garban by name, lay down upon it, feigning to be dead. He was covered with a shroud and carried to meet Patrick, the bearers making a show of great grief and imploring the Apostle to restore their friend to life.

By divine intuition the Saint knew the trick that was being played upon him. When the two groups met, he said sternly: "The man under the shroud *is* dead." The heathens hastily pulled the cloth from Garban's face and found that he was indeed cold in death. A silence fell upon the witnesses.

MacCuil was immediately converted. He gave all his possessions to Patrick for the Christians' use, and asked the Saint to impose a penance upon him for his evil life. Patrick told him to get into a boat, or rather, a coracle made out of a single hide, with his feet fettered, then to cast the key of his fetters into the sea, allow the coracle to drift out upon the ocean, and abandon himself to Providence. It was a hard penance, but MacCuil obeyed. He asked only one last favor from Patrick: to restore his friend Garban to life. Patrick assented and raised the practical joker to life again.

The story usually stops there and it is the kind of legend at which the Catholic wiseacre invariably scoffs.

The tale has, however, been a little furthered by other writers. MacCuil left the shores of Ireland forever. But he did not perish on the open sea, as you might suppose. He was cast up on the Isle of Man, where he was kindly received by two Christian missioners, Sts. Conindrius and Romulus. The story goes on to say that these released him from his bonds and succored him. He threw in his lot with theirs, labored at the conversion of the Isle of Man and founded many monasteries. He eventually became Bishop of Man.

Curiously enough, there is ample corroboration in the early (and mostly legendary) history of the Isle of Man, in which the name "MacCuil" becomes transformed into "Maughold" and in which the story of Maughold's dramatic rescue from the sea recurs very frequently. There are, moreover, four

places named after Maughold in the Isle of Man: a barony, a parish, a headland and an island.

The different accounts of this legend in the early lives of St. Patrick make it difficult to determine *where* and *when* the episode occurred. All accounts agree, however, that it was in the North of Ireland. Muirchu says it happened in *Hindruim Moccuechach*, wherever that may be, some locality that no historian could make any attempt at identifying until quite recent years. Two versions of the legend agree that it happened in a place called *Mag Inis* (again wherever that may be), and two versions agree that Patrick was traveling from the south to the north when he was perceived in the distance by MacCuil.

But there is documentary evidence that a pagan chieftain called MacCuil did in fact hand over all his possessions to the Church. The details by which this evidence has been checked would be too long (and I also fear that they would be too dull) for insertion. Will the reader—the gentle reader!—take my word for the authenticity of this fact and allow me to proceed? The entry in question, which was found in an ancient return of the See lands, reads thus:

"And in those times there reigned in Blawico, Indrasaig MacCahuil; and he gave to the bishop and church of Down the island of Nedron, with four islands adjacent thereto. . . ."

But where on earth was the island of Nedron? Nobody knew.

Now the story moves forward to an astounding archæological discovery of modern times. In the year 1844, a scholar of great repute, Dr. Reeves, went to look at a limekiln on Island Mahee in Strangfold Lough, situated sixteen miles from Belfast and seven miles from the village of Comber. Island Mahee—it should be explained—is not now a real island, as two causeways and a macadamized road connect it with the mainland. Dr. Reeves perceived immediately that the supposed ruined limekiln was in reality the stump of a round tower. Divining the presence of very interesting ruins in the vicinity, he caused digging operations to be commenced. The remains of an ancient parish church soon came to light.

The excavations were not completed in the scholar's lifetime, but sufficient was accomplished to enable Dr. Reeves to identify beyond the possibility of any doubt Island Mahee and *Nendrum*, the monastic foundation of St. Mochaoi, "Mahee" being simply a corruption of Mochaoi. Very special interest attaches to this saint of the Patrician era. Mochaoi (whose name is in fact pronounced *Mahee*) was the son of Bronach, daughter of Miliucc, Patrick's pagan slave-master. Patrick loved the children of his former master; they had been kind to him in his captivity. Naturally he loved Bronach's son, too, this Mochaoi, for we love the children of our friends. Patrick converted Mochaoi, ordained him priest, and later had the joy of consecrating him bishop.

Once more the MacCuil legend rose up, compelling consideration. The identification of Island Mahee with Nendrum threw new light on what had been for so long a riddle to historians. Notice how all the puzzling nomenclature at once falls into line: *Mag Inis*, where Patrick had restored the joking Garban to life, is Island Mahee, or Island Mochaoi; *Hindruim Moccuechach* is again Nendrum Mochaoi; the "island of Nedron," as some had called it, is

again Nendrum. It is always the same place, with comprehensible variations of the name, variations easily explained. Evidently, then, when MacCuil had donated to Patrick as an act of repentance his household settlement of Nendrum, Patrick transferred the welcome gift to Bishop Mochaoi, who turned it into a monastic foundation, a purpose for which the chieftains' strongholds were eminently suitable.

For eighty years after Dr. Reeves had established this important identification, oblivion settled down again upon Island Mahee. But in 1922, the Belfast Archæological Society resumed excavations there and continued them during the three summers from 1922 to 1924. I cannot here dwell upon the skill and thoroughness which which the work was carried out. The discoveries on Island Mahee have made it the Pompeii of Ireland.

Three classes of ruins have been opened up in this territory: late medieval, early medieval and prehistoric. With the new discoveries, the legend of MacCuil again rose up for consideration. The pre-Christian settlement can be clearly traced, with its three outer circular walls, or cashels. The monks had simply adapted to their own purpose the vast and fortified homestead they had found prepared for them. Walking in Mahee Island to-day, one can revisualize MacCuil's environment, and even something of his manner of life. One can gaze too on all that the perverse old chieftain's eye took in, for the waters of Strangfold Lough have not changed.

Mr. Lawler, the historian who has written so ably on the excavations of Nendrum, at which he assisted, put the legend of MacCuil to an unusually practical test. He asked himself whether a man on Island Mahee could see a pilgrim traveling on the mainland in a northerly direction, and found that the answer was in the affirmative. The topography of the place most strongly bears out the legend. There is plainly visible from the western ridge of Mahee several miles of the mainland road, that runs close to the shore for a few hundred yards. This road is visible for a longer stretch southward than northward. Therefore a man walking up from the south would be seen long before he could come abreast of the island. MacCuil would have ample time to recognize Patrick, contrive the plot, and send his men, carrying the bier, over to the mainland in boats; these would be ready for the Saint by the time he reached the point where they disembarked.

Are we sure then that Garban died mysteriously under the shroud and that he was raised to life again by St. Patrick? By no means. But the basis of fact on which the story is founded is becoming increasingly clear. Over-credulity is a bad fault in an historian, but exaggerated skepticism may be a worse one. The strange confirmation of the story of MacCuil down through the ages, in written record, in archæology, and in topography, shows at any rate with what cautious deference legend should be treated. It is never wise to laugh at legend. And where it is a question of miracle, the facts related above must surely give one pause.

## IRISH FAIRY TALES

By Vera Marie Tracy

THEY do be tellin' tallish tales
Both comical and scary,
All gathered round McGinty's hearth
When dark comes down in Kerry.

'Tis late they're up and blatherin',
When peat the flames are gobblin',
Of leprechauns, their crock of gold,
Their caperin' and cobblin'.

Of fairy queen in golden coach
Over the hilltop rollin',
And how young Danny met her there
One day when he was strollin'.

Of Mickey Roony's spotted cow
Who took on looks so winnin',
He up an' kissed her on the cheek—
(Ould Mickey still is grinnin').

Of ghosts that get the fidgets so,
Their churchyard homes forsakin',
They romp the roads November Night
An' set the village quakin'.

How Maura found a weensy pipe,
An' it still warm an' smokin'!—
Beneath a toadstool in a glen,
Her awed delight evokin'.

They mention teensy raps on doors
And yowlin' down the chimneys,
Queer scratchins at the windy sash
And many other whimseys.

Ye never heard the likes of them—
Och, would meself were hearin',
Wid clammy shivers down me back
Nor worse than fairies fearin'!

# ST. THOMAS THE CATHOLIC

By Stewart E. Dollard, S.J.

ALTHOUGH the gospel of "the bigger and better" may be thought a singular American trait, it might be argued that the admiration of the big is a distinct and noble part of universal human psychology. For both from experience and from the classical theories of the sublime, it seems certain that there is in our intellectual and emotional reactions to something tremendously big a distinctively different qualitative factor that is lacking in our response to something which is relatively small. The crystalline configurations of a snowflake may evoke admiration; the whirling revolutions of microscopic planets in a microcosmic universe may cause surprise—but they never take one's breath away. But catch a glimpse of snow-capped peaks soaring into seas of clouds, look out suddenly like Cortes upon a seemingly endless expanse of ocean, listen to the booming of Nature's thunderbolts or be deafened by the roar of a Niagara—what happens? Silence. Bigness has caused a different reaction; grandeur and vastness have brought the sublime.

In bigness there seems to be something ennobling, something satisfying. Take for instance the Church. The Church may be Holy and Apostolic and One; but somehow its Catholicity — its bigness — has the greatest appeal. There is something stupifying in the notion of a "thing" reaching from the pampas of the Argentine to the steppes of Siberia, and from the crags of the Andes to the heights of the Himalayas. There is something distinctively sublime in the idea that this tremendous "thing" is the comprehensive treasure of all the means of salvation, that it is large enough to contain all truths, and that it alone —being big not only in extent and content but in duration too—that it alone shall live until the end of time.

Perhaps this is why people—instinctively responding to their reactions—have called the One Holy Apostolic Roman Church simply "Catholic." But it is not a mere matter of instinct. Even lexicographers admit that if a Church is "catholic" it is not heretical or schismatic — universality of diffusion in space and time seems to be a guaranty of genuineness of doctrine. But in the word "catholic" they see much more: *kath holon*—it means large, not narrow-minded; liberal, not prejudiced or biased; comprehensive, not partial or incomplete; universal in reach, not isolated, regional, provincial; objective, not subjective, egotistic, personal. "Catholic" connotes a general wide-sweeping bigness of feelings and tastes, of sympathies and views. Applied to a man it means that he "sees life steadily and sees it whole"—and we may add, as the lexicographers do, that this outlook is not heretical nor schismatic, but completely orthodox.

Now St. Thomas was a Catholic. There is hardly need to show that

Thomas was not a Lutheran, or a Calvinist, or an Anglican, or—if these seem anachronistic—a Nestorian, Arian or Manichæan; for despite his temporary condemnation by political rather than doctrinal factions, his orthodoxy has never been questioned. Let it suffice to recall Innocent VI.'s observations that "those who have a firm grasp of Thomas are never found far astray from the truth" and that "whoever opposes him is always suspect of error." Let it suffice to note that the testimony of the Popes since his day concerning his correctness collected in one volume covers more than two hundred and seventy-five octavo pages. Nor should we forget that at the Council of Trent only three reference works were in the council room: the Scriptures, the decrees of the Popes, and the *Summa Theologica* of Aquinas. Orthodox Pius XI. has said: "The Church has declared the doctrine of St. Thomas to be her own peculiar doctrine." The heretic Bucer boasted: "Take away Thomas and I will destroy the Church." And indeed so intimately is Thomas identified with the Church, that we might wonder sometimes whether Thomas thinks with the Church, or the Church with Thomas. One thing is certain: if Thomas were alive to-day and were to write more volumes *"nihil obstats"* and *"imprimaturs"* would come easily. Certainly Thomas was a Catholic in the sense of being orthodox.

But Thomas was a Catholic in another sense: his was a universality of sympathies and a broadness of views. Free of every particularity of time and space, of race and environment, his cosmopolitan character was an amalgam of North and South, East and West. Whether the *Übermensch* is Nordic or Latin, Thomas will not care; for his father was a Lombard, his mother the descendant of Norman nobles, her mother the sister of Frederick Barbarossa. Certainly he was a man of international relations.

Again, it may be misusing words to call a massive body "catholic," but, even after we discount the exaggerations of legend, it is true none the less that Providence, with an eye to his gigantic labors, was not stinting when it fashioned Thomas. Thomas even materially was big. Born in Italy, he learned of the Greeks and Latins and Alexandrians in Germany, and taught about them in France. His principal adversaries, Averroes and Avicenna, were Arabs; and the *gentes* against whom he wrote a masterpiece were the Moors of Spain. As a noble he could (and did) sit at the tables of kings; as a disciple of a poor Master he could (and did) champion the cause of the Mendicant Orders. Though a Dominican, he lived with the Benedictines and died with the Cistercians; and a Franciscan, Bonaventure, was an intimate friend. Monks, friars, regulars, bishops, cardinals, popes were all influenced by him. In place of a castle he chose a cell; but this cell was as wide as the world.

Personal catholicity also is marked on everything he did. Recall, if you can, some Italian trait—or French or German—in all the writings of Aquinas. I think it cannot be done. Thomas once was taught by an Irishman, Peter Hibernus, yet we look in vain for that passion for imagery, that wealth of emotion, that invincible ever-readiness for polemics which is supposed to betray the stamp of Ireland. Descartes and Bergson, synthetic,

intuitive, brilliant, are typical Frenchmen; like Frenchmen they write clearly and with the hardness of the diamond. Kant and Hegel, unwearying as spiders in metaphysical web-spinning and laborious as bees, thunder out sesquipedalian compounds and interminable analyses, and are supposed to represent the German genius. James, the Evangelist of the Evangel of "if it works," in both matter and form is uniquely American. But if the style is the man, then Thomas, wherever a sentence is written or spoken, is a citizen of the world. It is difficult to be a nationalistic stylist with only a subject and a predicate and an *ergo*.

Not only in character and style is Thomas catholic, but also in his work. He has often been called a "synthesizer," but the reaches of his synthesis and the simplicity of his unification often escape us. Thomas's works are not like an encyclopedia, a series of disconnected articles; nor like a dictionary, a fine vocabulary, but no plot. His works flowed out in a constant stream, gathered from many sources (some pure, some noxious), but passing through the filter of his intellect, they all course their way to the Delta—the symbol of the Trinity. For Thomas, like the Church which has its sacraments and orders to purify and sanctify, purified all thought that had preceded him. An acolyte of truth he was; as an ostiary he opened the door of its temple; as lector he read its lessons. He exorcised Plato and the Neo-Platonists; Aristotle he baptized. Augustine was confirmed. He gave the Extreme Unction and laid to rest the false mysticism and rationalism of his time. Some of the Fathers he had to absolve; but after their promise of amendment—and here Thomas is sacerdotally unique—by a kind of intellectual marriage he married himself to them. Not to leave his sacramentary incomplete, he was above all the Apostle of the Eucharist and the Psalmist *Corporis Christi*.

Now just as many elements helped feed the roots of Thomas's family tree, so too did many contribute to his tree of knowledge; but the tree had its own vitality, and its branches grew till their shade covered all reality. Thomas was ambitiously catholic in his synthetic view of being: for whatever *is* was the object of his study. There is not one important philosophical problem whose principles of solution cannot be found in his "theory of all time and reality." So universal was he in his outlook, that he almost seems to have difficulty in catching sight of a singular object. His theme song is a hymn of *ens in quantum ens*, yet it is not sung in scattered melodies, but in one grand harmonic chord of logic, physics and metaphysics, whose overtones vibrate rhythmically into education and art, jurisprudence and sociology. This point we should like to develop; but listen to Pius XI.:

"St. Thomas dealt thoroughly with all these several divisions of philosophy . . . and beginning with things nearest to us, rose step by step to things more remote, until he stood in the end 'on the topmost peak of things'—in *supremo rerum omnium vertice*."

But there are invisible peaks beyond the topmost peaks of things visible: catholic Thomas had not yet reached the summit. The world of reality is not bound by the poles

and equator of the earth, nor by the zenith and the nadir of the heavens. The world of nature is but a nook in the universe of reality. Thomas went beyond, for he had the telescope of faith, and many a planet swam into his ken. Not content with formulating a moral theology, treating of the relations of individuals and of societies to themselves and God, his broadness of view found place for the world of supernature, for mysteries, for revelations, for the angels which have won for him his name. He was not too narrow nor too exclusive, as some moderns are, merely to ensure the dominance of reason over nature; he went further and did not deny the dominance of supernature over reason. We cannot hope to do justice to the catholicity of Thomas's theology; but we can say that he saw clearly what smug earthlings never even suspect.

But even more! To some it is given by faith to see the Promised Land; to Thomas was given to tread its soil. He was even catholic in his journeys! A *terra incognita* to most of us (except by faith) he knew and saw and felt and touched. We said that he took the world for his cell; we should remember too that he paid many a visit to the mansions of his Father's house. His reason might—"by the things that are made"—permit him, in the words of the poet:

"To see a world in a grain of sand
And heaven in a wild flower,"

but the light of faith and the gifts of grace let him:

"Hold Infinity in the palm of his hand
And Eternity in an hour."

Here is the tip of the truly topmost peak; here Thomas the mystic, with Jacob, has climbed the hierarchical ladder to the topmost rung. Here is the last stage of Wisdom. Thomas was an experimentalist, a philosopher, a theologian, and a mystic. Need we wonder that in the bull of his canonization the Pope might exclaim: *"doctrina catholica eius non potest esse sine miraculo"*?

Now we can see why Thomas is a Catholic and has always been known as one. Recall for a moment: have you ever seen him referred to primarily as a scientist (like Albert the Great)? As a doctor of Grace (like Augustine)? As a jurist (like Vittoria)? As a mystic (like John of the Cross)? Is he primarily a philosopher or a theologian or a mystic? Or rather is he not all of these combined in one comprehensive Catholicity?

That he is, is shown by the testimony of the Church. In the Middle Ages and even later famous doctors and teachers were labeled with titles which were supposed to show their special characteristics. The choice of titles was sometimes uncanny in precise accuracy. Chrysostom and Chrysologos were "golden-tongued." "Mellifluous" Bernard was called, for his words were as honey. Enlightened from on high was Raymond Lull — "illuminatus," and Bonaventure was "seraphic." In argument Alexander of Hales was "irrefragable," and William of Occam "invincible." In doctrine Scotus was "subtle," and the great bishop of Hippo "profound." "Hammers of heretics" and "Fathers of Scholasticism" we have. But what was the title conferred on catholic Thomas? Not "the Angelic Doctor" (this came later), but *"Doc-*

*tor Communis Universalis Ecclesiæ.*" He was the "Common" teacher of the whole Church, for in him is contained the hierarchy of all catholic truth from the intuition of being to the intuition of God.

But we must guard against misapprehension. Thomas was catholic in his knowledge. But does this mean that his treasury is so full that no more truth is found outside of him? By no means; in fact this would be contrary to the very idea of Catholicity. Christian dogma is a mine of Catholic truth and complete; but there will ever be occasions to bring to light more of its riches. So too in the mine of St. Thomas's works there are many veins, many lodes that have yet to be cleared away. But he has discovered the mine and opened it; he has sunk the first shafts and has pointed out the direction where untold truths may yet be found. Object that Thomas made mistakes: the sun has spots, some one has said, but where is there a better light? Object that Science has shown us many facts of which Thomas never dreamed: but remember that not access to facts but attitude towards facts is what counts. Thomas, the etymologist of truth, has taught us the spelling of things human and divine; yet he would be the first to deny that there is no place for prefixes and suffixes, new combinations or different usages of the simple words and roots about which he wrote.

But the Catholicity of the "man of all times" (as he has been called) did not die with him at Fossa Nuova. Like that of the Church it is and must be perennial, actual as much to-day as it was in the thirteenth century: truth never changes. In Thomas the catholic, then, still alive, we have a *catholicon*—a panacea, a remedy for all evils. And the world is miserably sick. The common diagnosis is that it is suffering from an exaggerated attack of Protestantism and all that it connotes. Protestantism means private, not catholic, judgment; and this means individualism, and hence selfishness, egotism, narrowness and isolation.

Lord Bacon once inveighed against the Idols of his time, and is supposed to have demolished them. But they still are being worshiped. Idols of the Tribe (we use his names, but not his meaning)—do we not see here that exaggerated nationalism and chauvinistic particularism which is at the root of world unrest, jealousy, suspicion? Idols of the Market Place—statues of Mammon are set up in the forum where selfish economic systems have no thought for catholic justice and catholic charity. Marxism, for instance, is nothing but collective individualism; and Communism has nothing catholic about it except its name. Between Karl Marx and Karl Adam there is as much difference in outlook as there is difference in time between the first Karl and the first Adam. Idols of the Theater—the fetish of all that is decadent in ethics, literature, æsthetics. Idols of the Cave—here is the ruling deity of modern idolatry; demolish it and all the others will tumble down. Since Plato's time and because of his parable, the Cave has stood for the obscure, dank regions of epistemology, where men are doomed to contemplate the passing shadow with never a glimpse of the cheering sun. Poor chained non-Catholic epistemologs, wandering about fettered in a narrow cave,

limited to a dark corner of a little world, which is, as we have said, merely a nook in the universe of reality! The pity is that, because they know no better, they attempt to justify their fragmentary knowledge, thinking they have a grasp of catholic truth. Thomas was a catholic priest; listen to a narrow, uncatholic:

"If God held in His right hand the entire Truth and in His left hand the single lifelong pursuit of it, although with the condition that I should ever and always be in error, and gave the choice between them, I would in all humility reach for His left hand and say 'Father, give me this; is not the pure truth for Thee alone?' "

Humility is a euphemistic name for agnosticism, and agnosticism is scientific jargon for being blind. But as long as the world is satisfied with reaching for the left hand, it shall never be catholic in its grasp of truth. Living in the Cave has impaired the vision of Protestantism and its philosophers; it and they are afflicted with empiric astigmatism, idealistic strabismus or the blindness of skepticism, and will forever be asking the eternal question: "To be or not to be?" "To hope or not to hope?" There will be no hope till these groping souls reach for the right hand and for the whole catholic truth for which they were made.

Contrast with this blindness or squinting the optimistic gaze of Thomistic epistemology. Thomas is neither nearsighted, nor farsighted, neither cross-eyed, nor blind. He has left the Cave, has looked straight at the world of Reality aglow in the light of his intellect, has reached for the right hand, and has said: "This also belongs to me." He never will ask the question: "To be or not to be?" for he has found the answer. "To be"—that is the answer. He sees being, all being, in a comprehensive gaze, and he realizes that *"ens est ens."* Being is being: a profound truth, but what does it mean? So far we have dispensed with technicalities, but now we must catch the surging force of that simple statement as it is interpreted by one who likes the sound of its monosyllabic finality, but who finds no equivalent for its terseness in English, and hence must transpose it a bit:

"Against all this (modern blindness, we might say) the philosophy of St. Thomas stands founded on the universal common conviction that eggs are eggs. The Hegelian may say that an egg is really a hen, because it is a part of an endless process of becoming; the Berkeleian may hold that poached eggs only exist as a dream exists; since it is quite as easy to call the dream the cause of the eggs as the eggs the cause of the dream; the Pragmatist may believe that we get the best out of scrambled eggs by forgetting that they ever were eggs, and only remembering the scramble. But no pupil of St. Thomas needs to addle his brains in order adequately to addle his eggs; to put his head at any peculiar angle in looking at eggs, or squinting at eggs, or winking at eggs. The Thomist stands in the broad daylight of the brotherhood of men, in their common consciousness that eggs are not hens or dreams or mere practical assumptions, but things attested by the authority of the senses, which are from God" (*St. Thomas Aquinas*, p. 179).

In such a way does Chesterton sum up the *Summa Theologica*. And rightly, for on this universal common conviction Thomas's structure of the three wisdoms—metaphysical, theological and mystical—stands firm. Peter is the rock of the Church's Catholicity; "eggs are eggs" is the rock of Thomas's. Idealism may be true; but it needs empiricism. Empiricism may be true; but it needs idealism. Humanism may be true; but it needs the Incarnation. Value philosophy may be true; but it needs a supernatural economics to weigh those values. They are all true, but the trouble is they are uncatholic, pathetic half-truths, which, unlike the lines of the *Æneid*, are devoid of beauty because lacking in truth. They need completion, and the only way they will ever be completed is by having recourse to Thomas's uncommon common sense that an egg is an egg, in other words to Thomas's catholicism, for common sense and common truth are catholic commodities, and the truth that an egg is an egg is recognized and ever will be recognized on the Ganges, Nile and Amazon, as well as on the Hudson, Thames and Rhine.

Philosophical idolatry is rampant to-day; it needs an iconoclast. The world is going to the dogs, but ironically enough perhaps the best way to save it from that fate is to bring it to one of the hounds of heaven, to one (if we may revive the old pun) of the *Domini canes*. There is reason, however, for hope. Thomas is once more coming into his own. Perhaps it is the fulfillment of a prophecy.

Sitting in one of the lecture halls of the University of Cologne some years ago was a silent, modest youth. Reticent, reserved, no spendthrift of his tongue, he was thought by his classmates a rather ignorant oaf, or simply, as we would say, dumb. But there was one who saw in this youth, whose name was Thomas Aquinas, much more than was manifested on the surface. So indignant Albert the Great predicted indignantly to those unjust scholars: "You call him the dumb ox of Sicily. But mark my words: I tell you that one day his bellowing will be heard throughout the world."

That prophecy is now coming true. The world may be likened to a China shop. What will happen to its pretty idols when the bull is let loose? Perhaps Scripture had some allegorical meaning when it said: "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox." Who can tell?

# POTPOURRI

## The Opinions of Our Contemporaries

IT is one of the major delusions of the time that the need of the hour is strong government. It is not strong government we need so much as wise government, government invested with the virtues of insight, dignity, moderation, justice, tolerance, and an acute sense of social values. Such governments draw men into authentic loyalty to their purposes. Strong governments drive men into artificial loyalty to their slogans. Strong government can build itself into a brief interlude of power on the clever strategies of a clique, but wise government needs wide soils in which to sink its roots. Dictatorship offers us the quickest path to strong government. Democracy offers us the surest possibility of wise government. Democracy rests upon leadership and popular understanding. Democracy is admittedly impotent in an hour of crisis if leadership is derelict and popular understanding darkened, but, in its basic concept, democracy is sounder than dictatorship.

—Glenn Frank, President of the University of Wisconsin, quoted in *Vital Speeches of the Day*, October, 1935.

Thoughtful men to-day, while fully admitting the links and resemblances between man and ape, dwell with much more of satisfaction and hope upon the even clearer differences, which demand as many of them hold, a Divine direction. They dwell with good cheer on man's capacities and possibilities far surpassing any other animals, his marvellous reasoning powers, his unique spiritual grasp and reach. . . . If left to itself, what more can any ape do to-day than any ape did a million years ago? Nothing. Here yawns a mighty chasm, which natural selection, even with unlimited time, could not bridge, and never will.

—James B. Johnston, in *The Contemporary Review*, December, 1935.

To-day newspapers are in the service of finance and big business, and support themselves by huge sales and advertising revenue. Some are privately owned and made to serve as a means of obtaining wealth and public honours. They give their owners a power of dictatorship more effective than those at present controlling Italy, Germany and Russia. This dictatorship is the fiercest and most successful anti-religious force in England. It treats religion and morals as light matter to increase sales. Its influence on Catholics is a principal cause of defection to religious and moral indifference, for most Catholics, like most of their countrymen, prefer their daily and Sunday newspapers to any other reading; and prefer the biggest newspaper to the best. . . . However often our clergy visit the homes of their flock, a paper that is working against them visits those homes oftener and gets a quieter hearing there. A properly managed Catholic newspaper could help both to build more churches and schools and to fill them.

—*Catholic Herald* (London), January 10th.

If the State to-day is becoming totalitarian, it is because the Christian has not been totalitarian enough. He has acquiesced in the secularization of life. His religion has become a sectarian affair—for Sunday only, and cut off from his real aims and interests.

—CHRISTOPHER DAWSON, *Religion and the Modern State.*

The Communists have proved themselves the best publicity men ever known to American politics. And they have used, virtually, only one device. They make the news. . . . Barred by circumstances from ordinary channels of publicity, the Communists have specialized on action. Every strike, no matter by whom called, has a fringe of Communist agitators. If they manage to make themselves conspicuous, the employers assert that this is a "Red strike"—splendid advertising. Whenever a poor man runs dramatically afoul of the law, be his case good or bad, one of the multiple Communist-inspired societies considers it. If the prosecution can be warped to appear an assault on the workers, with picket lines, small riots and other devices for attracting attention they join the fray. . . . Communist support usually injures any cause. But the party managers are indifferent to the fate of individuals. If the defendant loses, then the event only goes to prove that the worker cannot expect justice from the "bosses." If he wins, they can point to the party as the one potent champion of labor. Meantime, win or lose, they have been crowding the front pages.

—WILL IRWIN, *Propaganda and the News.*

Gigantic factories, office buildings rising to the sky, inhuman cities, industrial morals, faith in mass production, are not indispensable to civilization. Other modes of existence and of thought are possible. Culture without comfort, beauty without luxury, machines without enslaving factories, science without the worship of matter, would restore to man his intelligence, his moral sense, his virility, and lead him to the summit of his development.

—ALEXIS CARREL, *Man the Unknown.*

Propaganda is an art, and as such it must consider the material it has to shape or dispose,—here the minds of those to be educated. Propaganda must therefore reach the multitudes. If the Radicals of the Right intend to bring to the many what is known by the few, they must speak the language of the many. The Twelve Apostles, as we know, did not stay in the Upper Room; they went forth to the market place, and talked in the language of the market place. If the thinkers would guide the doers, both must speak a common language. Common language, in this case, simple language, cannot injure a sound principle. Christian principles lose nothing in translation into the vulgar tongue.

—*The Christian Front*, February.

This generation has learned again what the authors of the Constitution knew so well. They, too, lived in a period of war, revolution and despotism. They saw, as Jefferson put it, that "a single consolidated government would become the most corrupt government on earth." The people today see how true that is, and that is why they approve, even when they dislike a particular verdict of the court, the spectacle of a mighty government with all its force

compelled to submit to the restraints imposed by nine elderly men who command no force of their own. They realize, as they could not possibly have realized it thirty years ago, that this power to restrain government itself is—though it may at times be inconvenient and confusing—the very foundation of a civilized society. —WALTER LIPPMANN.

Within the last weeks I have been told by three different Catholics in different parts of the country that the President's policy was based on the Pope's encyclical. I was glad to be able to say that that too, was my impression, but what damped my gladness was the subsequent discovery in all three cases that the Catholics in question did not seem to have read the encyclical, and did not seem to know what the President's policy was. It is worse than dangerous if the President's reliance upon the encyclicals comes to be merely a sort of catch-boast of the Catholics, similar to the satisfaction with which certain minds meditate on the number of Catholics who have been elected town councillors of Blinkinborough.

—CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS, in *Catholic Herald* (London), December 20, 1935.

No neutrality legislation can guarantee in advance that this country will be neutral when an actual crisis appears. . . . While permissive powers seem unavoidable in any attempt to deal with an unpredictable future, any permissive power carries with it as great a danger of misuse as a hope of successful application to the end intended. If the President is to have power to deal with violent situations [as they arise], they must be real powers, and that means that they must be as powerful for ill as for good. It is to be suspected that the ancillary as well as the possible direct advantages of neutrality legislation outweigh the dangers; but the dangers are there, and the only final safeguard against them lies in the American people's ability to understand its own objectives and control its own governmental agencies for their attainment.

—WALTER MILLIS, in *The Nation*, January 29th.

Time was invented by Almighty God to give ideas a chance.

—NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

Why should German authorities in the vicinity of the Winter Olympics at Garmisch-Partenkirchen have gone to the trouble of removing the notices posted up announcing that Jews are not welcome? It can hardly be a decent respect to the opinions of mankind. In the first place, Nazi Germany has repeatedly stated that it cares nothing for what the world thinks and says. In the second place, the gesture fools no one. For an international festival of the manly sports under the flags of all nations the manly thing for the Nazi Government would have been to stand by its own colors. . . . It is open confession that race-hatred placards do not go with clean sport and fair play.

—*The New York Times*, February 7th.

# THE TROUBLED GUEST

By Samuel D. McClelland

THE quarters of Professor Verplaetse are more than a little unusual, while the man himself has always fascinated me. That is why I am so fond of visiting him. I am content to take him in his rather grotesque surroundings, in order to listen to his imaginative theorizings.

On my last visit, his study was strewn with paleontological fossils, a few in the bright halo under his microscope and the rest all about the room, mingled with his ancient looking books. He had been studying the evolution of the horse and engaged me in quite a debate on animal intelligence.

He claimed that the horse differed from us only in the degree of mental attainment, while I just as stoutly contended that our intelligence was of a different and altogether higher type. We were bandying arguments back and forth, neither surrendering any ground, when there came a ponderous knocking at the door. The Professor mumbled something and the door swung open. A huge Clydesdale horse entered. He wore a tall top hat but was otherwise without accouterment. He doffed the hat and said:

"How do you do, Professor." He had a deep pleasant voice.

"How are you, Bucephalus," answered the Professor, "this is an unexpected pleasure."

The old *savant* seemed perfectly at ease although I confess I was a bit startled when Bucephalus rose up on his hind limbs, swished his tail to one side, and sat down. He accepted a cigar from the Professor, who then lit it for him.

"Well, anything new in the air, old fellow?" asked the Professor.

He didn't offer to introduce me, so I kept my peace. As a matter of fact, the pair seemed completely oblivious of my presence.

"In a manner of speaking, yes," replied Bucephalus. "I have been doing a great deal of reading and studying lately and I have much that is new on my mind. I dropped in to discuss these ideas with you."

"It will be a pleasure," beamed the old man, as he struck a match on his shoe to rekindle his waning cigar.

"To cut to the heart of the matter," began Bucephalus, "I'm considering the starting of a League for the Advancement of Equine Rights."

"So!" ejaculated Verplaetse. "Well, that is a novel notion. Yes indeed! And I think the idea has much to commend it, but it will have to be thought out well."

"That I fully realize Professor, but there is such a crying need for it that I simply can't blink the matter any longer."

"The automobile, in some ways is a problem," the Professor ventured.

"Well, I have become fully reconciled to that—I think it is a part of our advancement, under some aspects. It cannot be denied that our usefulness to society has been considerably lessened and, consequently, our position in the industrial system has become a great deal less

important. On the other hand, it's an emancipation. Some of my fellows were terribly overworked. When I think of the social injustice, my blood boils. Why some of my own family, the dignified Clydesdales, had to haul huge brewery wagons all over the city! The cobblestones are terrible on the hoofs!"

"In that way the automobile was certainly a relief," admitted the Professor.

"It assuredly was. But there is still a world of work to be done. Consider the plight of the milk-horses and some of the farm horses —deplorable!"

"You're quite right," agreed the old scientist.

"There is one very serious condition," continued Bucephalus, "a number of horses are out of work. And I see no hope for the future."

"Have you tried birth control propaganda?"

"Nonsense! The horses won't have it. Besides we don't want to do away with ourselves; we want to provide subsistence for all our race."

"But if everyone was employed, there would be no argument for birth control and you could never keep down the number of low type horses."

"Professor, I'll have you know a horse is a horse and type means nothing to an equine. No, I'm afraid we'll have to find some way to make use of the new leisure provided by the automobile. If only the humans had more time for pleasure we could go into the extensive recreational field. As it is, there's too much idleness in our ranks."

"The race-courses are a help of course," observed Verplaetse.

"Well, yes and no," said the Clydesdale. "They breed class distinction. The horses in the large, powerful stables won't have anything to do with the selling platers. They don't care whether they get a grain of oats or not. It's a distressing state of affairs! Why these great money-winning horses like Equipoise and Sun Beau are nothing less than unhorsely. The Capitalistic scoundrels! They amass huge resources and loll in their box stalls, or travel in streamlined trains and loaf on their Kentucky pastures, while many a good horse has his bones sticking out of his hide."

"True, very true," sympathized the Professor.

"I don't know why we can't have a better distribution of hay," complained Bucephalus, "some horses have more than they could eat if they lived to be a hundred, while many of us don't know where the next meal is coming from. Surely, there's enough hay in this country for all of us. Then why should some of us starve pulling some junk-cart around the city. Why those so-called thoroughbreds have a consultation of expert veterinarians every time their hoofs are pared. But the common ordinary horse, the backbone of the horse kingdom is shot down the way your Federal agents shoot a gangster, if he happens to injure himself. I say it's an outrage!"

"Calm yourself, horse, calm yourself," said old Verplaetse.

Bucephalus had gotten up and was trotting around the room, shaking his head ominously.

"I suppose I am a little excited," he said, seating himself again, "but this is a tremendous problem."

"I realize that full well," replied the Professor. "It's tremendous but not altogether new. Have another cigar." He looked around to see if

Bucephalus had injured his fossils.

When he had his second cigar smoking well, Bucephalus sat back and spoke more reflectively.

"Yes, if I can just wake up the bulk of our horses to a realization of the injustices and the needlessness of their miseries, my League may do some lasting good. Then we can get concerted action and accomplish something. You know there is a tremendous apathy among horses at the present time. They need to be prodded to a realization of their predicament."

"Quite so!" agreed the Professor.

"Why that narcotic problem is enough to start a world wide movement for honesty among horses. This prevalent practice of doping horses and feeding them all manner of stimulants is directly subversive of the good of the race. Some of these stables are fitted out like an apothecary shop and the horses indiscriminately doped. Even the thoroughbreds are not beyond being subjected to this vile practice."

"You're quite right," interposed Verplaetse.

I began to think the old scholar was becoming a little afraid of his caller. It was not to be denied that he might have had good reason. There was a wild look in Bucephalus' eye. The Professor further addressed the Clydesdale.

"Well, I'm afraid I haven't been much help to you, Bucephalus, nor can I be, I'm afraid. You see yours is essentially a horse problem. While I would be only too glad to give you any information and help I can, I'm afraid my ideas will be of little service. As I say I . . ."

Here Bucephalus interrupted the Professor.

"I see clearly what you mean, Sir, and you're quite right as far as I've gone. But what I have been saying is not precisely the point I came to consult you about in regard to your helping me. I wanted you to know my problem anyway; but besides, my story has prepared you for my request. It must be perfectly clear to you by this time that, if I am going to accomplish anything, I must have the rank and file of the horses behind me. To do this I must have some means of uniting them in a common bond . . . some universal attachment of which all horses can be justly proud and which they will be willing to struggle to defend. Now it seems to me that the best thing for this purpose is the history of the horse. That is precisely where you can help me, Professor."

The Professor answered in a manner which showed his bewilderment.

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand your request. I can readily grasp how such a valuable sentiment, such a strong sense of nationalism in the horse kingdom will help your cause. It will knit the equine together, of that I am sure. But I thought you were nearly as well read as I in horse-history—how can I, then, be of assistance?"

"No, no, Professor Verplaetse, you still misunderstand me," said the Clydesdale, "what I am concerned with is this theory of evolution. If this doctrine becomes generally known and believed by the members of my race it will break down the equine morale and we shall make no progress in the higher fields of thought."

"Well I hardly see how you come to that conclusion, Bucephalus," said the old scientist a little heatedly, "are you sure you have an adequate mental grasp of the evolution theory?"

"I am quite sure, Professor. Have you not declared that our ancestors were hardly more than a foot tall and had four toes and other extremely distasteful features. Why . . ." and at this juncture Bucephalus' ears twitched with the earnestness of his feeling. "Why some of your *confrères* have declared that we are descended from the fish. A horse won't even eat a fish! You can see how such a pernicious belief as this evolutionary one would bring shame and class-consciousness to the proudest stallion in our ranks. My only hope is that no self-respecting horse will believe it."

"Perhaps there is something in what you say," conceded the Professor. "But frankly, I can see nothing to be done about it. The theory is tremendously well established. It would be ridiculous to think of my attempting to overthrow it, even if I was inclined."

You know the Professor offers no opinion of his own on evolution. The reason for this is not what it might well be—the absence, on some points, of conclusive evidence either way. Rather it is just another example of his consistent policy of compromise. He is a confirmed fence-straddler. That is why he maintains, he has such an enviable reputation as a scientist—he offends nobody's pet theory.

Bucephalus was saying: "Well, I knew you weren't a strong adherent of the evolutionary theory Professor, so I thought you might be willing to lend your influence against it, when I gave you a reason for doing so—the good of Horse Kingdom. Frankly, we regard these prehistoric runts as a shameful stigma."

"Well, there's no reason for that you know," Verplaetse argued, "You can propagandize them into accepting it as the modern and therefore fashionable belief. The originators of the system found that both practical and efficacious."

Bucephalus sat back in his chair and licked his lips reflectively. Nothing was said for a moment. Finally Bucephalus broke the silence.

"No," he said, "no, it's hard to fool a horse. Couldn't you just take the fossils in the horse series, dismantle them, and build another similar gradation of some other animal out of them?"

"I suppose one could," the Professor conceded, "but can't you conceive the endless bother and useless work involved. It would be impossible to get any such movement started. You're beating the air."

"I suppose I am," Bucephalus said drearily, "I get so discouraged at times. It's so hard for a horse to get anywhere in the world. There is a prejudice against us." His ears drooped dejectedly.

The Professor looked a little sympathetic. "Now don't let this thing ruin your ideals. After all it isn't a major point."

"Oh, I'm afraid it is Professor," Bucephalus said. "I don't think you quite appreciate the equine mind. We have always been a proud race, even in our lowly moments. But now to relegate us to this disgraceful ancestry will make us lose belief in ourselves."

"Well, we humans don't take it so hard, Bucephalus. After all, a horse is still a horse for all that." The old scholar seemed pleased with himself after this last remark but Bucephalus only assumed a blank expression. Then his eyes lighted up with inward spirit.

"I know what I shall do," he said vigorously. "I'll play up some of

the glorious exploits of the great horses of the past. I'll make my fellow-equines hero-conscious. Then this stigma of our forbears will fall in contrast. Then every horse can hold up his head and we can go on to take our rightful place in the world. Then we can put to use this leisure provided by the automobile and other machinery." His nostrils were quivering with enthusiasm.

"Now you are talking constructively," said Verplaetse, apparently much relieved to see that things were taking an optimistic turn. "I think by developing that notion you can build up a great following for your League for the Advancement of Equine Rights."

"Yes," agreed Bucephalus. "I think that is the solution. There is an abundance of material from which to draw. The ancient Unicorns, for example, were a marvelous race. They possessed extraordinary canniness, and after death, the horn, when powdered had magical powers."

"Many held that," agreed the Professor.

"And what about the great Bucephalus, the conquering steed of Alexander, the greatest conqueror, and whose name I proudly bear? And the Mongol horses," Bucephalus continued, "who played such a great part in building up the great Chinese empire. And the unbelievably hardy horses of the Huns who overran Europe.

"You're quite right," said the Professor, who, I could see, was delighted to find that Bucephalus was coming to an amicable settlement of his problem.

The old Clydesdale was now warming up to his subject.

"The horses of olden times were really superhorses. Some of the deeds they accomplished would be impossible to the brand of equine we have to-day. Yes, and that goes for the most widely heralded English steeple-chaser.

The Professor nodded his head approvingly.

"I can bring out the marvelous traditions and accomplishments of the great Arab tribe of horses. They traveled over great distances of desert at high speed and with little water. They still do to some extent. As a matter of fact, they were tremendously brave and skillful in battle."

Bucephalus was spiritedly gesticulating with his hoofs by this time. It was obvious that his love for his fellow horses was deep and that these reminiscences of their past glories moved him greatly. The Professor, in his diplomatic fashion, was all attention.

"Consider for a moment," the guest went on, "the wonderful attainments of the horse in the days of the Crusaders. They carried their riders in heavy suits of mail, fully accoutered with swords and lances, and wore a heavy armor themselves. Across Europe and into the Holy Land they went, and fought in furious battle. What magnificent specimens of horseflesh they must have been. I . . . "

"Indeed you're right," interrupted Verplaetse. I could see that he was anxious to end this laudatory tirade. The Clydesdale was on the verge of rising to prance around again.

"I am quite sure you have the solution to your main difficulty right there," continued the old scientist. "That will certainly prove the incentive to get the horses behind you in your striving towards greater and nobler things."

"I knew you would help me to come to a decision," said Bucephalus. "Of course there are many practical difficulties which I must work out if my plan is going to bear fruit. But I am not at all discouraged by them. As long as I know that I am standing on a firm and true foundation, that I have some incentive and some reward to offer to my fellow-horses, I cannot become disgruntled over practical difficulties."

"I think that is an excellent way of looking at things," said Verplaetse. "The incidental difficulties will solve themselves in time. You know you're on firm footing for a long campaign. But tell me, how do you define the rights for which your League stands?"

"Well," said Bucephalus, "I think every horse is entitled to a comfortable living, better working conditions and rest in his old age. The ideal situation existed in the old days, when every stallion ruled his own herd and roamed the Western plains with foot-loose independence."

The old Clydesdale's eyes were again glowing with the depth of his emotion. How a Scot, such as the Clydesdales are, could become nostalgic for the Wild West was something I did not try to fathom. I suppose his readings concerning the equines of that era had struck an answering chord of sympathy in his breast.

"Every horse must yearn for independence," the Professor said.

"You're right, they all do, Professor. But we realize that all can't have that. But there is no reason why we must remain in economic bondage. Many of our great-hearted horses are now pulling vegetable wagons in the city slums. But that will not be forever! Soon we shall rise to claim our rightful place in the world."

The Professor spoke before his guest could continue. "Have you any definite plans of a practical nature, Bucephalus?"

"That question, Professor, very nearly sums up my difficulties. How shall I put into effect the reforms I advocate! Even if I had the unqualified support of every horse living to-day, what could I do towards realizing the ideals I champion?"

"Exactly," said the Professor.

"Well it seems to me that it boils down to one of two methods—force or peaceful change. Of the two I prefer force, but unfortunately we have no power." Bucephalus waved his hoof in despairing fashion.

"But you shouldn't use force, if you can possibly avoid it," expostulated old Verplaetse.

"But we have our rights and how else can we satisfy them?" questioned Bucephalus.

"You ought to start a campaign to influence public opinion," was the answer.

This evidently was not wholly pleasing to the Clydesdale, because he answered drily. "I'll follow that plan of course, but success will only be accomplished at great length and with difficulty. I had secretly entertained hopes that your human wisdom would come to my rescue on this point, Professor."

I could see that the Professor felt uncomfortable. Bucephalus had one of those difficulties to which everyone knows the right theoretical answer, but which no one can solve practically. It was exasperating, I realized, to be asked to instruct anyone in such a situation. The Professor revealed his reluctance when he spoke:

"Really, I hesitate to advance any plan, Bucephalus. I think you will have to work very gradually and take things as they come."

The expression on Bucephalus' face was ample testimony that he found this reply inadequate. This irritated the old Professor, and I found myself sympathizing with him. I was forced to concede that one does not have to go to such lengths as this to please the usual horse.

"I hate to think of anything but freedom for horses in the future. But it all looks so hopeless," said the Clydesdale. He was a picture of dejection. He was biting his lower lip, there was a deep frown between his eyes and his ears were draped in a semicircle behind his forelock.

It occurred to me that the brute horse has no cause to envy the horse of the future. Poor Bucephalus gave eloquent testimony of this. If, in the years to come, I mused, Bucephalus' progeny should develop until their eyes came down near their nostrils, what forehead the horse would possess! What space for brains horses have! What space for brains many people have!

But do not let me bore you with imaginative wanderings. Let us get back to the facts of the evening. Bucephalus began to take heart in short order and outline his plans for the inception of his League:

"I believe," he said, "I'll start with a horse to horse whispering campaign. Then, after the idea has become widespread and I see some signs of enthusiasm, I'll distribute handbills. Then I can engage a few sandwich horses. I can't do anything expensive at the start of my campaign, but I think these projects will have the desired effect.

"A safe and sane beginning," the Professor agreed, as usual.

"Well," said Bucephalus, and there was a warm, friendly look in his eye, "I won't burden you with my difficulties any longer, Professor."

"Not at all," said old Verplaetse, "I was tremendously interested."

The Clydesdale arose.

"Won't you stay for a cup of coffee?" said the old scientist.

"No thank you," said the horse, "I really must be getting along. However, I'm deeply grateful for your advice, Professor." Hereupon he extended his hoof to his host. I was again ignored. Then he grasped his top hat in his teeth and deftly flipped it on to his head. He ambled out easily, stopping at the door to give us a kindly smile and a parting salutation.

A few minutes after he had gone, I was conscious of myself staring at the door which had closed behind him. I drew my eyes away and looked at Professor Verplaetse. He was droning peacefully about his paleontological fossils or something or other. I glanced about the room. Everything was so peaceful and undisturbed that you wouldn't have believed that a horse had been in there at all.

# BEAUTY, ART AND RELIGION

By Maurice F. Bell

WHAT conceptions have we in our minds when we use the words "Beauty," and "Art" and "Religion." It is well to clear the ground. Words, if they are not carefully employed, are apt to confuse thought.

Strictly speaking, beauty, like love, is an abstraction. We may say of the enigmatical figures on Titian's great picture that one woman is Love, Sacred Love; and the other is Profane Love, but that is only true in the measure in which we may apostrophize a Ruling Britannia. Neither love nor beauty in themselves can be fashioned with hands or beheld with mortal eyes. For it can only be declared of God that He is Love itself and the eternal essential Beauty. There is that in God which infinitely surpasses "all we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed of good" or beautiful. It is all in Him. "Not its semblance but itself," says Robert Browning. That first.

And yet, secondly, it is possible for us human beings to approach and partially to apprehend both the goodness and the beauty of God by a right understanding of His creation: and this all the more wonderfully since the Word was made flesh. So the Christmas Preface reminds us:

"For by the mystery of the Incarnate Word the light of Thy glory hath shone anew upon the eyes of our mind: so that, while we acknowledge Him as God seen by men, we may be drawn by Him to the love of things invisible."

"God's invisible things," says St. Paul in the Epistle to the Romans, "from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made; his eternal power also and divinity." What beauty actually is "no tongue can speak"! but, if our unworthy eyes are permitted, even now, to see something of the Divine Beauty, it is because of and through the things that He, the All-Beautiful, has made. We can but see Him "in part," "in a dark manner," "through a glass": but still it is open to us to catch precious glimpses of God, glimpses which indeed in this life can never satisfy. "My eyes have failed," says the Psalmist, while I hope in my God." And so wrote the English anchoress, Mother Juliana, "I saw Him, and I sought Him; I had Him and I wanted Him; for He will be seen and He will be sought; He will be abided and He will be trusted."

Yet not one of these hungering glimpses of things invisible, caught through the seeing and hearing and grasping at the things that God has made, can be set on one side, ignored, despised. Everything in God's creation has something to tell us about Him: has, then, to be deciphered, to be read from within —and that is, of course, what the Latin word for "to understand" (*intelligere*) signifies. *To be read from within.*

It is written in Holy Scripture that "God saw the things that He had made and they were very good." Very good, says St. Thomas, "on account of the symmetry of the Universe which is the ultimate and most noble perfection to be found in things. And all created things in the natural world must be in some way demonstrating the beauty as well as the goodness of God—*mostrare* is Dante's word—*"Mostrandovi le sue bellezze eterne."* "The beauty of creatures," says the Angelic Doctor, "is nothing else than the likeness of the beauty of God."

But, you will say, with all this sermonizing we have not yet arrived at any clear *definition* of Beauty. Well, I can present you with Aristotle's, "The essence of the beautiful consists in amplitude and order." There is much in that but it doesn't satisfy me as a definition. Then there is St. Thomas's threefold division of beauty into proportion, integrity and that untranslatable word *"claritas."* But that is a description rather than a definition. The late poet laureate, Dr. Bridges, defines beauty as, "The quality of appearances that thru' [*sic*] the sense wakeneth spiritual emotion in the mind of man," which is better. Professor Alexander, one of the latest writers on the subject, says that "the beautiful is the object . . . of the constructive impulse when that impulse has become contemplative instead of practical." I give you those—all of them significant passages—because they throw some light upon the subject. But perhaps, after all, the poet Keats is wisest and most helpful when he declares quite simply that "beauty is truth," beauty including divine law and divine justice—all the *bellezze eterne*—all that God is, nothing short of that.

Now to arrive at any apprehension of the *bellezze eterne*, our senses, after all, must form, as it were, our true compass so long as the senses are rightly informed and directed by the intelligence. And so God's Being is that Beauty and Wisdom—I quote from Dr. Bridges—"Which is to be apprehended only and only approach'd by right understanding of his creation." And that brings us to the word "Religion." What is "Religion"?

Religion we may define according to its derivation as that which *binds* the creature to the Creator: the will of man going out to meet the will of God. We may define it with Ruskin, as "the feelings of love, reverence and dread with which the human mind is affected by its conceptions of spiritual being." Anyhow, that which, through the senses, so explores creation "if haply it may feel after God or find Him" and try to express Him to others we call *Art*. I can find no better definition of art than that.

But we must be careful of our terminology. "Art," in itself, is simply the skill which a person has in making a thing. A "work of art," strictly speaking, means no more than that. The lodging-house antimacassar and the suburban villa may be, in that strict sense of the word, "works of art." And so, nowadays, we use another word, "craft," to express that primary idea, for the word "art," like so many other words, has grown up and, in the course of its long lifetime, has come to denote something more than mere skillful handiwork. Ruskin, in his Oxford lectures of 1871, said that "all the great arts have for their object either the sup-

port or the exaltation of human life." "Their dignity," he said, "and their very existence, depend on their being *meta logou alethous*, that is to say, "apprehending, with right reason, the nature of the materials they work with, of the thing they relate or represent, and of the faculties to which they are addressed . . . every art being properly called 'fine' which demands the exercise of the full faculties of heart and of intellect."

The true artist will, then, be worthy of his name in so far as he knows all about the materials he has to work with, and what is in him to be put into and got out of those materials; and, above all,—because the fine arts are not imitative or representative—in so far as he has some vision and, therefore, pursuit of "the utmost ascertainable truth respecting visible things and moral feelings," something which he is constrained to try and express in his own manner, by means of his own knowledge and skill in manipulating certain tools and materials. "The whole task of art," it has been said by a great living French poet, "is to make God better understood."

Through sensible things the artist feels that he can and must express not himself but, through his best self, something infinitely beyond and greater than himself. "I often think," wrote D. H. Lawrence in a letter to a friend, "one ought to pray before one works and then leave it to the Lord. I always feel," he said, "as though I stood naked for the fire of Almighty God to go through me, and it's rather an awful feeling. One has to be terribly religious to be an artist." Now the artist may fail in his effort: but his purpose, however unaware he may be of it, is to bring something, not yet discovered, of the invisible and incomprehensible things of God into this world of sense, to raise material things into a world that is beyond sense, to "create" something that belongs not to this world so much as to that. And so painters, sculptors and musicians can be called "poets" in so far as they strive —out of themselves and the materials at their disposal—to *make* something that was not in the world before: something that will be no imitation but a creation. And yet this that we lightly call "creation" is nothing new. God alone can make *new* things. Man, the artist, is but cleaving the stone and finding within it a revelation of God. That, I say again, is the outcome of all true art.

And so a German lyric poet, Rainer Maria Rilke, tells of Michelangelo and of God. Of God Who asks of the man who is tearing at the stone "as at a grave from which flickers a faint, dying voice. 'Michelangelo, who is in that stone?' Michelangelo listened: his hands were trembling. 'Thou, my God, who else? But I cannot reach Thee.'" And then, later, when "he fell upon his knees and let himself be shaped by them," when "he felt a never-known humility within him, and himself longed somehow to be small, there came a voice: 'Michelangelo, who is in thee?' and the man in the narrow chamber laid his head heavily upon his hands, and softly said, 'Thou, my God, who else?'"

The true artist is then, in his own way, an explorer and a discoverer. Somehow, somewhere, he has come across something—something beyond his senses but apprehended through his senses, which, in his conscious or unconscious unselfish-

ness, he can't keep to himself. He must try and make it known. He is by way of being what we call a seer and he wants to pass on his wisdom to others through the only means he can use, *i. e.*, the medium congenial to him of pen, paint brush, graving tool, music-paper, typewriter, bricks, reënforced concrete, stained glass and the like. Can he do this? Can he pass on his discovery to others? Well, perhaps it isn't a real discovery after all. He is a copyist: an imitator: a plagiarist. His presentation may lack sincerity. In spite of his pretensions he may have nothing to reveal. He is, then, not witnessing to the truth—"the truth is not in him"—and, therefore, his message contains no life and, for all its advertisement, will not, cannot be passed on. In due time his discredited work will be forgotten.

If, on the other hand, he is a true artist, few may understand him or try to do so. A prophet will often seem to be born out of due time and without honor in his own generation. But his works will endure because of the living truth that is in them. *Magna est veritatis et prævalet.* But, you say, how are you, how is anyone of his contemporaries to know whether the works he is producing are true works of art? And there is the difficulty—a real, present difficulty—which we are always faced with; for, in a contemporary work of art, there may be, there probably *will* be something unusual, something we think odd. Why not? The artist has seen some truth in a new light, from a point of view hitherto unexplored. Its surprise is disconcerting. It seems both new and strange: and few of us take readily to the new and the strange. And, therefore, in judging such a work of art we must be ready to say, "That man's work appears to me to be something out of the common. Well, I don't understand it: I'm not sure that I like it. It doesn't appeal to me personally, but that may be my fault, not his. I won't be hasty in my judgment." A man, who was no musician, was taken by a friend to hear a performance of a Beethoven symphony: and at its close, he said, "I couldn't understand a note of it: I felt as if I were before a great closed door, but that behind that door mighty things were happening."

But a thought intrudes. I may have a sort of instinct that a work of art may be "great" but also that there is something *evil* in it! We do feel that, I suggest, about a good deal of modern art. And yet it may be still called a "Work of Art." I have no doubt that the Prince of Darkness could produce a symphony, a statue, a poem, that would be supremely artistic and yet morally depraving. But that is not the point. The point is the artist saw and tried to express something which he saw evilly, but in which there was a soul of goodness: he had a vision of something in God's creation that was really there and no one had realized it or expressed it before in that particular way. He expressed it indeed through his own evil mentality and, therefore, probably the less we have to do with it the better. But if what he expressed is part of the Eternal Truth, then that naked truth remains, whether we like it or not, if we can only disentangle it from the artist's personality.

None of us of course want to have anything to do with art that is morally bad; but it is well to remember that our ideas in such mat-

ters may be biased and warped, and we may have to suspend judgment for fear of bearing false witness.

Then, again, there is another difficulty. It is significant that in so important a treatise as Professor Alexander's recently published work on *Beauty and Other Forms of Nature*, the word "ugly" does not occur in the index. But we cannot ignore the fact that we are nowadays asked, more or less frequently, to admire works of art, so called, which seem to *us* to be definitely ugly: from which we turn away, instinctively, as having no beauty of conception or of craftsmanship. What is to be our attitude towards them? Did you ever ask yourself, "Why Nature, being so inexhaustible of beauty, should not be all—beauteous?" For she doesn't seem to be. Dr. Bridges, in this connection, instances quite appropriately, the figure of Don Quixote:

"the pride of Spain, to stand for ever alive
in one grandesque effigy of ennobled folly
among fair Beauty's fairest offspring unreproved."

One wonders sometimes—may I say it reverently?—if God's "taste" (to use a very human word) is satisfied when He contemplates a wart hog or a toucan. But—unless these living creatures and winged fowls, according to their kind, have changed their appearance very radically since the days of their Creation—God sees that they are good; not only useful for their purpose, serving their proper end, but also seemly and, in a peculiar and unusual sense of the word, "beautiful." Haven't we felt, when we look at a great Gothic Cathedral, that in their way the very gargoyles contribute to the sum total of the beauty of the building? May we not be justified in thinking that that beauty would not be complete without them? After all there is some truth in what Coventry Patmore says in one of his *Aurea Dicta:* that "the highest and deepest thoughts do not 'voluntary move harmonious numbers'" (that was a phrase of his friend Gerald Hopkins, the Jesuit poet), "but run rather to grotesque epigram and doggerel." Is there not truth in what he said seriously and what Sir William Gilbert said in jest—that "there is beauty in the howling of the blast"? And why not? We are so often inclined to look upon art—and perhaps more particularly religious art—as something which can improve upon reality, something which can touch up and beautify Nature, rather than merely afford a better understanding of the many things God has made and group them in order that we may understand. To use a phrase of Claudel's, "It is not a question of oiling and curling nature but of setting her on fire."

And yet there are those works of art which still seem to us to contradict every idea of beauty we possess. It appears to us impossible to include them in such a category: they are, we say, ugly, indubitably ugly, and that's that! Well, what of them?

I have already referred to the danger of forming hasty judgments—to the fact that the new and strange is not congenial to the ordinary and often unthinking observer. If, as we are told, a "good custom" may in time "corrupt the world," so it is an undoubted fact that the manner and style in which the artists of one

period created great and living works of art can and often does, after the lapse of years, become a mere trick, even a corruption of the real thing.

That is a fact: and yet there comes in a necessary warning. The modern artist as creator has something of the revolutionary in him. But it doesn't follow as a *sine qua non* that the past he has no use for is dead: or even that it is past after all.

What Mr. Ernest Newman says in his contributions to the London *Sunday Times* is always worth considering: and he has pointed out recently that "there are certain thinkers and artists whose mission it is to say what was left unsaid by their great forerunners; it is not that they row in other men's boats, but that in a boat unmistakeably their own, they discover fresh currents in the great river that was first opened out to them and us by their mighty predecessors, and explore creeks and islands which, but for them, would have remained for ever unknown."

Take, in the realm of music, men like Bloch and Sibelius who, so Mr. Newman contends, prove "that the resources of musical civilisation are by no means exhausted—that a composer who has something of his own to say can still say it within the ordinary tonal frame."

More than thirty years ago, the professor of architecture at what is now Liverpool University told me that for a score of years they had been telling their pupils there that Gothic art was dead and that they must turn away their eyes from it lest they behold vanity—"And now," he said, "a young whippersnapper just out of his teens" (Sir Giles Gilbert Scott) "has had the impudence to prove to us without gainsaying that in his hands Gothic architecture is alive—as much alive as ever it was." (That was said apropos of the original drawings. They have been altered out of recognition since. I'm not sure that Professor Simpson would be quite so enthusiastic about the Anglican Cathedral as it stands to-day.)

But indeed, generally speaking, it is true that the artist of to-day finds that he cannot live in the past or even in the present. He must express himself and what he has seen and heard in new terms and by new methods, which leave us conservatives puzzled if not aggravated. But, after all, we may be mistaken, even the youngest of us: And, it has been wisely said, "It is not we who judge works of art: they judge us."

One might add this. Wölfflin, the great German art-historian, tells us in one of his brilliant books of the astonishment of Ludwig Richter when, with three comrades, he sat down to paint a landscape in Tivoli. Each of them set out with the determination not to deviate by a hair's breadth from the scene before them, "yet although the actual object in front of all of them was the same, and each of them had reproduced it with the talent that was inborn in him, the result was four completely different pictures—as different as the personalities of the four painters." Whereupon, says Wölfflin, Richter "came to the conclusion that there is no such thing as objective vision, that form and colour turn out to be quite different things according to the temperament of the beholder."

I only put that in, parenthetically, as a reminder that, in judging a work of art, one must make allowances not only for the temperament

of the artist (which is by no means negligible) but also for the temperament of the beholder or listener. One is tempted to judge by one's personal likes and dislikes. Therefore, I say, it is well for us all, before we speak, to be cautious and humble.

Then, lastly, there are what some of us think very distasteful productions of another category. We see them, we hear them, in many—alas, very many—of our churches in England and on the continent of Europe; in France and Belgium perhaps more than elsewhere. Italy is far from being an exception. I can't speak of America.

Thus M. Claudel writes sadly about cocoanut St. Josephs and standardized St. Teresas: and pope after pope has lamented the performance, in divine worship, of—I quote Pius X.—music "that does not agree with the right principles so often laid down." The Holy Father affirmed that sacred music—and what he said applies also to painting and sculpture in the House of God—"must really be an art, since in no other way can it have on the mind of those who hear it that effect which the Church desires." It is significant that, in the instruction which follows his *Motu Proprio*, the Holy Father uses the word art as synonymous with beauty.

Many of us unfortunately have a preference for the ordinary, rather commonplace standardized art: it requires no effort to take it in, no exercise of the critical faculty. Above all it is not disturbing: it demands little of us. Because of its superficiality it does not go deep. A man I respected deeply once said to me that the hymns so popular in the Anglican and Protestant Nonconformist churches in England made him feel quite miserable, "because," he said, "they are so attractive. I feel," he added, "that a good hymn tune ought to make the hearer feel dissatisfied with himself." What Canon Scott Holland meant may well be expressed in a saying of Father Martindale's:

"I can think of hardly any austerity more serious than that which is needed in order to appreciate properly what is beautiful. The moment you try to buy Beauty up, so to say, and keep it for yourself, it withers. The moment you merely yield yourself to it, you collapse."

Now the popular appeal in this case may be hymn tunes or saintly images or holy pictures which just skim the surface and leave little impression on the mind and soul. Such impression is only skin-deep: at best it is only, as it were, a half-truth, and half-truths taken for Truth are akin to what the Church calls heresy. And this particular artistic half-truth is an extremely dangerous one. It is, to my mind, of a piece with that form of heresy which, virtually depriving God of His Majesty, leaves Him with a pleasant and easy-going good nature: which forgets—or is afraid to realize—that the flaming love of God "smites" (to use Cardinal Newman's word) or (to quote a profound saying of that strange person, John Donne) "cures all sorrow with more." But these are deep waters: let it be enough that the symbols of God's love are for us the Cross of Calvary and the Seven Dolors of the Blessed Mother, *"Victima Amoris."*

I don't think I am exaggerating the prevalence of what an Anglican Bishop addressing his clergy, called

"hot-water bottle religion." He told them that he had tried to formulate this kind of popular religious sentiment into a creed, of which the first article ran as follows:

"I believe in God the Father, because I feel sure that there must be a God of some kind: a sort of eternal good nature and easy-going tolerance . . ."

and the concluding article:

"I am not quite sure whether I believe in life everlasting; but, if there is such a thing, I believe that somehow or other everything will turn out all right for everybody in the long run: at any rate I hope so. Amen."

And so, to come back to our main theme, pleasant, vague, sentimental prettiness can never be the quality of great art or of true beauty, because prettiness is at best but the superficial charm of the unimportant. You can't apply the word "pretty" to a rainbow, or to a sunset, to a forest or to a sunlit sea. You can't apply it to a sonnet, or a sonata, if they have any real value. The great artist, as Matthew Arnold said, "makes everything noble." If you ask me what I mean by "nobility," I answer that, though it is a quality that may find its expression in varying moods and types, there is one thing that it can never be. It cannot be pretty.

So Sir Edward Burne-Jones is reported to have said, that "the object of art must be either to please or exalt." And, he added, "the one is a pretty reason, the other is a noble one."

*But*, when we come to that exaltation which is the noble reason for art, one halts. I mean this: that, when it comes to their relation to the soul and its approach to God, one treats of these matters with some trembling fear that, in one's jealousy for the honor of God, one may forget the strange and humanly-unaccountable mysteries of His Holy Spirit's working: He so often comes where we least expect Him to come, breathing "where He will."

Mr. Arnold Lunn, telling of his conversion, writes of a little Alpine church he went into, some years before he became a Catholic. He, the man of culture and fine taste, did not find—even then as a Protestant—any jar to his religious instincts in the sight of the waxen doll adorned with tinsel which represented the Blessed Virgin. And he quotes what Tyrrell said he felt on a similar occasion. "Here was the old business being carried on by the old firm in the old way; here was no need of, and therefore no conception of, pose or theatrical parade. Its æsthetic blemishes were its very beauties to me in that mood." We Catholics are very jealous of our Christian faith and of our Christian morality: but, in our charity, we are very tolerant about the lesser details of religion, especially with regard to externals.

And so I end with a quotation from M. Claudel's *Ways and Crossways*, for he expresses in far better language than I can, what I would say in this connection:

"A doubt occurs to me," he says (and it is a doubt which must have come into the minds of many of us when we think seriously about these things). "All that infantry of St. Sulpice, all those soldiers of Christ whom their mothers made with flesh and blood, whom grace remade with fire and the Rue Bona-

parte with butter, . . . how many fervent prayers have they not heard? How many simple pieties have they not charmed? How many solitudes have they not consoled? How many repentances and sacrifices have they not occasioned and witnessed? Of how many sacred intimacies have they not been the intermediaries? Of how many graces the instrument? . . . The missionary who is going to get his nails and his scalp torn away for the Faith to-morrow, strains to his arms and waters with his blood a statue of the Sacred Heart, of which the best that may be said is that we should not care to have it in our best room. The Madonnas of Michael Angelo and of Raphael have never heard the delightful confidences which the Carmelite and the Little Sisters of the Poor entrust to a trade Virgin turned out of a sausage-mould."

And then he asks, "Are we to think that this impersonal statuary, if it does not slake devotion, at least does not hinder it, does not interpose between God and ourselves the irksome personality of the Artist? Must we believe that in their way they justified the deep thought of St. Dionysius, and that by their very ugliness, by their nameless ignominy, they are better fitted to speak to us of the Beauty inexpressible?" May it not be true that "just where man—and a man of genius—takes up most room, there is less room for God"?

But, he adds, "for anyone with the hardihood to look at them, modern churches have the interest and the pathos of a long over-due confession. Their ugliness is the outward display of all our sins and faults, weakness, penury, timidity in faith and feeling, dryness of heart, distaste for the supernatural, tyranny of convention and formula, exaggeration of peculiar and unruly practice, worldliness —— and rotten greed, swagger, sulks, pharisaism, bombast." (A terrible category!)

"And yet," writes Claudel, "within, the soul abides, infinitely sorrowful, patient and hopeful." Therefore I say to myself, *"Sursum Corda":*—but I have to shut my eyes sometimes.

## PHILIP GUEDALLA

By Petronius Applejoy

I WISH I could have read Guedalla forty years ago. His wit, his dexterity with epigram and metaphor, his omniscient man-of-the-world air, above all the glitter of his style would then have captivated me. But those forty years make a difference. I am now at the age when one takes nothing (least of all glitter of style) at its face value. True there are moments even yet when Guedalla casts his spell over me. But release is quicker, much quicker now than it would have been in the days of my youth.

I can well believe that Guedalla holds much the same fascination for the youth of this age that Macaulay held for the youth of mine. Macaulay was then the Pied Piper among historians. He had but to play upon his pipe and we arose and followed him. But now I reject what once I so admired. Those interminable antitheses! Macaulay saw everything in blacks and whites. No intermediate shade of gray existed. It never occurred to him that a Puritan could on occasion sing a lusty drinking song or a Cavalier extol the beauties of the Book of Job.

Guedalla is less fond of contrast than Macaulay, but more colorful. I know of no historian who paints out of a brighter pot. His characters move through a world of red and yellow. But he holds this advantage over Macaulay. He does see (as Macaulay did not) that the soul of a nation is of greater account than its export trade.

Guedalla is one of those authors whose work cannot properly be understood, unless the main facts of his life are known. Born 1889; undergraduate at Oxford; Barrister of the Inner Temple, 1913; legal adviser to the Contracts Department of the War Office and the Ministry of Munitions; secretary to the Flax Control Board, 1917-1920; retired from the Bar, 1923. That is his record.

You will note that a large part of his working life has been spent in a legal and political atmosphere. It explains much. For he is essentially a political historian. When his books are not about professional politicians they are usually about men who were drawn into the political vortex. History for him is a game of chess, played on many boards, with human kings and queens; bishops, knights and pawns always checking and mating each other.

He has not yet that broad grasp of social and economic history that Chesterton and Belloc have. The eighteenth century was the age when those machines that have revolutionized man's way of life were first brought into use. Guedalla looks at the eighteenth century, and the game of politics still interests him more than the fact that the whole structure of civilization is being altered. His view of the period is therefore a limited one. Exactly how limited it is, you can see for yourself if you compare Guedalla's perspective with that of, say, Dorothy George in her *London Life in the Eighteenth Century*.

When I first read Guedalla I remember saying: "This young man will go far: one day he will give us a book of high and lasting worth." Looking at a recent volume, his life of Wellington that he calls *The Duke*, I admit rather sorrowfully that that day is not yet. It is cunningly done. But it faces us again with his old fault. Which is thinking the manner in which a thing is said to be of more account than the thing itself.

Guedalla's prose is of the sort that reviewers call "individually brilliant." Sparkle, wit and polish it certainly has. Whether it be the kind most suited to his themes is another question. The summings up of our law judges are often models of clear and vigorous English. The judge's main concern is with the finding of the truth. He describes the steps by which he arrives at it in language brief, precise and logical. Flowery speech he shuns. The historian exercises most of the functions of judgeship and his writing should always be conditioned by that thought. As historians go, Guedalla is still a young man. Hence the love of bright effects, the fondness for decoration, the exuberance running over that are so far his. But I imagine that as the years go by, he will discard much of the ornament that now tends to cloy his style.

Guedalla stands apart from the drama of history and watches it unfold as aloofly as he might watch a play in a theater. He comments upon it caustically or cynically or ironically. But always picturesquely. Sometimes too picturesquely, for certain of his presentments are almost in the manner of the elder Dumas. Chesterton is deeply concerned with humanity, Belloc with the Catholic Faith. How deeply each is concerned is apparent from the most haphazard perusal of his works. Guedalla has no illusions, no convictions. He is stirred by no beliefs. That is why his writing seldom has the profoundly moving quality that comes only from emotion felt in the very core of the being.

But the very fact that he lacks one virtue automatically puts him in possession of another; one that historians very rarely have—that of impartiality. The zealot is always biased. Guedalla is no zealot. He sees both sides of a question clearly enough, but he espouses neither. Men being what they are, impartiality in the absolute abstract sense is, of course, denied them. Guedalla certainly gets closer to it than most historical writers.

Broadly speaking, his books deal with sundry notabilities who, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, took a hand in the shaping of national policy in North Europe. Guedalla is not of their blood. His roots are not in those traditions and faiths that so powerfully impel the Northern peoples. So he looks at them with a detachment impossible to us who are of that race. In any consideration of Guedalla's historical work, this impartiality of his should weigh most strongly in his favor.

He somewhat overworks the device known as "the cinematographic flash-back." Should you be in doubt as to what this jargon means, here is J. C. Squire with a wicked parody of the method as Guedalla employs it:

"A bomb burst in Russia and killed an emperor. An edict was issued in China, and two thousand

Civil Servants at once began writing elegies. On the frontiers of Poland long grey columns of men were marching, marching into the illimitable snows. In Paris and in London ragged men were rioting and retreating before a hail of bullets. In Messina the Princess was flirting with the Prince, while the Royal Orchestra serenaded them with airs from Couperin and Lully . . . "

Take away the exaggeration that the parodist must use, and you have Guedalla as he often does write. He has been censured for his indulgence in this trick. But it can, I think, be defended. By using concrete imagery rather than abstract names and dates, he certainly does succeed in fixing a whole chain of simultaneous happenings firmly and vividly in the reader's mind.

There is a Latin vivacity about Guedalla. He is always in high spirits. The thing he cannot do is to write stodgily. A treatise by him on the Law of Contract would very likely be more entertaining than the average novel. He is always readable; sometimes provokingly so. Sitting under an elm on a hot August afternoon, stared at by solemnly munching cows, I finished the last chapters of his *Second Empire*. I might have been lazily swimming through the cool blue waters of the bay below. But the pull of Guedalla was too strong. I record the fact because only to two other modern authors have I paid a like tribute.

I think he is at his happiest when he is doing those little pen portraits that now fill several volumes. He draws them with impish zest. The technique suits his gaily malicious wit. He is entirely without reverence. The writer or the statesman may humbug his public: he cannot humbug Guedalla. You will frown when he shoots his arrows at your favorite idol, but you will also chuckle at the dexterity with which he plants his barbs. Guedalla is shrewd and he knows human nature.

All history falls roughly into two sections—political and social. Political history deals with the lords of this world. It sees little but kings, ministers and parliaments governing or (more usually) misgoverning. It follows their wars and intrigues. Social history is the odyssey of the commons. It examines the economic conditions under which they live; the moral and spiritual issues by which they are swayed. It is the more important of the two forms, for, going deeper than the other, it searches for causes. Political history looks merely at effects. Chesterton's *Short History of England* (a fine piece of work that should be better known) is a striking experiment in the writing of social history. It gives no dates; describes no historical incident whatsoever. It concerns itself entirely with social and spiritual movements. It shows you the thought and feeling of an age in broad slices.

So far Guedalla has written only political history. But I doubt whether he will always do so. The portents suggest otherwise. That was a flash of true historic insight when he said that two of the greatest events in the world—the break-up of the Roman Empire and the Reformation — were anonymous. (He means, of course, that they were brought about not by any one man or group of men but by the explosion of forces that had long been gathering.)

So quick and keen an intelligence as Guedalla's can hardly sojourn indefinitely in the barrenness of the political desert. One day he will turn to the richer social field. By that time his writing will have become less ornamental. The years will have sobered his judgments. He will be more tolerant of his characters' shortcomings; not so prone to sarcastic asides. He will have a truer sense of human and spiritual values. Then he will write a really great book.

## PORTS OF CALL

By Cristel Hastings

THE ports of call keep whispering
Their siren songs at night—
They never let a sailor rest,
They beckon, left and right.

Oh, ports of call—the anchor's up!—
We sail the seven seas—
What do we care for hills of home,
For lubbers' roads and trees?

We're bound for Nagasaki—
For Colon and Callao—
A world of blue above us
And a rocking floor below.

Smyrna, Tripoli, and Shanghai
Whisper in my ear to-night,
And my blood is racing faster
As the tropic skies grow bright.

Sydney, Saigon and Barrios—
Sprawling down to meet the sea,
And the song they sing comes drifting—
Drifting down the wind to me.

The ports of call keep whispering
Of lights that lie ahead—
Somehow, I'll hear their siren song
Even when I am dead.

## THE DRAMA

By Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt

### ETHAN FROME

THOSE frozen, snow-ridden reaches were too much for the man next me. He began to sneeze. I am not at all sure if there was a real draft but all the adjacent spectators commenced to pull their coats over their knees. *Ethan Frome* has a way of projecting itself over the footlights.

It is not alone the sensational starkness of the tragedy that has made Mrs. Wharton's story famous; there are in it elements which are compounded of the very essence of New England—her strength and her weakness. There is the absolutely unquestioning loyalty to duty which binds Ethan to his ailing wife and the bleak fatality which sends him and Mattie down the toboggan slide to seek death. It represents a people who can face endless hardships in dumb patience; close enough to Nature to take comfort in her beauties but with a rigidity like their own stone-bound pastures. Mrs. Wharton drew with austere economy a picture of three descendants of the Pilgrims, caught in a trap of their own steel discipline: Ethan who married Zenia for fear the winter might sap his sanity as it had his mother's; Zenia, sterile and ingrown who makes romance for herself out of her own ailments; Mattie, like a frail anemone on the rocks, looking for love and sunlight and giving them freely. What escape could there be for Ethan and Mattie when Zenia brought Mattie to live with her? Humanly speaking, Ethan could no more stifle his feeling than a parched field can help absorbing the rain. There have been very few tragedies so apparently inevitable and conclusive.

That Pauline Lord continues to give Zenia a soft appeal that was lacking in the story, merely adds another mesh around Ethan beside the immutable code of his community. Zenia is an amœba, passive, encompassing. Ethan, like a heavily armed man treading a welter of downy wool, stamps it under only to find it rising around him. In the narrow boundary of a New England kitchen one sees a tragedy of universal dimension. One wonders how O. Henry would have written the last scene. Even now some humanity redeems its cruelty. When we see the trio in the long twenty years after the accident when Ethan is a white-haired cripple and bright Mattie, a helpless creature, the twisted tenderness of Zenia, once shown for her best china, has really blossomed. It is for Zenia that the invalid whimpers. It is Zenia who helps Ethan after his long sleigh-ride to earn a dollar. "You've had a hard life, Ethan Frome," says she, which is as near as New England can come to an expression of respect and compassion.

For Catholics *Ethan Frome* is not an unrelieved tragedy. The only ultimate tragedy is death in sin, and from this Ethan and Mattie were saved. But it is tragic enough that the desolate after years were

not illumined by a supernatural faith and made tolerable by a warmer religion than that with which they were acquainted.

If three people could do more for a play than Ruth Gordon, Pauline Lord and Raymond Massey have done for this version of Mrs. Wharton by Owen and Donald Davis, it would be hard to find them. Miss Gordon has forgotten mannerisms in pure sincerity. Mielziner's sets are mostly in moonlight but what dignity there may have been in the Frome home is not visible in the kitchen lean-to. The snowy hilltop has both mystery and reality. (But on account of the small sets and large stage, it is necessary to have seats near the center.) The direction is Guthrie McClintic's.—*At the National.*

CALL IT A DAY.—We intrude upon the Hiltons with their early morning tea and after we have followed them and their children through an entire day and have tucked them into bed that night, we not only feel we know them very well but we are sorry to say good-by. That first day of spring in St. John's Wood is an active one for the family—and for us—as we share all the family emotions from the primordial vexation of who shall have first bath and getting Ann off to school, including a peep at life in the kitchen, to Catherine's despairing passion for the middle-aged artist who is painting her portrait. Ann has more sagely centered her romance on Dante Gabriel Rossetti but then Ann is only eleven and Catherine is seventeen. The artist takes solid refuge behind his wife's knitting needles—she has had considerable experience in these matters—and to encourage Ann in her discreet and historic choice of hero, he presents her with a sketch actually signed by Rossetti.

All the efforts of a devoted secretary, however, fail to steel Mr. Hilton against the wiles of a shamelessly attractive actress who needs advice about her income tax. He sets off to visit her in her flat and that same evening Mrs. Hilton is expecting a visit from the old bachelor on leave from India who fell in love with her at tea time, while young Hilton meets the girl next door over the garden wall and Catherine waits in vain in the moonlight for the artist who has fled with his wife to Majorca. Later there are various confessions in the family bedrooms when Ann sublimely offers to lend the weeping Catherine her Rossetti and Mr. Hilton insists on telling his wife about his folly. But we turn out the lights on a family united by the strength of their loyalties.

Miss Dodie Smith, the author of *Autumn Crocus,* has been almost prodigal in her affectionate delineation of each character—the charwoman; the pretty parlormaid; Mrs. Hilton's friend, Muriel; the secretary. The Theater Guild has been equally generous and careful of the cast. With Gladys Cooper and Philip Merivale as the parents one would take attractive children for granted and yet one is hardly prepared for anyone like Ann who, as Jeanne Dante plays her, nearly takes the final curtain. Ann's boundless enthusiasm is only equalled by her nice manners as when she leaps up suddenly from her chair in the garden where she has been star-gazing with, "Would you excuse me now? I am just going to write a poem before dinner." The other clever players include Viola Roache as Muriel; Glenn An-

ders as the artist; Frances Williams, his wife; Valerie Cossart as the pretty maid, and others. Though many appear only once, one doesn't forget them. We highly recommend a day with the Hiltons.—*At the Morosco.*

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—A branch of plum blossoms against a deep blue sky is the background for a very charming Chinese satire on East and West. It is rather like a Chinese *Mikado* without the music. Had not Dr. S. I. Hsiung declared that he translated it freely from the much longer play in Mei Lan-Fang's repertory, we would have been convinced that he had written it for the Occident. Due reliance for comedy is placed on the imperturbable property men as in *The Yellow Jacket* while most of the characterization lapses into caricature. Possibly Dr. Hsiung thought it proper to broaden his comedy for Broadway. In London, *Lady Precious Stream* is in her second season.

The fable is of a mandarin's daughter who marries her father's gardener. He leaves her to seek his fortune as a soldier in the Western Regions, arranging that an unbalanced ration of rice and some firewood will be sent regularly to the poor cave where his bride is living. For eighteen years, Precious Stream lives in solitary virtue and dignity until her forgetful husband returns as a great general closely pursued by the lovelorn Western princess. Happily the constancy of Precious Stream is properly rewarded. The empty pomposity of the mandarins is as fully exposed as the forwardness of the European young lady who appears as a musical revue version of a Cossack.

Helen Chandler and Bramwell Fletcher contrive to endow their comedy with delicate dignity but others of the cast have a less just sense of proportion. Mei Lan-Fang has designed the Chinese costumes which were rich but not particularly effective. The part of the Honorable Reader, who interprets the changes of scene for Dr. Hsiung to his audience, is completely ingratiating in the person of Miss Mai-Mai Sze, the daughter of the Chinese Ambassador. Miss Sze is an artist, accredited both in Paris and New York, and English was never more musical than on her lips.—*At the Booth.*

RUSSET MANTLE.—It is not even with "the morn in russet mantle clad" but in the bright blueness of New Mexican midday that Kay turns up at her aunt's ranch after her first night in Santa Fe. Her mother confesses in a soft Southern drawl that as Kay is known as "the scourge of Louisville" she guesses she's probably off with Scoot, the cowboy she met on the Plaza and that all she asks of Kay is not to be told any horrid details; and when Kay does ride up with Scoot, she maintains an impudent cynicism in the face of her uncle and aunt's indignation. It is at this point that there appears a wandering poet. He is engaged by Mrs. Kincaid to help with her chickens and it is in the chicken house that night that Kay tries to seduce him. But the chicken house has other visitors. Both Mr. and Mrs. Kincaid come to confide in the poet how they once threw away romance and now are trying to delude themselves into being respectably happy and even Kay finally confesses to him that she really is a nicer girl than she appears and

proves it by saying good-night—on the doorstep. But by Act III. her resolution has weakened. Kay and John now feel that their mission is to teach the value of truth and courage to their elders; the first step seeming to be a baby without wedlock. There we leave them and the curious thing about the play is that although Mr. Lynn Riggs evidently wrote with serious intent, his characters are so much more convincing than his philosophy that his drama of modern youth is enjoying a run as a comedy of middle-age.

Martha Sleeper and John Beal do exceedingly well by Kay and the poet but Evelyn Varden and Margaret Douglass are supremely amusing as the two older women and Jay Fassett turns laughter into emotion in his few moments in the henhouse. The dialogue is keenly pointed but natural; the direction of Mr. Alexander Dean of Yale is particularly intelligent but we wondered why the Southern drawl included only one member of the family? Apart from an argument about the value of illusions in life, Mr. Riggs has challenged young and old America in his picture of Kay. We demand a supplement.—*At the Masque.*

MURDER IN THE OLD RED BARN.—No blame for the crime can be attached to the audience for they warned Maria from the first of her folly! But Maria isn't one to take advice so we bury her in the old barn and then escort her wicked seducer and husband to the gallows which closes the episode. The really memorable features of Messrs. Beebe, Bannister and Krimsky's American Music Hall occur between the acts of the melodrama. Besides a high-kicking chorus of the '90's and gusty songs of the days when Fourteenth Street was famous, there is a quartette of whirling skaters and a most remarkable group of tumblers who perform—not on the stage—but in the middle of the audience. Not only does one man turn a back somersault from a spring board to the top of a three-man pyramid but another takes his place as third man in a somersault from the floor. That and the beer and other things which may be freely ordered put a lively audience into the mood for some spirited choral singing. N. B. This season no free beer is served.—*At the American Music Hall.*

A ROOM IN RED AND WHITE.—It is unquestionably the room which is important. As, entranced by a sunset, one might sit on a rock which an incoming tide was robbing of comfort, so we let the swirls of Miss Chrystal Herne's draperies surge through her stately salon regardless of the story except for its more baleful moments.

It is a Grand Guignol conceit by Roy Hargrave, who was such a vital gangster in *Blind Alley*, and concerns a gentle authoress who to save her son's life, poisons his father. This is accomplished by putting strychnine in his after dinner coffee and as they were sly enough to obtain a written confession of suicide from their victim, the mother and son win immunity from everything but their hideous memories. They are living in this hell of their own making when they discover that the murdered man had been suffering from a tumor on his brain which would have disposed of him naturally in a couple of months and which gave him the hallucinations which made him so violent. Were the story more plau-

sible, it would be even more distressing. Strychnine is not a pretty death but with unusual consideration for the audience, the unfortunate husband falls behind a table while his family rush upstairs to escape his agony.

In shining contrast to the crime is the setting. The red and white room is a noble apartment. It is as high as the proscenium with a stairway curving up at the back into a darkish alcove and the stairway has a scarlet runner and wrought silver handrail. There are columns on either side of the tall French window with its silver Venetian blinds and draped curtains of softest scarlet velvet. The Empire furniture is covered with white except for one scarlet chair. The white walls have no decoration except heavy old silver sconces and the crystal lamps have white shades but the floor is highly polished black linoleum. It is a room which one delights to remember. So much too beautiful to consign to any warehouse that we suggest that the Metropolitan should buy it. Miss Herne and Mr. Leslie Adams do all they can for the play but the real star is Jo Mielziner, the designer of *The Room.—At the Forty-sixth Street.*

I WANT A POLICEMAN.—Not long ago Emlyn Williams wrote a very tricky and shivery melodrama, *Criminal at Large,* about an English castle. A good part of the story and some of the shivers have now been planted in a country house on Long Island where an old financier's "cute" little widow is receiving many threatening letters. As we have seen the old financier hastily expire after the rise of the first curtain, we understand a good deal more about the gist of the letters than the two detectives who come down to guard Mrs. Davidson and her titled English house guests. Estelle Winwood has to be responsible for much of the comedy as the outraged British matron who can still enjoy her highball with Wendy Atkin as her very marriageable daughter while Sylvia Field, looking very pretty, is the harassed and widowed heroine. The melodrama is handsomely mounted and completely decorous in manners.—*At the Lyceum.*

FRESH FIELDS.—Never was title more misleading, for Mr. Ivor Norvello's play is a museum piece of the last century. Uncouth Australians, who fall over small tables, are trying to get into London society and we are supposed to react to the anguish of Lady Mary and Lady Lilian when they annex the Australians as paying guests. The happiest turn of the comedy is when the poor Colonials, who have been snobbishly maltreated by their hosts, become all the fashion under the kindlier tutelage of the Marchioness of Strawholme—pronounced Strawm. Miss Margaret Anglin is the center and mainspring of the play which has been tremendously popular in London, Australia and on the road in this continent. It is delightful to see Miss Anglin again and to respond to her seasoned comedy. She can strike sparks even out of Mr. Novello's warehouse material. *Fresh Fields* exhibits plenty of bad manners but its morals are clean.—*At the Empire.*

CO-RESPONDENT UNKNOWN.—For seventy-five dollars Hattie leaves her boy friend waiting in front of Roxy's to help the Bishops get evidence for their divorce. It is all in-

tended to be very innocent but the distinguished economist finds Hattie such a delightful interlude from economics that fancy becomes fact in his studio on Gramercy Park. In the vein of favorite French comedies of a certain order, this one is entirely encircled by the state of *flagrante delicto*, variegated by some very unrealistic marital sentiment, for a night with Hattie has the singular result of not only routing the real co-respondent but of reconciling the twice erring husband to his lawful wife.

So we leave them, but the lawful ending cannot undo the general tenor of the play which is to make adultery a rather light-hearted pastime. This is partly the fault of Hattie as played by Peggy Conklin who has never been seen to such advantage. Hattie enjoys almost everything in the world except reading or thinking and whenever she doesn't, she runs away. She has, however, a great sense of practicality. "Listen," says she, "when I get money I don't throw it away—I eat it!" Mrs. Bishop is Ilka Chase and James Rennie is her husband. It is a pity that the new firm of MacKenna Mayer and Mielziner should have opened with a play of such unimportance.—*At the Ritz.*

## PLAYS PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

### *February, 1934*

TOBACCO ROAD.—We suggest a change of titles—*The Eternal Road* seems unable to begin while this road knows no ending.—*At the Forrest.*

### *January, 1935*

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—A powerful tragedy on a forbidden theme which exhibits the terrible consequences of unsubstantiated slander.—*At the Maxine Elliott.*

### *March*

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—A farce of some racing touts, and a naïve hero with a "hunch," which is funnier than it is refined.—*At the Playhouse.*

### *November*

WINTERSET.—Maxwell Anderson's tragedy in free verse of a young idealist who tries to fight the powers of evil under the shadows of Brooklyn Bridge. Fine acting by Richard Bennett and Burgess Meredith and a beautiful set.—*At the Martin Beck.*

NIGHT OF JANUARY 16TH.—A trial play in which members of the audience compose the jury. The murder entails some pretty grimy evidence.—*At the Ambassador.*

### *December*

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Even the beautiful costumes and the superior cast could not make this nineteenth century comedy one of the season's hits were not the dialogue so witty and the characters so true. Ibsen's psychology was no keener than Miss Jane Austen's but she had a sharp sense of humor also.—*At the Plymouth.*

JUBILEE.—A musical comedy that can sell out every night and at the

same time be on the White List sets a new standard. A clever script; a clever score; a clever cast and beautiful settings decorate an amusing and good-natured satire on a royal family's private desires. It is a pleasure from beginning to end.—*At the Imperial.*

DEAD END.—The drama extant in the meeting of slum and palace on the East River is shown in concentrated form and how our gangsters are created in our city streets. Are playgrounds and Boys' Clubs and Boy Scouts a necessity? Go to *Dead End* and you'll know why.—*At the Belasco.*

*January, 1936*

BOY MEETS GIRL.—A few years ago it was impossible to think of a farce without a triangle. This rattlebrain story of two rattlebrain scenario writers and a baby in Hollywood may not be edifying at all times in its language but its moral standards are entirely respectable. —*At the Cort.*

FIRST LADY.—A polite and witty modern comedy of diplomatic and political circles in Washington—a collaboration of George Kaufman and Katharine Dayton with Miss Cowl and Miss Cahill as rivals for the title. A reception at the Secretary of State's and the home life of a Supreme Court Justice are equally fruitful for amusement.—*At the Music Box.*

*February*

VICTORIA REGINA. — Ten of the thirty scenes from Mr. Laurence Housman's clever book have been chosen to show the Queen's romance with her Albert, her faithful widowhood and triumphal Jubilee. Miss Helen Hayes's Queen is as much a masterpiece as Mr. Vincent Price's Prince Consort and the sets by Rex Whistler provide a background to an evening of pure enchantment. Order your tickets well in advance. There is a Tuesday matinée but no performance Tuesday night. — *At the Broadhurst.*

LIBEL.—Here is a trial play that is different. King's Bench in London with the Judge and Counsel in their white wigs lend a certain air of romance and the story is original and very absorbing. Is Sir Mark Loddon really Sir Mark or an impostor from the prison camp in Germany? One isn't positive until a moment before the final curtain but one is positive all the way through that it couldn't be better played by Colin Clive as Sir Mark and Messrs. Leister, Lawford and Lawson.—*At the Henry Miller.*

# The Ball and the Cross

***The Ball and the Cross** is one of the symbols of Christianity. It signifies, as is obvious, The World and the Faith. It is our intention to publish in this department usually two or three short articles, which may appropriately be grouped under the caption chosen.*

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## GALILEAN CHRISTIANS

IT was in Galilee, which comprises the greater part of northern Palestine, that Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ passed the longest period of His life on earth. Until He was thirty years of age He lived at Nazareth, and during His public ministry He was domiciled at Capharnaum on the shores of the inland sea that we know as the Sea of Galilee. One is naturally induced to take a keen interest in the present state of the Christians who inhabit this region. Nestled amongst the hills and along the Phœnician coast are to be found a large number of extremely picturesque villages of an entirely Oriental character. Some are exclusively Mohammedan, some are inhabited by Christians only, and some have a mixed population. The majority is certainly Moslem, but the greater part of the Christians are Catholics; they do not belong, however, to the Roman rite as we do; but are of the Byzantine rite. The rest are Orthodox.

It is cold in the winter time on the hills of Galilee, and the snow makes them white and glistening during intervals of sunshine and blue sky. When the snows melt, the spring brings with it the most beautiful time of the year. Over the fields, woods and mountains, there is a mass of wild flowers. The whole land is covered with blossoms of an inexhaustible variety. They grow everywhere, in the back yards of the town dwellers, upon the hills and down to the seashore.

Suddenly, three months later, a heat wave will entirely change the aspect of the Holy Land. In the short space of about a week the green grass and the delicate flowers are all withered and gone. The mountains and valleys become brown and only the yellow fields of ripening corn catch the eye as bright patches. When the harvest is gathered in, then the land is brown as far as can be seen.

The Galilean peasant is engaged entirely in the cultivation of his land; the fertility of the soil and the climate of the country aiding him in his task. Here in the East the crops ripen with greater rapidity than in the countries of Northern

Europe. The land supplies all the peasant requires for himself, his family, his cows, camels, goats and sheep. He grows corn for his bread, and to feed his cattle, lentils which form an important item in the oriental kitchen, and vegetables in large quantities. He cultivates grapes for wine and brandy, and olives for oil.

There is a tendency amongst the Christians to Europeanize. The men in the towns wear a lounge suit with a tarbush, while in the country they continue the use of the long oriental robe with Arab headdress as being more comfortable and suitable for the life in the hills. Neither the Christian nor the Moslem peasant women are veiled. There is a slight difference in costume, the Christians tending to a certain Europeanization. Their dress is generally speaking very attractive. There is a variety of colors and design, and the use of embroidery is common. The skirts are long and flowing, the hair is worn in two plaits down the back. The priests' wives set an excellent example by wearing the native costume. In the towns the Christian women, having been educated in European schools, adopt a form of western costume in extremely bright colors. The Moslem women, on the other hand, when out of doors dress nearly always entirely in black with a small veil over the face which they lift as occasion requires. The women of various nationalities who live in the towns can easily be distinguished by their costume and way of living. Mohammedan ladies will not be present should a gentleman pay a visit to their house, Christian women on the other hand will at once come forward.

There was a great deal of intermarriage with other races among the ancient inhabitants of this historic land. Since the Mohammedan conquest and the division of the people according to religion, however, this has evidently ceased. As in most oriental countries it is the general custom for the wife at least outwardly to conform to her husband's religion. But change of religion and intermarriage have been for centuries very rare and it still is an uncommon occurrence. Galilee was never thoroughly colonized by the Israelites of old, they had Phœnician and Syrian neighbors close at hand. The frequent apostasy of the Jews gave the Galileans a large infiltration of Hebrew blood and the colonization of the Greeks must have left amongst them a Greek strain. Their Greek characteristics are very noticeable even to-day. Many people hold the theory that the Christians are in the greater part descendants of the ancient Greek trade colonies, and that this is especially true of those who live in the towns. On the other hand there must have been in the course of the centuries a great deal of intermarriage amongst the Mohammedan Galileans with the other races of Islam. This strain could not have had any effect upon the Christians. They are, therefore, the descendants of the inhabitants of the country at the time of Jesus; also of the people who gave so many of the Fathers to the Church in the first centuries.

When speaking of the Galilean Christians we may confine ourselves to Orthodox and to Catholics who are the two most important bodies amongst them. St. John of Acre, the ancient Ptolemais, on the Phœnician coast, is the seat of two

rival bishops, both using the same rite, one in communion with Constantinople and the other openly submitting to the jurisdiction of the Holy See. Thus it is that the peasant, who cannot be expected to be very learned in theology, may at times become a little confused as to where he owes his allegiance. In order to understand how it is that this most regrettable state of affairs has come into being, we shall have to make a brief outline of some of the phases of the history of the Antiochene Patriarchate.

Antioch is situated to the north of Galilee, right on the other side of the great Lebanese and Alouite Mountains. It is to-day nothing more than a very small village. But in the time of Our Lord it was one of the most important cities in this part of the world. We read in the Acts of the Apostles how the Christian faith was first preached there. During the first centuries of the Christian era it was one of the greatest centers of learning and Church government. Antioch was in those days the scene of the life and labors of many of the Church's greatest saints. Its bishop held an extraordinary position. In the days of the early Church the word Patriarch was frequently used to designate any particularly venerable prelate. This was copied from Old Testament usage. But three Patriarchs stood out high above the others in importance: those of Rome, Alexandria and Antioch. This was the recognized state of affairs from the earliest times and was confirmed by the Council of Nicæa in 325. Jerusalem and Constantinople were added as Patriarchal Sees later, and so we have the five Patriarchs of the early Church: Rome, of course, always has been and is still, acknowledged as the first, then Alexandria, Antioch, Jerusalem, and Constantinople.

The Galilean Catholics are known as Melchites. The name Melchite means the Emperor's following, and it came into use to distinguish them from the heretics who would not submit to the Council of Chalcedon in 451. The Catholics supported the Emperor of Byzantium or Constantinople in his attempt to enforce the Catholic Faith. At a later date when the final rupture between the Holy See and Constantinople took place, and the Patriarch of Constantinople was definitely excommunicated by the Pope, the Catholics of Galilee, who formed a part of the Antiochene Patriarchate, headed by their Patriarch, protested their loyalty to the Holy See. Subsequently Patriarchs of Antioch were some of them Catholics in communion with Rome; others, by remaining in open communion with the Patriarchs of Constantinople, would appear to have shared in the schism of the latter.

The attitude of Latin Catholics towards the Antiochene Patriarchate during this long period seems to have been to regard all these Easterns of the Byzantine rite as Catholic unless they individually declared t h e m s e l v e s schismatic. Jesuits and Dominicans certainly preached and administered the sacraments in their churches and there seems to have been general intercommunion. It was not until so late a date as 1724, that two rival hierarchies came into being, one in communion with Constantinople and one in communion with Rome. This was the result of the election of Cyril VI. as Patriarch of Antioch, who was recognized as rightful Patriarch by the Pope, while Con-

stantinople declared him deposed, and consecrated his rival.

The Bishops in communion with Rome are drawn from the people of the country, are Arabic speaking and have usually been educated under French influence in Latin seminaries, while the Orthodox in Palestine and Egypt have the higher clergy recruited from amongst Greek ecclesiastics.

There are in Palestine some thirty thousand Catholic Melchites. These are Catholics of the pure Byzantine rite. That is the rite of the great autocephalous national Orthodox churches of Roumania, Jugoslavia, Greece and Russia. This makes them of an importance to the Catholic Church altogether disproportionate to their numbers. These peasants from the Galilean hills are a nucleus around which the movements for reunion with these great Churches of the dissident East must center. There are, of course, other Catholic Eastern Churches such as the Syrian Catholics, Catholic Copts and Armenians. These peoples are also of great importance to the Church as they are essentially Oriental and they save the Catholic religion from becoming a Western importation in the countries where they are strong. But in these cases the dissident sister Church has not the enormous world-wide importance of the great Eastern Churches who use the same rite as the Melchites.

Following the Eastern tradition there are no statues in the churches of Galilee. The people have, however, an enormous veneration for the holy pictures or ikons that adorn the walls and the Iconostasis. The ikon of the Easter, Christmas or of whatever season it may happen to be is always exposed and venerated by all who enter or leave the church. The love and veneration of these people for these holy images becomes at times almost childish. Not only do they reverently kiss them; they will even collect the dust that gathers upon them as a kind of relic. They drape them in the most expensive materials and it is a common custom to give a small stole fee to the priest to have a favorite picture censed. It is a daily occurrence to see the priest in his epitrachelion carrying a holy picture high above the heads of the people and chanting the troparion of the saint depicted. Proceeded by the server who carries a lighted candle and the incense, he goes three times round the altar and then around the church. The holy object is then venerated by the person or persons who have paid the fee.

The older churches are quite indistinguishable from Orthodox churches. Unhappily the tendency to Europeanization has become apparent in some churches. Some of the senior clergy have adopted the French soutane in place of the venerable and elegant black robe of the Eastern monk. They have constructed churches without the Iconostasis, on the plea that they will erect one later. Confession boxes have appeared and confessions have been heard in these instead of at the door of the Iconostasis, as is the ancient custom. Albs decorated in cheap lace have taken the place of the ancient strikarion. The clergy have started to crop the hair. The venerable Greek altar has sometimes been replaced by one in imitation of a Latin altar with large brass candlesticks on it. It is to be earnestly hoped that a liturgical revival will take

place, and that the services will be once again rendered in their ancient way and in accordance with the expressed wish of so many Popes. The Orthodox on the other hand have carefully maintained the liturgical tradition, and their services are of the utmost beauty. Except for the above mentioned differences in church decoration, etc., the services are identical in Orthodox and Catholic churches. Nowhere are the magnificent ceremonies of the Byzantine rite more correctly rendered than at Rome, where the Pope will tolerate none of the above mentioned innovations. In Rome the splendid Oriental rite is rendered in a truly magnificent and eastern way.

The people have the very great reverence and respect for the priest that one would expect to find in a land deeply imbued with Catholic tradition. The clergy are of two orders, monastic and celibate, from amongst whom the bishops and all the senior clergy are chosen, and secular who are nearly always married. The marriage takes place before the elevation of the candidate to the diaconate. In the villages the people have always had married priests and very much prefer them. This has always been the Oriental custom. Ordination takes place during the Liturgy and is not so long as the western ordination service.

From this brief outline it can be clearly seen that the Easterns have all the means to enjoy the fullness of Catholic life as their brethren of the West. They are a very pious people and although they are not bound by the code of Canon Law of the West, it is very rarely that they neglect the Sacraments, especially those of Confession and Holy Communion. It is customary for the men to approach the altar at Christmas and at Easter. It is a wonderful sight to see the crowds of men, rich and poor, farm laborers and clerks, some in Oriental costume and some in European dress who frequent the churches on the great festivals. All receive the Most Holy Sacrament under both kinds and none neglect to seek absolution before approaching the Holy Table. Eastern tradition is most definite upon this point.

The propaganda carried on by Anglicans amongst Eastern Christians is unfortunately very often a menace to the Catholic Church as it is very anti-papal in character. Most Oriental Christians imagine that the English-speaking world is entirely Anglican. It is very important therefore that English-speaking Catholics should take a keen interest in the cultural and spiritual welfare of these people. Unfortunately they lost a great deal of their ancient culture during the years of bondage under the Turks, and they badly need the assistance and coöperation of the great English-speaking Catholic family to help them to find their feet. Many desire to make English their national language in the place of Arabic which they consider to have been imposed upon them by their Mohammedan neighbors. The influx of Western ideas and methods all over the East, the Jewish immigration into Palestine, and the economic conditions resulting from the defeat of the Turks in the Great War, have left many problems to be faced by these peasants in the Galilean hills.

E. Bowron.

# Nova et Vetera

## The Pilgrimage to Lough Derg

Fifteen hundred years ago, when Ireland still was pagan, Patrick travelled into the solitudes of Donegal, a lonely, weary man. Not yet had he his well-equipped missionary caravans, with assistant clergy, craftsmen, builders, moving through the land in triumphant progress, to found communities, build churches, transcribe missals. As yet, he was but a would-be winner of the Irish race, a man of faith and determination, but not yet of achievement. He rowed out to an island in Lough Derg, amid bare brown hills, an island across which a child could throw a stone. He prayed and fasted there for forty days, alone with God. In a small cave of rocks, he took shelter, and there, it is said, he saw visions of the other world.

Perhaps, the vision of St. Patrick in this, his "Purgatory," embraced the vast lands, then unknown, where Bishops descended from him would rule Christ's people; perhaps, he saw pilgrimages going to that island, year after year, away down the ages, to our own days, when thousands pray and fast there every year, with rigours such as no other pilgrimage imposes. Who knows? Suffice it that he left the island with his great soul strengthened, and that pilgrims have gone thither ever since, just as they still go to that other retreat of the Saint, the wild mountain summit which overlooks the Atlantic on the edge of Europe, Croagh Patrick. Three days the pilgrimage to Lough Derg fast on bread and black tea; they walk barefoot over the harsh stones, praying, praying ever; they watch in the great, dim church, all night (the hardest trial of all); their bodies groan, their souls rejoice.

The poems and the proverbs of the Gaelic race never have let slip St. Patrick's pilgrimages from the racial memory. "Patrick's journey to the Reek and his fasting in the Cave, consider these. If the easy-going folk of latter times are wise, the son of Calpurnius was a fool." So says a verse which conveys the austere spirit of Irish religion better than a sermon. The bards used to go to Lough Derg, treading the way to the water's edge, mile after mile over rough mountain roads, barefoot. Then, in the Purgatory, those proud old poets, friends of kings, would beat their breasts and humble themselves, would fast and toil in prayer. *Glan-Róimh iarthair an bheatha*, "fair Rome of the Western World"—that is how one of the poets described the Purgatory, some three hundred and fifty years ago. How apt his phrase becomes to-day; for behold!—the pilgrimage favoured by Pope Pius XI, has been crowned by a special honor from the Capital of Christendom. Its church is a Basilica, and over its doors the arms of the See of Peter are carved.

They come from the world's ends, from those ends of the world into which St. Patrick's seed has gone, the pilgrims to Lough Derg to-day. Over the peaty, wild hills

of Donegal they go, and when the pilgrim has climbed the last bleak slope, he turns a corner and suddenly beholds, amid the vast brown expanse (where hardly a dwelling house can be seen), and set on shining empty waters, the stately Basilica, like a fragment of Rome's great fabric transported by angelic hands to the wilderness. It is the monument of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, as the church of St. Peter in Rome is that of the chief of the Apostles.

—From *Gentle Ireland*. By Hugh de Blacam (Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co.).

### First Expedition Against the Ethiopians

Cambyses took counsel with himself and planned an expedition against the long-lived Ethiopians, and he sent his spies into Ethiopia. Hereon, the Ethiopian, who knew they came as spies, said to them: "Your king is not a just man, for, were he so, he had not coveted a land which is not his own, nor brought slavery on a people who never did him any wrong. Let him thank the gods that they did not put it into the heart of the sons of the Ethiopians to covet countries which do not belong to them." Cambyses began his march against the Ethiopians without reflecting that he was about to wage war in the uttermost parts of the earth. Before he had accomplished one-fifth part of the distance all that the army had in the way of provisions failed, whereupon the men began to eat the sumpter beasts, which failed also. If, then, at this time, Cambyses, seeing what was happening, had confessed himself in the wrong and led his army back, he would have done the wisest thing that he could after the mistake made at the outset; but he took no manner of heed and continued to march forward. The army came to the bare sand, and there the soldiers were guilty of a horrid deed—by tens they cast lots for a man, who was slain to be food for the others. Then Cambyses gave up the attack and retreated the way he had come after he had lost vast numbers of his soldiers. So ended the expedition against Ethiopia.

—Herodotus. Reprinted from *Sphere*.

### Three Cities

Three cities shine conspicuous in the history of mankind, by reason of the universal influence which they exercised upon it—Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome. In the course of the life of the world, all three are factors working with and through each other for human civilisation. Jerusalem, the capital of the small and impotent Jewish race, was the centre of that enigmatic theocracy from which Christianity emerged, and therefore the metropolis of the religion of the world. Long after its fall it maintained a second historical existence by the side of, and in relation to Rome. The Romans had destroyed it in ancient times; its people were scattered over the world; its sanctity had passed away to Christian Rome; but in the eleventh century it again revived, and during the period of the Crusades was the goal of Christian pilgrims and the object of the great struggle between the nations of Europe and Asia. Then, together with the ideas of which it had been the symbol, it sank again into silence and obscurity.

Beside the city of the One Jehovah, polytheistic Athens shines on another summit of historic life, as the first centre of Western genius, of its science, its philosophy and its beautiful ideals. Then arises mighty Rome, the law-giver of the political world. Athens and Rome are indissolubly united, and correspond to each other, as mind to will and thought to deed. In them are embodied the classic forms of life. The intellectual power of Athens excites the enthusiastic love, the practical greatness of Rome, the reverent admiration of mankind. All the creative work of thought and imagination was collected in the capital of Hellenic genius; and the little Republic of Pallas Athene exercised an ideal dominion over the human race which still endures, and will for ever endure in the universal civilisation of mankind.

The universal sovereignty of Rome, on the other hand, a unique, incontrovertible fact of history, rests on quite other foundations. Anyone who considers the existence of this wonderful city only from the outside, may assert that with unparalleled military skill, and with no less unparalleled political genius, she subjugated the world, and robbed, or destroyed, the flower of nations nobler than herself. In contrast to free and genial Athens, he sees only slavery and despotism. In Rome he discovers poverty in creative ideas of civilisation; he sees only a great political impulse towards conquest, a great practical intellect with its accompanying wants, and the marvellous and gigantic structure of the political system of justice and of civil law. But everything which tends to raise the intellectual spirit to the higher regions of thought he finds either not cultivated at all, or only acclimatised from other lands. Even the wealth of noble works of art which beautify the city only seems to him the spoils of Tyranny, behind whose triumphal car the captive Muses follow, forced to serve the prosaic Queen of the World.

This fact is undeniably true, but it is not the whole truth. The origin of Rome from her myth-shrouded germ, her growth, and finally her unrivalled supremacy, will, next to the rise and dominion of Christianity, ever be one of the deepest mysteries of history. And Christianity, which sprang up within the narrow confines of Jewish nationality, though cosmopolitan in its essence, was drawn to Rome, the capital of the world, as to a seat already prepared for it by history, where, from out the ruins of a political monarchy, it was destined to raise up a moral monarchy in the giant form of the Church. The marvellous power by which one city obtained dominion in language, customs, and intellect over so many different nations cannot be explained. Its development can only be followed in a long chain of events, whilst the inner law, which governs the fact and which is called Rome, remains inexplicable to us.

—From *History of the City of Rome*. By FERDINAND GREGOROVIUS. Translated by ANNIE HAMILTON (London: George Bell & Sons). Vol. I.

## THE NETTLE OF EVIL

As St. Augustine says, "God Almighty would in no way permit evil in His works were He not so omnipotent and good that even out of evil He could work good." He works good out of wickedness be-

cause His Nature becomes more intelligible to mankind by His response to it and the more intelligible He becomes the closer is man's union with Him. He makes use also of that wickedness to point the moral to men and helps them to happiness by a salutary fear. Again, out of suffering He works good. The presence of ugliness and pain in the world must not blind us to the fact that the good far outweighs the evil. It is ugliness which strikes the eye because it is glaring and exceptional, but goodness is normal and ordinary and the very staple of common life. Were it otherwise, family, education, laws, and institutions could have no permanence and civilization would be nothing but a survival of the strongest. What we do find is a life where pity, gentleness, mercy and courage are everyday affairs dominating evil and enhanced by it, and the pathos and the heroism that are the outcome are so far from being regarded as a grievance or reproach that they have been emphasized in fairy tale and romance and given typical expression, for example, in a Song of Roland. Only the jaundiced mind, then, would grumble at life as a whole. Or, to put this truth in another way, the recognition of value is, to some extent, proportionate to the nobility of the onlooking mind. "Two men looked out from their prison bars, the one saw mud, the other stars." For a true estimate of life, as of art, a stern discipline is needed. To the sensualist the purity of an Agnes or a Joan of Arc conveys nothing just as the Gospel of the Cross was folly to the self-satisfied Athenians. Now, if we consult those who have tested life whole-heartedly, those who can be ranked as its highest examples and most attuned, so to speak, to its message, their answer, we shall find, is almost unanimous in proclaiming it good and fruitful and happy.

Can we, then, in face of the problem of evil, not merely excuse God, not merely defend the goodness of the world and vindicate His ways, but build a song of triumph such as we find in the Psalms of David and the liturgy of Christendom? These latter immediately supply the answer, for in the poetry of Israel and still more in the Christian spirit is the attitude of praise verified. To attain it we must put aside fear and grasp the nettle of evil firmly. Appreciation, as has been said, depends on discipline and effort, on substituting for downcast thought a soaring desire for life and that more abundantly. "Seek and you shall find." And straightway in the midst of us is found the solution of all difficulties—Jesus Christ, the most intimate Revelation of God's goodness and of His dealings with men. For while it is true that Christ does not explicitly argue the goodness of God in creating this particular world and in permitting evil to prevail over adversaries with philosophical arguments, He gives, nevertheless, a more significant answer in the portraying of God as the Father and Himself as the suffering Redeemer. Before this vision the hard surface of the Problem of Evil disappears. No longer can we harbour the suspicion that God's choice of this world was a light one, seeing that it involved the agony and death of the Son of God Himself. The Cross of Christ takes away the sting of suffering and transforms resentment at the inexplicable pain into reverence and affection, for it bears witness to the

companionship of God in suffering, to His being the supreme victim of sin and its physician through self-sacrifice.

May it not be said, then, that it was excess rather than defect of love that led to God's choice of this world? Love is found most strong where weakness is its object—the lost sheep calling for more care than the ninety-nine safely herded. This pathetically weak world has, at any rate, this glory, that it has served to manifest the infinite resources of divine love. And it is characteristic of this virtue, as of all other virtues, to be its own reward, to be independent of success or failure; in fact, it is seen in its most sublime form where it meets with rejection. This we know to be true from the many heroic acts of devotion in history, which profited nothing save that they left an imperishable memory. It is the spirit of such acts which we value, not the recompense—the cause, not the effects. Dimly, then, we may discern creation and still more the Incarnation as the service of love. This was the supreme and, in a sense, only motive which led God to act. It mattered not that this love might be foiled; there could be no excuse for its rejection, for killing it, and the blood would be on the head of the slayer. No blame, therefore, can rest on love for the utter folly of those who reject it. They could be saved by coercion alone and coercion is incompatible with love, which is of the nature of an offering, a pleading through self-sacrifice. We see this in human life, where the union of free spirits is attained not by force, but by sympathy, the mutual shouldering of burdens and glad co-operation. And just as a federation of mankind can be expressed only in terms of freedom and mutual affection, so too the Divine scheme is a heaven constituted by love, where God can point to His own Cross as the symbol of His unsparing solicitude and goodness. If this be so, we can understand in part why this inferior world was chosen and why evil casts no shadow on God, but rather —"where sin abounded there most of all did Love abound."

—From *Pain and the Providence of God.* By M. C. D'Arcy, S.J. (Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co.).

# Foreign Periodicals

## Class-War and Communism

There is considerable misunderstanding as to the nature of class-war. It is commonly talked and written of as though it were the product of gratuitous malice. People seem to think that wicked agitators promote hatred among different classes of people from motives of greed or mere discontent. They speak as though the poor were being taught to hate the rich, the stupid to hate the clever, the labourer to hate the overseer, and the servant to hate his lord for no reason at all but that of malice.

Everybody is, of course, aware of the fact that men and women are all born different, tall and short, strong and weak, clever and otherwise, and they seem to think that the differentiation of classes due to these natural differences is what is referred to in the phrase "class-war." We see the king on his throne, ministers and governors around him, masters and servants in all their degrees arranged beneath, and we think that the wicked agitators curse this human hierarchy and that "class-war" means nothing but the unnatural and unjust rebellion of servants against masters.

This is a grave misunderstanding. The war which is meant when Communists speak of "class-war" is not such war at all. It is not a war between the natural classes produced by natural human inequality; *it is a war between the classes produced by an altogether unnatural development of society.* The classes they think of are the proletarians and the others.

Look now. The course of modern European history began with the spoliation of the monasteries and the secularisation of church lands and funds, the consequent enrichment of large numbers of secular lords and the shifting of power from princes and ecclesiastics to secular landlords and merchants. The gradual undermining of the power of the king followed; also the dispossession of the peasantry, and therefore the creation of a large and hungry mass of people for whom there was nothing but wage slavery or, at any rate, wagery. These people are the proletarians, and the class distinction is not an hierarchical one—a distinction between governors and governed, leaders and followers, teachers and taught—but is the real and horrible distinction between the free and the unfree.

There is therefore a class-war not because wicked agitators have fomented it but because wicked men have produced classes which are by their very nature inimical to one another.

*It is therefore of no use whatever to talk about class-war as though it can be abolished without abolishing our present society.*

There are before us only two revolutionary policies which would remove this evil. There is Communism, which says, in effect, that the only way to abolish the war between the proletarians and the

others is to abolish the others: let us all be proletarians together: The other remedy has the awkward name of Distributism. The distributists agree that the war is between the proletarians and the others, but they say, let us all be as those others, let us all be owners.

In the present circumstances, then, class-war is inevitable. It is not a product of the bad morals of rebels; it is a product of the bad politics of our ancestors, and it is the product of our own bad politics so long as we persist in them.

*Pope Leo XIII said: "As many as possible should be encouraged to become owners." Until we take these words to heart and act upon them class-war must and will continue unless we embrace Communism.*

Now, just as there is misunderstanding as to the nature of class-war, so there is misunderstanding as to the nature of Catholic opposition to Communism. For while Catholics assume that Communists are moved by nothing but malice or envy (not that there is no malice, but malice is not the real point), so Communists imagine that Catholics are moved by nothing but possessiveness and a selfish desire to retain what they have unjustly got. It is therefore worth while to point out that the basis of the Catholic determination to preserve the institution of private property is as little to do with possessiveness or greed as the class-war is to do with envy.

Man is matter and spirit; the body is the principle of individuation. *The whole question is bound up in that.*

Where does the body end? We hold that it does not end with the skin or even with the clothes, but is extended naturally, inevitably and justly, into possessions; possessions are, in fact, an extension of individuality. A man's tools, his workshop, his house and his lands are a completion of his being.

*It is a fundamental tenet of Christianity that the individual is uniquely valuable, and therefore anything which deprives the individual of his completion is a bad thing.*

It should not be necessary to point out that this doctrine does not conflict with social justice. For although we are each one of us uniquely valuable, we are members of one another, and no man can claim for his completion that which ministers to the completion of another. Thus I may say a house is necessary to me, but I cannot say that I need all the houses there are.

We are thus brought up against the tragic, or, in the proper sense, comic situation of to-day. We have to give the impression that we support Capitalism as against Communism because capitalists maintain the institution of private property. I say this is comic because while we support this institution of private property we have to support, or appear to do so, an institution which has done more even than Communism to destroy private property. The dispossession of the peasantry and the creation of a proletariat was entirely the work of Capitalism.

The difficulty we are in is to make it clear that while we are against the communists in their acceptance of proletarianism, we are also against the capitalists in as much as they it was who brought proletarians into existence.

—Arthur Rowton, in *Catholic Herald* (London), January 24th.

### The Church Not a Utility

It would seem that the Church holds a panacea for all evils, past and to come as well as present. Here everyone may find satisfaction for his particular enthusiasms —liturgy for the artistic, hymns for the emotional, or encyclicals for the sociological. . . .

We frequently meet with Catholics for whom the Church seems to be little else than a glorified school of art or a political or economic party. The Mass seems to be the greatest thing on earth because it supplies the æsthetic sense with the most perfect symmetry and beauty of colour and sound, or because it grants equality and unity to all present, admitting no distinction between rich and poor. People of this sort are amazed to find many Catholics, and especially "born Catholics," almost indifferent to these wonders of the Church. How can they continue to sing sickly hymns or encourage the wearing of indecorous vestments; how can they see suffering workers and the unemployed without being moved to use the Church's solution to the basic problems of modern life; surely these Catholics have fallen out of the true, living stream of the Church! If the Church stands for social justice and the reform of the abuses of industrialism, how can a good Catholic remain at his post as a big business manager.

The truth of the matter is that the people who feel this way about Catholicism have never seen beyond those natural advantages which the Church as a perfect supernatural society is bound to afford its members. They have not penetrated into the fundamental force of the Church which is supernatural. They tend to regard the Church as a utility to be used as soon as possible to procure human happiness upon earth. A doctor who discovers a new medicine that will cure cancer must at once set about the curing of cancer. The medicine is worth nothing in itself, but its value lies entirely in its effects. The Church is easily mistaken for a medicine for modern evils of all kinds.

Today, when all Catholic eyes are being trained on Catholic Action, this attitude towards the Church in general is specially dangerous. Though most people are very vague as to the essential elements of Catholic Action, they all seem fairly convinced of this one practical fact that Catholic Action demands immediate, constant and hectic activity in applying Catholic medicines to modern diseases. Organise Catholic Men's Clubs or Bridge Parties to occupy a leisure otherwise possibly misspent; set on foot Catholic Land Movements and help to redistribute property. . . . If we all take our full share in Catholic Action there will be no more unemployment, Bolshevism will become a back number, art will be restored, the lower classes will have a better time, and, in general, peace and happiness will be far more prevalent.

But the Church is not a utility. The Church is a Person, the Person of Jesus Christ true God as well as true man. The Church can solve the modern problems of the world, not because that is her aim, but because natural order is bound to follow, we might almost say as a by-product, from the infusion throughout the world of her supernatural personality. Jesus Christ the head of the Church is not a social re-

former nor yet an artist, still less the leader of a political movement. He is the source of supernatural life. We cannot merely use Him as a wizard to remove physical evils and restore human happiness. Human happiness, removal of physical evil, these things, of course, have their place, but due proportion must be preserved in all things. Good music may very possibly assist the digestion and the general running of the blood; but a good composer would be justly incensed if his works were advertised in a medical magazine for the cure of indigestion or ulcers. We naturally flinch from adopting music as a mere utility, and yet we throw all our energies into making the divine Church of God merely an instrument for attaining human happiness among the largest possible number of men.

The real tragedy of this state of affairs is that while we are encouraged to give all our strength to the removal of a thousand and one modern evils, the one basic evil of modern times is not only left unchallenged but is definitely encouraged. Ever since Bentham and John Stuart Mill utilitarianism has been spreading its deadly poison in all spheres of life. We one and all inhale it in the very atmosphere we breathe without even noticing it. The first question we ask about anything new to us is always, what is the use of it? A thing which serves no useful purpose is regarded as of no value if not actually harmful. A man who does not directly serve his fellow-beings with some material benefits must needs be self-centered and ungenerous. This materialist attitude to the universe is almost as common within the fold of the Church as outside. This explains why so much emphasis is laid on material good works, why all our powers are concentrated on external activities, why the Church is regarded as a utility for the redistribution of property, for the resurrection of the worker, in short, why contemplation is at a discount. . . .

What then must we do to recover the true attitude towards the Church and to drop this materialistic pragmatism? That we cease from all good works, relinquish our interest in Catholic Action, the social problems, the liturgical revival, throw over all activity and become Cathusians in miniature? By no means. These activities, encouraged as they are by the Church, are good through and through. But we must develop true perspective and proportion, so that we have always before our eyes the essential nature of the Church and not merely its attractive external covering. . . .

When we have given ourselves wholly and "uselessly" (in a good sense of the word) to Almighty God the whole question of external activity will be seen in a new light. The fundamental change will be that this activity will flow naturally from its source, union with God, as an inevitable consequence, as the water flows down from the spring. Instead of concentrating all the faculties upon one special temporal benefit, as, for instance, the social problem, the man who bases his life on contemplation will throw himself into the work of alleviating human suffering as an outlet for his overflowing love of God. He will do these things mainly because he loves God and not because he feels the urge of being some use to mankind. A man who keeps his attention fixed upon the

centre of his life, who lives in constant and close union with God by prayer, is capable of great activity because his power is not his own but a supernatural power. Only those who pray much are safe for much activity. . . .

—CONRAD PEPLER, O.P., in *The Irish Rosary* (Dublin), January.

## DR. MASARYK

OPINION may differ eternally as to what statesmen of post-War Europe have a claim to real greatness. The greatness of Lord Curzon, of Poincaré, Clemenceau, and Briand is contested. So is that of Dr. Stresemann, although it seems to grow more and more indubitable as the years pass by. But nothing save niggling prejudice could deny real greatness to Dr. Masaryk, who has just resigned the Presidency of the Czecho-Slovak Republic. He has been called "the Maker of a Nation." That is, of course, an overstatement, for a nation is not made by anyone, but makes itself. The Czech nation was made by the Czechs, not by one Czech. But Dr. Masaryk's part in the making of Czecho-Slovakia was a leading part, an heroic, wise and brilliant part. Whatever may be said against the peace treaties—and there is much indeed to be said against them—they did give freedom to a number of peoples who for centuries lived under alien rule. The creation, or re-creation, of Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, and of the Baltic States was a magnificent revolutionary achievement; nothing of the kind would have come about if the Central Powers had won the War, for the independence they had promised to a number of European peoples was not a true independence but only the old bondage in a new form. But it is an old experience that those who overthrow oppression become oppressors themselves. There is no terrorism worse than that of victorious revolutionaries who, in their turn, have become masters over others. The new nations born of the peace treaties have been a deep disappointment in so far as they have been no exception to that rule—save Czecho-Slovakia. She alone was not transformed from an oppressed to an oppressive nation. She alone combined national independence with social justice at home. That this was so lay in the character of her rather dour and always democratically minded people. The Czechs were always hard-headed, practical and political. Exhilarating as freedom was when it first came to them, it did not turn their heads. And, in addition to their own sober character, there was one steady influence pervading the whole of their political life and fortifying admirable tendencies already inherent—the influence of their President. . . .

The new President Dr. Benes will be faced by trying times. . . . That the country may survive is in the interest of civilisation itself. Democracies have become so rare that this democracy situated amongst dictatorships is particularly precious (a democracy, too, that has achieved wonders not only in politics but in art, letters, music, and science). And it is in the interest of all that the keystone remain unbroken and in place.

—*The Manchester Guardian Weekly*, December 20, 1935.

# Recent Events

## Vatican Press Exhibition

Plans for the World Catholic Press Exhibition being held in Vatican City this year are nearing completion. In January a preliminary national exhibition was held in Westminster Cathedral Hall displaying the English publications, first issues of some of the oldest being on view. This served as a preview of the British Section of the Vatican Exhibit. Archbishop Hinsley made an address explaining that the seventy-fifth anniversary of *Osservatore Romano* was being made the occasion for the Roman exhibition of the Catholic press of all the world. He asked that Catholic graduates of our colleges put their knowledge and literary training at the service of the Church, and he chided those who complain that Catholic papers are not so attractive as secular ones, urging them to give adequate support to the Catholic press that it may be enabled to improve. His Excellency announced the inauguration of the "Guild of St. Francis de Sales" for the purpose of promoting a spirit of united consecration and sanctification among Catholic writers.

The Vatican Exhibition is being held in the Cortile della Pigna in Vatican City. A two-story pavilion has been erected with space assigned for the exhibits of all nations. There is a section devoted to the history of journalism and technical development, a second section displaying the Catholic periodicals by nations, and a third arranging them according to subject matter.

Some statistics have already been made available for a few of the countries planning exhibits: England will display some 330 publications, Canada nearly 200, and Austria over 200. The United States has over 300 Catholic papers and magazines in several languages, and a large number of college periodicals and parochial publications. The space allotted to the United States in the Exhibition building is a room eighty by forty feet, adjoining the Papal throne room. The Architectural Department of the Catholic University of America is designing the exhibit for this country, and the work is under the supervision of Dr. Frederick V. Murphy, head of this department.

Count Giuseppe Dalla Torre, editor of *Osservatore Romano*, is president of the Executive Committee. Mr. Charles H. Ridder of *The Catholic News* of New York, is executive secretary for the United States National Committee.

## New Bishop for Nashville, Tennessee

The Diocese of Nashville, embracing the whole State of Tennessee, a territory of over 41,000 square miles, has been vacant since the recent death of the Most Rev. Alphonse Smith. Word was received last month of the appointment of the Rev. William L. Adrian, pastor of a church in Victor in the Diocese

of Davenport, Iowa. The Bishop-elect was for twenty-one years on the faculty of St. Ambrose College in Davenport. He is a native of Iowa and was educated at this college, and completed his theological studies at the North American College in Rome where he was ordained in 1911.

The Paulist Fathers have charge of a parish and a mission center in Winchester, Tennessee, taking care of stations over a large area in the south-central part of the State. They extend greeting and a welcome to the new Bishop-elect. *Ad multos annos!*

### Catholic Youth Leaders in Germany Arrested

For several months the various associations of Catholic youth in Germany have been bitterly harrassed. In February, a heavy blow was dealt these associations when the secret police throughout the Reich arrested 150 priests and laymen, and, according to reports received here, more arrests were expected. The raid apparently covered nearly all of Germany. The charge was a strange one in view of the well-known opposition of the Church to Communism: the accusation against these Catholic leaders was, "treasonable relations with Communist and Marxist groups."

The series of arrests started with the seizure of Ludwig Wolker, president of the Catholic Union of Young Men's Associations and a group of his assistants over the week-end of February 8-9th, and Cardinal Schulte, Archbishop of Cologne, immediately telegraphed a protest directly to Chancellor Hitler. A few days later the Papal Nuncio, Msgr. Cesare Orsenigo called at the Foreign Office to point out that the outrage was a violation of the Concordat.

Meantime, sentences continue to be meted out to priests and Sisters for alleged violations of the Nazi Exchange Laws. Nevertheless, in the midst of this open warfare against the Church, Chancellor Hitler, on February 12th, telegraphed his congratulations to the Holy Father on the fourteenth anniversary of his coronation.

### Knights of Columbus Study Club

To train groups of men properly equipped, informed and qualified to defend the Church and her doctrines against present day attacks, the Knights of Columbus in New York State have launched a permanent study club plan. An effort will be made to establish a Catholic Evidence Guild in every Council in the State. His Eminence Patrick Cardinal Hayes, Archbishop of New York, has approved the plan. It is announced that membership in each club is limited to twenty. Men not members of the Knights of Columbus are eligible to join if they are practical Catholics in good standing in their parish and if they have a college education or something equivalent.

The Most Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara, Bishop of Great Falls, Montana, has been most successful in establishing study clubs in the parishes of his diocese. These are primarily intended for the instruction of the members. Going a step further are the Catholic Evidence Guilds in several States, Catholic Truth Societies in other places, the Lay-

men's League of Georgia, the Narbeth Movement in Pennsylvania, and other groups which aim at spreading a knowledge of the Church's teachings.

### Catholic Youth Association in New York

All the Catholic Boys' Clubs of New York were incorporated into a single organization in January by order of His Eminence Patrick Cardinal Hayes, Archbishop of New York. It is the Catholic Youth Association and is under the auspices of the Social Action Division of Catholic Charities. The president is Mr. Daniel P. Higgins, and the vice-presidents are: Joseph P. Grace, Henry MacDonald, Reginald T. Townsend, Basil Harris, and Gene Tunney. The treasurer is H. O. Havemeyer, and the secretary, James M. Doubleday.

His Eminence issued a statement authorizing the new association in which he sounded a warning against the "cunning propagandists of dangerous social and philosophic theories" who were attempting "to direct the training of youth for subversive ends." The Cardinal lamented the lowering of the average age level of criminals, which he said was a severe challenge to society, and he pointed out the fact that even advanced methods of penology had not appreciably reduced crime and therefore it must be more vigorously attacked at its sources. "Many factors," continued His Eminence, "are contributing toward accentuating the difficulties of young people. The intensive development of modern machinery has created leisure far more quickly than our educational system has been able to provide and educate for leisure. . . . Unless a youth find a constructive outlet for his boundless energy and ebullient spirit there is the danger that his restless feet will tread paths leading to sin, immorality and crime."

Cardinal Hayes quoted from the Encyclical "On the Christian Education of Youth," in which Pope Pius XI. wrote: "It is no less necessary to direct and watch the education of the adolescent, 'soft as wax to be molded into vice,' in whatever other environment he may happen to be, removing occasions of evil and providing occasions for good in his recreation and social intercourse; for 'evil communications corrupt good manners.'" This is the purpose of the new Association, then, that "young men and women, boys and girls, may have the profitable advantages of a sound, well-planned, constructive and appealing program of activities during their leisure hours under the guidance of their parochial priests and leaders. . . . "Herein," concludes the Cardinal, "will be a splendid opportunity for Catholic Action with the Catholic laity joining hands and hearts with the hierarchy and with their pastors and priests in an unremitting effort not only to lessen the ravages of disrespect and lack of discipline, but to build sound, moral, religious and God-loving citizens."

### To Aid Persecuted Mexicans

The Bishops of the United States in January authorized "The Catholic Bishops' Commission, Incorporated, for Mexican Relief." The Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, Arch-

bishop of Baltimore, is president, the Most Rev. Arthur J. Drosserts, Archbishop of San Antonio, vice-president, and the Most Rev. Francis C. Kelley, Bishop of Oklahoma City and Tulsa, is secretary-treasurer. A sub-committee consists of Bishop John M. Gannon of Erie, Pa., Bishop James A. Griffin of Springfield, Ill., and Bishop Peter L. Ireton, Coadjutor of Richmond, Va. The offices are in the Empire State Building in New York.

The purposes of the new Episcopal Commission are stated to be: "For the relief and support of the exiled Roman Catholic Bishops, clergy and people of Mexico and others who are suffering because of the administration of the religious laws of that country; to help and support Roman Catholic seminaries, colleges, schools, institutions and other agencies which may aid the clergy and people of Mexico in any form of Christian education or charity; for the aid and assistance through proper legal means, of the people of Mexico in their efforts to obtain the rights of conscience and the freedom of religion; to solicit and procure the voluntary funds, and for the administration thereof, in fulfillment of the objects of the corporation."

Archbishop Curley received a cordial message from His Eminence Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli, Papal Secretary of State: "The Holy Father learns with deep satisfaction," wrote His Eminence, "of the decision of the American Episcopate to raise funds for the persecuted and impoverished Mexican bishops, priests and seminarians. He warmly commends this holy initiative and invokes God's blessing for its success. He bestows upon contributors his paternal, Apostolic Benediction."

The Mexican Hierarchy addressed a letter of thanks last month to the bishops of the United States and several other countries that have proffered sympathy and aid to the stricken Church in that unhappy country. Forty archbishops and bishops signed the letter and they took occasion in it to set forth clearly the hardships under which they labor. They point out that the Church has no legal existence in Mexico. The number of priests allowed to officiate has been reduced to 197 for a country of 16,000,000 Catholics. All seminaries have been closed and all property belonging to the Church, or even suspected of belonging to the Church, has been declared the property of the nation. The bishops complain that they cannot direct or maintain schools, and they say that, "while the official statistics show that 50 per cent of the Mexicans are illiterate, the only education officially authorized is socialistic, fundamentally atheistic and anti-social. All religious orders and congregations which might contribute to instruction, culture and charity, are prohibited."

The letter states that the clergy are prohibited from wearing anything in public to denote their sacred office; no religious ceremonies may be performed in cemeteries. The bishops conclude by repeating the well-known fact that several States have expelled all prelates and priests, that in several all the churches are closed, and that some of the clergy and the faithful have been assassinated.

# Our Contributors

IT is to be hoped that Catholic readers are alive to the aids Catholic writers are giving them these days in forming an enlightened opinion on burning issues. "Agrarian Capitalism in England" is a case in point. It introduces to us D. MARSHALL, an English clerical student in orders, a Distributist and a writer on social subjects in our English and American magazines. His studies in the field of sociology have taken him through most of England and parts of Scotland as well as to the Continent.

A WELL-KNOWN spinner of Irish tales, P. J. GAYNOR of Calry, Co. Sligo, Ireland, belongs rightfully in the March issue. "Four-leaved Shamrock" is another story of the Gortnashee folk, who by this, are old friends of ours. A play of Mr. Gaynor's, *The Young Fellow*, successfully produced in Dublin, was lately published in book form. We were very much distressed to hear recently of the author's grave illness.

IN his comparison of present and past American painting, JAMES W. LANE ("Painting—Mirror of American Life") elaborates a favorite thesis and makes us conscious of native artistic riches which we are prone to forget. As an art and literary critic, Mr. Lane is well known in many of our art magazines as well as in our own pages.

RECENT books and cinemas on the subject, have not told us all about "The Blasket Islands," according to MARY H. SCANLAN, who proceeds to tell us what she saw during a nine-weeks' stay there. Born in Maine and a graduate in 1934 of Marygrove College, Detroit, Miss Scanlan has been in Ireland for the past year and a half, studying the Gaelic Renaissance in all its phases. She has written for American newspapers and for the Irish magazines. This is her first appearance in our pages.

CLARENCE J. ENZLER ("Wanted: Christian Social Science"), is Professor of Sociology at the College of St. Thomas, St. Paul, Minn., and therefore well equipped to speak on sociological needs. His article should occasion some serious soul searching.

WE remember well when ALICE CURTAYNE published her first book, *St. Catherine of Siena*, about seven years ago, the general astonishment that a first book should be one of such ripe scholarship, together with a faint suspicion that the author was not really a novice, but had taken to herself a pen name. She has published six other books since then, all marked with the same scholarship, so we can only conclude that hers has been a life of much reading and study. Irish by birth, Miss Curtayne lives in Tralee, Co. Kerry. She was educated by the Sisters of La Sainte Union des Sacrés Cœurs in Southampton, has spent much time in Italy, and in 1935 became Mrs. Stephen Rynne. She writes for all the Irish and many of the English Catholic peri-

odicals and has also appeared in *The Commonweal* and in *The Missionary.*

IT is more than timeliness which recommended STEWART E. DOLLARD'S first contribution, "St. Thomas the Catholic," to us. Mr. Dollard, attached to the Chicago Province of the Society of Jesus, holds his M.A. and Ph.D. degrees from St. Louis University and is at present in his last year of theology at St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kans. He has written for *The Modern Schoolman* and for *America.*

IN S. D. MCCLELLAND we present the young winner of the Cardinal Hayes Award for 1935, and in "The Troubled Guest," the prize-winning story. Mr. McClelland holds a degree of B.S. in pure science and did literary and dramatic work of much promise during his undergraduate days at Fordham University. He is at present teaching English and Chemistry at St. Peter's Preparatory School in Jersey City and studying at the same time for his Ph.D. degree. He also coaches the Debating Club of Manhattanville College and is an active member of the Catholic Poetry Society and of the Aquinas Dramatic Association.

MAURICE F. BELL ("Beauty, Art and Religion"), a convert from the Anglican ministry in 1929 and now Librarian of the Collegio Beda in Rome, has told us something of his conversion and of the famous college in previous contributions. Dr. Bell's family followed him into the Church and he has one son a Benedictine and another a Dominican.

PETRONIUS APPLEJOY is the pseudonym of a Welshman, well known as poet and essayist in Catholic and secular publications in Great Britain, though this critique of "Philip Guedalla" is his first contribution to American periodicals. He lives at Swansea, Wales, a town whose records go back to Danish times.

MANY of our prose contributors are new this month, but our poets are all old friends. LIAM P. CLANCY ("Yearning") with his irresistible Gaelic charm, belongs of right in a March number; LOUISE CRENSHAW (MRS. BEN F.) RAY ("Armor Out of Ireland") is a widely published Southern writer whose last poem, "This Impermanence," in our July, 1934, issue met with much appreciation and was included in Moult's *Best Poems for 1935;* VERA MARIE TRACY ("Irish Fairy Tales"), a poet in either prose or verse and one who writes despite handicaps that would prostrate most of us, has recently published a third volume of the delicately etched, spiritually wise stories of which she is a master, *Break Thou My Heart;* CRISTEL HASTINGS, in whom ships and the sea seem always to "touch the magic string," charms us again with her "Ports of Call."

# New Books

**Catholicism, Protestantism and Capitalism. By Amintore Fanfani.—Religion and the Modern State. By Christopher Dawson.—The Will to Freedom. By Ross J. S. Hoffman.—Rome from Within. By Selden P. Delany.—The Voice of England. By Charles G. Osgood.—Japan's Policies and Purposes. By Hirosi Saito.—Albert and the Belgians. By Charles D'Ydewalle.—Albert Roi des Belges. By Abbé Jacques Laclercq.—Albert of Belgium. By Emile Cammaerts.—Shakespeare's Imagery. By Caroline F. E. Spurgeon.—The Vision of Piers Plowman. By William Langland.—Back to Langland. By Stanley B. James.—Joan of Arc. By Milton Waldman.—Murder in the Cathedral. By T. S. Eliot.—Chaplain Duffy of the Sixty-ninth Regiment. By Ella M. E. Flick.—Individuality in a Collective World. By Barbara S. Morgan.—The Winter Diversions of a Gardener. By Richardson Wright.—Shorter Notices.—Pamphlet Publications.**

**Catholicism, Protestantism and Capitalism.** By Amintore Fanfani. New York: Sheed & Ward. $2.00.

**Religion and the Modern State.** By Christopher Dawson. Same publisher. $2.00.

**The Will to Freedom.** By Ross J. S. Hoffman. Same publisher. $1.50.

We have here three recent books, one from Italy, one from England, one from America,—all of them by historians; all of them by Catholics; all of them dealing with those vital problems, economic and political, which are not only interesting but indeed disturbing every thoughtful man in this present year. Signor Fanfani takes up a particular problem, the religious origins of capitalism. The other two writers discuss the question: To what type of political system may we look for help in a situation which threatens to end our intellectual and moral freedom?

For a long time now, and from different points of view, comments have been made upon the possible relationship of two of the chief phenomena of modern history, capitalism and Protestantism. How far, we may ask, is it true that capitalistic development has been contemporaneous with the development of Protestantism; and to what extent may the relationship be described as that of effect and cause?

These are questions which deserve to be examined by a person such as the author of the present volume: a lecturer on economic history, a widely read and clear-thinking student, a special investigator of medieval institutions. The documentation of his book reveals his thorough familiarity with the literature of the subject, including the most recent English studies.

Quite properly, Signor Fanfani begins with a detailed examination of the precise nature of capitalism, warning us that Capitalism is not merely a complexus of technical methods and institutions, which facilitate and regulate the production, circulation and distribution of wealth; but is rather a complete social system. In reply to the questions suggested above, he undertakes a careful study of economic history, before and after the Protestant Reformation. He concludes

that, despite the incompatibility between the Catholic spirit and the spirit of Capitalism, it was in a Catholic age and a Catholic society that capitalism first made its appearance. How this came about, he explains in a chapter on the Rise of Capitalism,—in some respects the most interesting part of his book.

He goes on to say, however, that Protestantism, although it did not give birth to capitalism, has nevertheless, in many ways helped to strengthen and extend it,—not positively as Weber believed, but negatively by paving the way for the action of innumerable "capitalistic" impulses.

When all is said and done, it is the Catholic ideal which tends to restrain capitalism because it balances purely economic motives with others, and brings the various spheres of human life into harmony on an ideal plane. Protestantism, on the other hand,—at least the orthodox Protestantism of Luther and Calvin,—by denying the relation between earthly action and eternal recompense and by making salvation depend either on predestination or on faith alone, tends to invalidate supernatural morality, to stultify economic ethics and to open the way to a thousand moral codes all based ultimately on temporal and material interest.

The undeniable fact that northwestern Europe, from the sixteenth century onward, outstripped the Mediterranean countries in the economic race can then be explained, in part, by religious differences. Given the actual circumstances of modern history, the encouragement imparted to the capitalistic spirit by the Reformation was at least a partial cause of capitalistic progress from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century. But this is not the whole story. Other factors also enter in. No one of them alone explains the matter, nor would all of them together, if man were the obedient servant of spiritual ideals. But he is not. And in a world where men instinctively seek the greatest possible material good, and where their way is not barred by religion, we find them impelled irresistibly toward the creation of some such phenomenon as that which we call the capitalistic system.

Men, who think that our civilization is at the cross roads, that no temporary solution of mere immediate difficulties but drastic and radical treatment is required, are, generally speaking, divided into those who believe that we need a new, more efficient social mechanism and those who believe that the very spirit of our civilization is wrong. Mr. Dawson is in the latter class; and in his **Religion and the Modern State** he states the thesis that nothing but a thorough religious reform will effect the stabilizing of our shaken world.

He sketches briefly the break up of the old political order and the advent of the new. By three stages,—Protestantism, Liberalism, Communism,—Europe has declined from Catholicism to secularism. "The first eliminated the Church, the second eliminated Christianity and the third eliminated the human soul." Under the influence of the same forces which produced Communism, even western Democracy is evolving into a paternal democratic state, a collective despotism, which will effectively destroy human initiative and religious freedom.

This brings the problem home to every Christian: Must he withdraw

from the world, or can he hope to restore a Christian civilization?—a serious question.

By way of contributing to the solution of the problem, Mr. Dawson recalls that the basis of our western tradition of liberty is the Christian conception of the divine source of law. To this conception Europe must cling fast, rather than to the Capitalist order, or the political *status quo*, or the liberal democratic idea of absolute equality. Further, the Catholic conceives of the ruler of the state as one who is more than the representative of the people, one who has an authority independent of the popular will of the moment, one who has a direct responsibility to God. Admittedly closer to the fascist ideal than to the system of party government, this authoritarian state remains nevertheless essentially different from fascism; for the Christian state can never ignore or violate the God-given rights of the individual, the family, the Church. And to save itself, Europe must return to Catholic "authoritarianism."

Into the details of a program of restoration, Mr. Dawson does not enter. Perhaps to do so is not precisely the function of an expert in the philosophy of history. Yet, lacking that, the reader of these brilliant studies, although accepting heartily every conclusion of the author, will remain at the end of the volume still bewildered as to what he can do,—except to practice his religion and to hope. Possibly this will be enough. Mr. Dawson seems to think so, for he says, "If every Christian has an intellectual grasp of Christian principles and a living interest in his religion, it will be impossible to suppress Christianity even in a Communist state."

Professor Hoffman in **The Will to Freedom** deals with an issue not really separable from the questions discussed by Professor Dawson,—an issue which has been forcing itself upon the attention of all contemporary lovers of liberty: Is it possible to retain our old freedom without in some measure voluntarily surrendering it? For the very liberties we have enjoyed are being used against us; freedom is converted into license; propagandists who openly plan to reduce us to slavery, are promoting their cause by means of the very privileges which they propose to take away,—free speech, free assembly, free press, free education, universal suffrage. Gradually we have come to realize that some new and radical adjustment must be made.

Facing the actual situation more frankly than many others who discuss it, Dr. Hoffman points out that the liberal democratic movement has labored under two handicaps; first, the lack of reasoned convictions as to the real needs and the permanent values of human nature; and second, the lack of authority apart from leadership. Those leaders who have dared to go against the mass demand have been quickly broken. He cites no illustrative instances. Was he perhaps thinking of Wilson, or of Cleveland or of more distant and more famous men?

The remedy for these conditions must obviously be a revolutionary remedy. The author believes our best prospect is the rise of revolutionary unions of men sworn to restore the common political tradition of our civilization by the institution of an authoritarian state, ready and able to protect intellectual liberty and freedom of conscience through

the repression of men and movements that consciously or unconsciously menace them.

He points out that a number of persons, including Mr. Lippmann, are beginning to perceive the grave need for some such power. But he thinks,—truly, no doubt,—that the authoritarian implication of these ideas is not generally perceived, "not even by Mr. Lippmann," who remains "a pragmatist and a liberal," and can suggest only the device of improving our present system by reserving initiative in fiscal matters to the executive.

Mr. Hoffman reasons from sound principles to luminous conclusions, suggesting rather than disclosing the ultimate basis of his philosophy. He points to an ideal; and in general terms he outlines a method of approach. But he only hints—and indeed barely hints—at the actual steps to be taken. He has chosen perhaps to retain the advantage possessed by men who enunciate principles rather than programs. Once or twice he seems to bestow a sort of endorsement on the New Deal, and this tempts us to think that he is already prepared to surrender a considerable percentage of "those hard won liberties," without saying so plainly. Whatever political platform he would advocate, however, his principles and his logic are beyond reproach; and to that high vantage ground which he occupies —the level of Christian philosophy —all those who love the Republic should repair. J. McS.

**Rome From Within.** By Selden P. Delany. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co. $2.00.

One lays down this book with a variety of feelings — regret that a writer so gifted and so promising should have so soon finished his course, amazement at his firm grasp of the latest tractate in dogmatic theology, the treatise on the Church, and his engaging manner of presenting it to our present-day seekers after certainty, the uncomfortable conviction that many born into the faith have not been able to present the great facts of that treatise with the same ease of expression, aptness of illustration, appropriateness of restatement. The whole book is devoid of the bombast or exaggeration that ofttimes accompanies an effort to set forth the Catholic claims; it avoids the technical terminology that so often deters outsiders from reading our apologetic literature.

It is not only a comprehensive survey of the teaching Church but it is a charming example of genial humor and disarming irony. While it is true that "this book is not an attack on ecclesiastical abuses but rather an essay in appreciation—an attempt to appraise some of the positive values found in the Catholic Church by one who too late has come to know her from within," the amusing list of things one might find fault with is evidence that the writer was not blind to certain objectionable features of current Catholicism in America. Nor does his disclaimer prevent him from gently touching upon these superficial blemishes and with unerring judgment putting his finger on things that need correction.

This brief review cannot do justice of course to what is in some respects a most timely and quite notable book. But certain things can be suggested. The chapters on the "Charm of Chastity," "The Church and the Family," contain thoughts for every Catholic, and perhaps a

presentation unusual to the ordinary Catholic priest. That on "Education or Miseducation" (p. 194 especially) is a valuable argument to us in preaching the need of Catholic schools for Catholic children. The concluding chapter on "The Catholic Priesthood" will be welcomed by us all. The book is worthy of wide acceptance not only by non-Catholics for whom perhaps it was primarily intended, but by those already of the household of the Faith to whom it is at once a challenge and a stimulus. J. H. McM.

**The Voice of England.** By Charles Grosvenor Osgood. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.00.

This survey of the literary history of England from Anglo-Saxon times to the present is an achievement of no slight proportions and importance, for into a comparatively small volume, as volumes these days go, Professor Osgood has gathered, and that without any effect of crowding, virtually everything that is essential and significant in that long and eventful history.

At the same time, he has completely avoided the pedantic, the dull pedestrianism into which he might so readily have slipped. Nor is his colorful, thoroughly human narrative ever merely superficial, never does he resort to the popularizing devices of most writers who have striven to be at once informative and readable. His book reflects a ripe and urbane scholarship, keen critical discernment, a broad and discriminating taste, a mind whose experience with books has been a prolonged and delightful adventure. The reading of such a chronicle cannot but be filled with rewards, both for those who through it come to first acquaintance with the facts here set forth and those whose knowledge of the facts increases the pleasure of the reading. To read is to share the adventure.

Without any arbitrary arrangement of his material other than a chronological division into eight parts, the author, in a tone of engaging informality, discusses the historical background of English literature throughout these periods, the lives and personalities of virtually every author worth mentioning, his work as a whole and certain works in particular. The result is a truly extraordinary fusion of all the elements which constitute the English literary scene for more than twelve hundred years.

It is a result that is eminently satisfactory to a Catholic critic by reason of the sympathetic appreciation of the Catholic point of view displayed throughout. Even among Catholics such an appreciation does not occur as often as might be expected, and among non-Catholics, until fairly recently, it was non-existent. Nor is such an appreciation merely a matter of a broad-minded tolerance, willing to give due credit to Catholic writers or to admit the cultural claims of the Catholic ages. It is a realization of the nature and importance of the contribution to literature, especially English literature, resulting from the Catholic philosophy of life.

It would be too much to expect that Professor Osgood should possess this realization in its fullness, but his possession of it to a considerable degree enables him to evaluate the Middle Ages, for instance, in terms of enlightenment rather than darkness, to be so generally sound in his estimate of such authors as Caedmon, Rolle, Chaucer, St. Thomas More, Shakespeare, Dryden

and Francis Thompson, and so satisfactory in his account of the Renaissance, the Romantic Revival and the Oxford Movement, so discerning in his appraisal of such works as *Beowulf*, *Pearl*, the *Morte d'Arthur*, the *Fairy Queen*, Marlowe's *Faustus*.

In a book of such wide compass there were bound to be inequalities. It was inevitable, too, that for all his scholarship and good will Professor Osgood should make some statements and express some judgments that are not wholly acceptable to a Catholic critic. Thus, for example, he refers to the "medieval worship of Mary, *divine* Maid and Mother" (italics mine), and repeats the stock phrases about "men thinking for themselves" with the Renaissance and discovering the Bible with the Reformation. When he speaks of certain modern writers "distraught by the intellectual confusion of the times, . . . throwing themselves back upon the broad and sustaining bosom of Mother Church," it is with the obvious implication that this is a rather infantile course of action, with them a substitute for thinking. Indeed, he more than once suggests an identity between intelligence and skepticism. But although these are not in themselves matters of minor importance, they almost become so in virtue of the infrequency with which they occur in an otherwise splendid and thoroughly enjoyable book.

B. M. K.

**Japan's Policies and Purposes.** By Hirosi Saito. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. $2.50.

Mr. Hirosi Saito is a diplomat of international reputation. As Japanese Ambassador to the United States, he has performed a fine service in lessening the tension between his own country and the government to which he is accredited. Much of his success has been due to the speeches and essays which are compiled in the volume under review. One would expect it to be just what it is: an attempted justification of the Japanese occupation of Manchuria, and the reasons for Japanese dissatisfaction with the 5-5-3 naval ratio. It must be conceded that Mr. Saito makes out a far better case for a "navy second to none" in the Pacific than he does in explaining the Nipponese quasi-pacific penetration of China. But then few of the representatives of the Tokyo Foreign Office have been taken into the confidence of the military *camarilla* that has brought to a new pitch of perfection Frederick the Great's practical maxim: "Move in and take possession first; then negotiate."

Like Mussolini in Ethiopia, the Japanese spokesman, pointing to the past policy of the Great Powers, including Great Britain, France, and the United States, wonders why they have experienced so sudden a change of heart and why they do not try to see the beneficent influence of order, law, and prosperity in a land of chaos. This, of course, is a pragmatic argument. It does not settle the ethical issues, which, if civilization is to prevail, must be paramount. Mr. Saito is on surer ground when he calls attention to his country's lack of raw materials and need of markets. In his judgment trade barriers such as tariffs, quotas, licenses and exchange controls have intensified the general crisis. To prove many of his points the Japanese Ambassador quotes generously from Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

There are six appendices, including the important Imperial Rescript on the occasion of Japan's withdrawal from the League of Nations. Although several chapters in the book are devoted to praise of Protestant groups in Japan, there is no explicit reference to the first missionaries who founded a Christian community in the Flowery Kingdom over three hundred years ago.

J. F. T.

**Albert and the Belgians.** Portrait of a King. By Charles D'Ydewalle. New York: William Morrow & Co. $3.00.

**Albert Roi des Belges.** By Abbé Jacques Leclercq. Brussels: Editions de la Cité Chrétienne. 15 *fr.*

**Albert of Belgium.** Defender of Right. By Emile Cammaerts. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5.00.

A Belgian journalist, a Belgian priest and a Belgian poet have written three striking biographies of King Albert I. M. D'Ydewalle is well qualified to paint his portrait, for as a boy he played with the King's children when the royal family paid a long visit to his uncle, the Baron van Caloen. Later on he became a frequent and a welcome visitor at the palace of the King and his charming queen, Elizabeth. He tells us that Albert had few friends outside his own household, because of his innate distrust of men. He was perfectly indifferent to flattery, and often sarcastic to flatterers. He was keenly sensitive to journalistic criticism, never realizing "that behind an explosive article there often lurked an amused observer ironically judging the effect of his bombshell." Strangely enough he thought that he was disliked by the Belgian people, and often voiced this view to his intimates. On one occasion when his aid-de-camp pointed to the great crowds that acclaimed him at a public fête, he remarked: "Yes, there would be a similar crowd if I were to be led to the scaffold." Again in the midst of the Centenary celebrations of 1930 he remarked: "I have received many ovations, but I have read enough history to realize that they are ephemeral. Louis XVI. was acclaimed; so was Nicholas II.; and so were the Hapsburgs."

The Abbé Leclercq tells us that he writes as "one of the crowd"—as one who admired the King without ever coming in personal contact with him. He gives us a brief sketch of Albert's predecessors, Leopold I. and Leopold II., discreetly passing over the latter King's *amours* and his unpopularity with his people. He writes of Albert's parents, his school and army days, his advent to the throne through the unexpected death of his brother Baudouin, his determined defense of Belgium's neutrality during the World War, his indefatigable work in the days of reconstruction.

His best chapter is his last, which sums up the noble qualities of the King,—his kindliness, his generosity, his simplicity, his sincerity, his disinterestedness, his devout Catholic faith. No matter how busy he was at home or abroad he never missed Mass. When at his country place in the Ardennes he would always take his place in line at the confessional with the humblest of his people.

Cammaerts' book is not only a biography, but a beautifully written, detailed history of the twenty-four years of King Albert's reign (1909-1934). It is without question the best book of the three, and says the

last word on Belgium's noble King, despite the few matters that may be one day revealed in documents still unpublished.

Albert started his reign over a people who detested his predecessor, and yet he won their affection without ever saying a word derogatory of Leopold II. What was the secret of his success? His noble defense of Belgium's neutrality and his sturdy defiance of Germany's powerful war machine; his strict adherence to the constitution despite its frequent hampering of his initiative; his fairness in dealing with the socialists and the bitter rivalry of the Flemings and Walloons; his sane colonial policy which looked to the betterment of the natives instead of their exploitation; his fostering of industry, the arts, the sciences, literature and music; his deep religious sense and the purity of his home life—these things won him the respect and the love of all classes.

He was not a great general like Napoleon, nor a great diplomat like Richelieu, but nevertheless he cannot be denied the title of great. He will go down in history as the maker of a Belgium that taught the world the superiority of right over might; he will be remembered, as D'Ydewalle says, "as one of the noblest and most beautiful characters the world has known." B. L. C.

**Shakespeare's Imagery.** By Caroline F. E. Spurgeon. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.00.

If you are a lover of Shakespeare, of poetry, of drama, you will enjoy this newest contribution to the study of all three. The author's idea was not to add to the already overwhelming array of theories concerning the life and works of Shakespeare, but to develop what the scientist so happily terms "a new technique" for studying that incomparable genius. Her unique approach consists simply (though the author's ten years of work belie the word) of the belief and claim that the classification and analysis of the images contained in Shakespeare's plays can reveal to us the man himself and also throw further light on the individual poems and plays.

Dr. Spurgeon develops this theory of hers in 408 pages and some interesting charts. Her scholarship, her unequivocal forthright style, good taste and deep appreciation of Shakespeare make her book completely delightful, as well as significant. For these unusual virtues, we gladly forgive her the challenging statement of the preface as to having investigated and written with a "perfectly open mind." It is our conviction that the most cold-blooded intellectual is never completely open-minded on any subject which touches on the fundamental philosophies of living.

Dr. Spurgeon's "Will Shakespeare" is quite plausible, but her argument for him as the real Shakespeare is weakened by the same use of quotations as she decries in others. We might add that this is the only point in the entire book at which anyone is likely to object to the quotations. Particularly in the latter half they are so masterfully extracted from their actual context and so skillfully integrated with "spiritual context," as it were, that plots, themes and motives leap to brilliant life within the bounds of a few brief pages.

Supporters of the theory that Francis Bacon wrote the plays attributed to Shakespeare will find

scant comfort here. Dr. Spurgeon, by comparing the images used by both men, proves conclusively that the works of Bacon and the works of Shakespeare are from two personalities vastly disparate in lives and interests. M. C. L.

**The Vision of Piers Plowman.** By William Langland. Newly Rendered into Modern English by Henry W. Wells. With an Introduction by Nevill Coghill. New York: Sheed & Ward. $2.50.

**Back to Langland.** By Stanley B. James. London: Sands & Co. 3 *s.* 6 *d.*

At last, it seems, "Long Will" Langland is coming into his own. It was right and inevitable that the fame of Chaucer should have preceded and outstripped him, since Chaucer was a greater artist—the first and still one of the greatest in what we know as English poetry. Also Chaucer was possessed of a buoyant humor and a rare power of painting the most diverse of his fellow mortals. But there is no more reason for considering him the only poet of fourteenth century England than for treating Shakespeare as the only Elizabethan dramatist. Indeed, our appreciation of Chaucer and his times may be immeasurably deepened by adding to it an intelligent knowledge of Langland.

In many ways the two men complement each other. Chaucer's affiliations were with the court and he wrote for a courtly audience more familiar with French than with English, although the *Canterbury Tales* prove his understanding sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men and women; and upon the good and evil of the world he looked with something of the artist's perennial detachment. Langland was a man of the people—a step above serfdom with probably a left-handed drop of gentle blood—apparently given minor orders after being educated by the monks of Malvern Priory. It was for the people he wrote, in the ancient alliterative measures of their Anglo-Saxon forefathers. And The Vision of Piers Plowman is impregnated with the good Churchman's love of truth and hatred of iniquity. "When all treasures are tried," he tells us, "Truth is the fairest. It is as dear a dowry as the dear God himself." It is both misleading and suggestive to call Langland the "English Dante," but his horror of injustice and corruption "in high places" of State and Church was as burning a thing as Dante's own. Only in his love of the gentle English countryside—"on a May morning, on a Malvern hillside" where his "marvellous visions" begin—does he occasionally approach Chaucer's lyric delight in Nature. But neither the earth in its loveliness nor the town in its sordidness is an abiding place for Langland: his real preoccupation is with Heaven and Hell. So the allegory, with its divisions of "Do Well" (for the laity), "Do Bet" (for the priesthood) and "Do Best" (for the episcopacy) is a sermon in verse—a sermon which Mr. Christopher Dawson has well declared "one of the landmarks of English literature and English religion." Professor Wells has rendered an immense service to modern readers by giving us this familiar yet noble and scholarly translation of the long-neglected work.

Langland had, of course, engaged M. Jusserand and the indefatigable Professor Skeat, but to Mr. Dawson must go most of the credit for our contemporary rediscovery of the

prophetic peasant poet. And now these five highly readable essays by Mr. Stanley James—which, while they contain much valuable original matter, are largely an expansion of Dawson's claim that Langland "shows what English religion might have been if it had not been broken by schism and marred by sectarianism and heresy"—will be found an excellent introduction to the man about whom so little is really known and to the work which seems at length destined to take its place in the library of the general reader as well as on seminary shelves. Mr. James has been particularly interested in showing the debt of Puritanism and evangelical Christianity to the medieval Church, and on the whole treats his difficult subject with sympathy and scholarship. His Langland is a human being as well as a literary landmark. K. B.

**Joan of Arc.** By Milton Waldman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.50.

This new life of Joan of Arc has had a good press, but the book does not deserve it. The author does not, like his anti-Catholic predecessors, declare St. Joan an insane impostor, or a mere puppet of designing priests and politicians, but he follows in their traces by robbing her of all title to sainthood, making naught of her "Voices," and explaining away all her miracles.

He portrays her as a born military leader, who gained her victories by new methods of attack, and through the confidence she inspired in the discouraged French soldiery. He praises her for her common sense, her honesty, and her wit; but dismisses with a wave of the hand all question of the supernatural as mere superstition.

He does not bring out the fact it was not the Church that condemned Joan of Arc to be burned at the stake. She was not arrested for heresy, but captured as a prisoner of war at Compiègne, and sold to the English by John of Luxembourg for $350,000. He does not state that Bishop Cauchon was a venal prelate, exiled from his see as a result of Joan's victories, who looked forward to the bishopric of Rouen as the price of his treachery. The proud English would have Joan discredited by condemning her as a witch, and the judges of the trial were to a man in English pay. Moreover, most of them were holders of ecclesiastical benefices in territory occupied by the English.

The author writes a great deal of nonsense about the "elaborate flummery and the mumbo jumbo" of medieval saint worship, sneers at St. Catherine of Siena as a deluded visionary, invents a Church safe-conduct for Huss, and finds fault with the Middle Ages for their "hysterical reverence for female purity."

St. Joan of Arc must smile in heaven to find herself described as "one that did not like priests any more than did most people of the Middle Ages." B. L. C.

**Murder in the Cathedral.** By T. S. Eliot. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $1.25.

Since 1170, when St. Thomas à Becket fell under his assassins' daggers, for full five centuries his shrine, so hallowed to Chaucer's pilgrims, has been desolate. Last summer, for the first time since the days of Henry VIII., St. Thomas was again recognized officially in his own Cathedral of Canterbury. Under the ægis of the Church of England at the Canterbury Festival, the

mystery of his martyrdom was performed in the Cathedral Close and the Mystery Play was written by the American poet, T. S. Eliot. It is not only an impressive exposition of the triumph of St. Thomas, but also of the philosophy of martyrdom. In the simple and beautiful sermon preached by the Archbishop in the play on St. Stephen's Day, he reminds his people that the peace of Christ has indeed been left to us, but not as the world knows peace nor as the world gives, for in the peace of the Church there must always be a mingling of sorrow and joy. "Nor is Martyrdom ever the design of man; for the true martyr is he who has become the instrument of God." That is the fourth temptation which comes to Thomas: the first has been an old friend who reminds him of the easy, gay life once led in the world; the second is an offer of royal favor; the third, an invitation to temporal power from the Barons; and the fourth, visitant whispers of spiritual fame and the lasting fruits of martyrdom.

"This last is the greatest treason
To do the right deed for the wrong reason."

The Archbishop's sermon is in prose, which to us is Mr. Eliot's finest medium. The rest is in free verse. E. VR. W.

**Chaplain Duffy of the Sixty-ninth Regiment.** By Ella M. E. Flick. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press. $2.00.

For reasons which only Father Duffy's intimate friends will appreciate, the writing of his biography was of necessity a difficult task. One of the reasons may be discovered in a statement made by His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes, when on the 22nd of November, 1925, at the celebration of Father Duffy's tenth anniversary as Chaplain of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, the Cardinal referred to the Chaplain's profound scholarship as something which had never yet been unfolded to the public.

Fame enough as the spiritual father of fighting men, he certainly acquired. Probably to no other priest in the World War, came any such universal tribute of admiration as was accorded to him; and the conception of him as the ideal Chaplain was based upon no myth or legend or organized propaganda. It grew out of the actual facts. With a unanimity, not only exceptional, but indeed quite startling, people of every class, condition, creed and temperament witness to his excellence. But his allotment of gifts was far in excess of what the world at large thus recognized. Those men who were associated with him, or who studied under him, in his professorial days, were confident, and still are confident, that in other careers as well as that which fate marked out for him, he would have attained to eminence.

Facing these potential but historically unfulfilled possibilities, the writer of his biography labors under a heavy disadvantage. Despite that handicap, however, and with her work necessarily confined to the record and interpretation of her subject's actual career, Miss Flick has painted as successfully as anyone could the picture of this gifted man. Her book has many qualities to recommend it, — discrimination, simplicity, reverence for fact, logical order, and especially an unmistakable quality of personal sympathy which is precisely

the feature Father Duffy would have insisted upon as a primary requisite. His friends are grateful to Miss Flick,—so will all her readers be. J. McS.

**Individuality in a Collective World.** By Barbara Spofford Morgan. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $2.75.

This writer maintains that Collectivism is already here; in fact "nowhere more triumphant than in the U. S.," not as a social system, as yet, but as something more deadly: mass-thinking at a low quantitative level. Individuality flourishes on a terrain of qualitative, non-material (the author calls them also non-rational) values: values of culture which have to do with Beauty, Truth, Honor, Achievement. To the elimination of Individualism have contributed science, industrialism, social conditions. Science (psychology) by studying the individual and classifying and grading him by types, I. Q., and other native endowments; by indicating what external forces modify and shape him, seems to make him merely the inevitable product of outer conditions. Thus individuality is stripped of dignity. Industrialism and society, as now constituted, have, even more obviously, brought about conformity and uniformity. However, while the present collective status of society will keep on steam-rolling the mass of weaker individuals, it will give larger scope to the stronger.

In the expository chapters the book is very informative; in its suggestions for the building up of Individuality it is rather uncertain and pessimistic. The trouble comes mostly from the fact that the learned author does not know exactly what Man is. We may agree with her that Individuality is a "process of integration" coming from within and reconciling the internal and the external world, but unless we understand such words as "person" and "individual" according to Christian philosophy, we shall not solve the riddle of Man, nor determine Man's true line of development. A. R. B.

**The Winter Diversions of a Gardener.** By Richardson Wright. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.50.

There is nothing practical in this book, the author tells us. From it no bewildered gardener will learn what to do to the beetles that chew her peonies or to the black spots that devastate her roses. Nor will she discover how to keep bugs off pelargoniums. Just as Le Nôtre, the famous gardener of Versailles, amused himself in his off moments by collecting prints, medals and pictures, or his fellow worker, Perrault, wrote fairy stories for children, so the genial editor of *House and Garden* enjoyed his winters by reading about flower-painting ladies, the happenings in summer houses, the luggage of traveling plants, and the part played down the ages by churchmen in horticulture and botany.

He gives brief sketches of these talented women flower painters; brief accounts of the summerhouses of Babylon, Egypt, Persia, Greece, Rome, Italy, France, Spain and Holland; references to gardens in the English poets; the methods of plant packing from the cloth rolls of ancient Egypt to the thermos bottle and Wardian case of to-day; a long list of gardening clerics from the days of St. Jerome to the priests and parsons of present day England, the Continent and the Americas.

Did you know that the *Bignonia* was named after the Abbé Bignon, court librarian to Louis XIV? That the *Gongora* orchid was named after the Bishop of Cordova? That the *Nierembergia* was named after a Spanish Jesuit; the Oleander, *Thevetia*, after a French priest, the Abbé Thevet? These and other interesting facts may be gleaned from these fascinating pages.

B. L. C.

## SHORTER NOTICES

FICTION: **Darby and Joan.** By Maurice Baring (New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.00). With something of the precision and delicate charm of a Victorian nosegay, Maurice Baring tells the story of Joan Brendon whose outwardly happy life was, in reality, a painful realization of the elusiveness of temporal satisfaction. Concerned mostly with the effort to find happiness in marriage, she is passive rather than active in the quest. She is curiously aloof from her surroundings, her children and her husbands. Nominally a Catholic, she goes to Mass occasionally, but candidly admits that she has no faith in God or a future life. Her one Catholic husband, Robert, is a rather narrow, bitter person; her Catholic sister-in-law had a saintly piety which Joan found a barrier; her nurse, Kathleen, a simple Catholicity which Joan humored but could not share. In middle life, she met a brilliant and delightful old man, Dr. Valea, whose friendship was the most valuable of her relationships. He taught her that the acceptance of sorrow is the key to religion, and that "the best answers to the riddle of life are in the Penny Catechism." Under his guidance, she studied religion, but he was unable to open the door for her. Although this book does not reach the high level of *Daphne Adeane*, Major Baring has produced a deft portrait of a beautiful Victorian.

**Silas Crockett.** By Mary Ellen Chase (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50). Most delightful of the Maine novels that Mary Ellen Chase has so far produced, this tale of four generations of Crocketts rightly deserves the success with which it is meeting. The men and women in it are real people, sharing a dignity and graciousness that transcend the accidents of living. Industry, the encroaching rich, and modern invention wrought havoc with the Crockett possessions, but the final pages showing young Silas firmly poised amid the graves of his vigorous ancestors, eyes ahead, faith glowing, is a memorable monument of life to the valiant dead.

**Without Armor.** By James Hilton (New York: William Morrow & Co. $2.50). The creator of the gentle Mr. Chips has given his readers a man's size red-blooded story of romantic adventure. Dorothy Thompson sounds its keynote in her Introduction when she says: "For a young novelist the theme is big, perhaps too big. The earthquake and the fire—and the still, small voice. Mr. Hilton's hero is the still, small voice." The story revolves around Ainsley Fothergill and his life of almost incredible adventure, most of which is spent in turbulent Russia, and which ends, oddly enough, in a quiet little hotel in Ireland. He has known love and frustration, joy and pain, the loneliness of complete

isolation and the pressure of mob turmoil; he has saved lives and murdered a man; but to us Catholics, at least, the most curiously provocative episode is that, near the end, which announces his conversion to the Church. We would so like to know more about it.

**Jake.** By Naomi Royde Smith (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50). Charmingly different is this story of the education of a child prodigy, the typically English boy violinist to whom the author gives the name Jake Moore—the Jake evidently intended to suggest the slight strain of Jewish blood necessary for a virtuoso. His maladjustment to normal school life, his sweetness of nature, his instinctive rightness in all matters pertaining to his musical growth, the innocent intelligence with which he is armored against the attacks of a sinister sophistication, all give life and variety to a sensitive characterization. Jake's mother Désirée, his tutor Dick Lingard, and his faithful servitor Mr. Adam really live, and the author has succeeded well, too, in her portrayal of the picturesque celebrities who people her pages and in her representation of musical atmosphere. The ending, though a bit hard to believe in, is nevertheless, idealistic, and poetic —and so, quite in keeping with the theme.

**White Hawthorn.** By Lucille Borden (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50). A charming, eleven-year-old Florentine maid, a street waif of joyous nature, endowed with a strange gift for beautiful dancing, is the winning heroine of this romantic tale of Italy in the fourteenth century. Through the experiences of the ingenuous child, on a journey by horse from Florence to Naples, we are present at meetings with some of the historic figures of the day, among them Joanna of Naples and Petrarch. The storied Ponte Vecchio across the Arno in Florence, the heights of Perugia and Assisi, the road to Rome, the mountain of Cassino, the castle in Naples, all these and more provide background for the little girl's adventures and, as she grows older, for her idyllic love affair with an English youth.

**Shining Windows.** By Kathleen Norris (Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Doran & Co. $2.00). This time we can hand Mrs. Norris's new novel to the clamoring young without a tremor. In Shining Windows she holds up to view the beneficial qualities of the simple life; she tells us that manual labor is not so muddy as it is painted, and that people whose means give them leisure "to do things" usually do the things that bring neither profit nor joy. The Bullard family, when engaged in the common work necessary for its vital requirements, is, for the first time, united in interest and affection. We are reminded that in the old game of human relationships he who gives most gains most. The idle rich are shown to be the profligate lot we always suspected them of being; the beautiful heroine (easily identifiable as the reader in disguise) is good and clever and beloved by all; and everything comes out as well in the end as if we had dreamt it.

**All Things Are Possible.** By Lewis Browne (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50). This novel written by a quasi historian who has been a Jewish rabbi and a Socialist, tells the story of Maryah, a poor distraught peasant girl who lived in Magdala in the time of Christ.

According to the publishers "the whole novel is apocryphal, for it deliberately departs from tradition at many points." It is vividly written, but with this warning in mind, and remembering the author's *This Believing World*, the reader should not be surprised that the picture it presents of a crude and wild-eyed Jeshu, with clenching hands, hesitant and helpless, is not the Messiah we know. Neither do we welcome, as a sample of the early Christian, this half-demented epileptic girl who follows the Nazarene in a sort of superstitious semi-trance, and in her sick delirium, sees Him alive after the Crucifixion. It is questionable whether Browne intends this Maryah to be the Mary Magdalen of Christian recognition. True, he describes with lurid clarity her days of unwilling prostitution in a brothel, but as she was always a victim and never a sinner, repentance is, of course, beside the question, and a Magdalen shorn of repentance presents a strangely mutilated image.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS: The high spiritual adventure of the missions and the atmosphere of the Orient give flavor and zest to each and every one of the booklets written by the Maryknoll Fathers. Rev. Robert E. Sheridan, contributes, **Shall I Be a Maryknoller?**, **Shall I Be a Maryknoll Sister?**, **Maryknoll on the March**, **Missions, Medicine and Maryknoll**, **The Case for Catholic China**, **Christ in China**, **Ten Thousand Questions About China** and **A Novena to St. Francis Xavier the Missioner.** Rev. Raymond P. Quinn presents a vivid picture of **The Chinese Seminarian**; Rev. Stephen Hannon shares his eight years' experience in preaching **Christ in Korea**; **42 Days Among Chinese Outlaws** is Rev. Harold Bush's thrilling story, and **Maryknoll Among Chinese Lepers**, a very inspiring one, is well told by Rev. Joseph Sweeney. We are introduced to **Marriage in Manchu-Land** by Rev. R. A. Lane, and learn to know intimately **Ah Hoy! His Brother . . . His Boat** with Rev. A. Paschang, who also describes excellently the **Schools in China.** In **Secrets of Chinatown**, Rev. John Martin gives a full picture of the Chinese in the United States, who they are, what they do, where they study, what influences touch their lives (New York, Maryknoll P. O.: The Maryknoll Pamphlet Series, 5 cents each).

**The Reformation Mind**, by Rev. Andrew Beck, A.A., B.A., gives an insight into the contributory causes of the religious revolution of the sixteenth century in England, while **Agnosticism**, by Rev. Thomas Corbishley, S.J., analyzes the religious trend of the scientific minds of the nineteenth century; Father Martindale, S.J., tells **An Untold Tale** of the foundation of the Franciscan Mill Hill Abbey well worth the telling; **Pius X., the Pope of the Eucharist**, by Lady Cecil Kerr; **St. Paul of the Cross**, by Rev. Joseph Smith, C.P., and **Meet Brother Martin**, are worth while additions to the literature of the saints. Full of helpful suggestions are the selections from the writings of Mother Mary Aikenhead, entitled "Christ Urgeth Us" (London: The Catholic Truth Society, 5 cents each). The Manresa Press of Roehampton, London, offers a tract, "All Service Is the Same With God," by Rev. Clifford Howell, S.J., with data on "Teaching Brothers and Nursing Sisters."

"The Torch" (of 141 East 65th Street, New York) presents the saintly American negro, Blessed Martin de Porres—Meet Blessed Martin—adapted from the French by Norbert Georges, O.P.

A timely and eloquent talk given over Station WLWL by the Rev. Ignatius W. Cox, S.J., Mercy Killing Is Murder!, will enable us to think straight on a periodically debated problem; the chatty account of Rachel K. McDowell's visit to Castel Gandolfo, My Audience with the Holy Father, which appeared originally in *The Catholic News*, is reprinted in fine format (New York: The Paulist Press, 5 cents each).

The Mother of God is a brief treatise on the Blessed Mother taken from "Revelation and the Modern Mind" by Rev. R. Bakewell Morrison, S.J.; Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J., presents some profound doctrine in simple conversational style in It's Christ or War; St. Ignatius' Second Method of Prayer is exemplified by Father Le Buffe, S.J., in Pondering in Our Hearts, a collection of brief meditations which we should like to see in the hands of all our young people; the same author's Hard-headed Holiness clarifies a much beclouded subject (St. Louis: The Queen's Work, 10 cents each). The Little Treasury of St. Jude (15 cents) is an excellent help in devotion to the Saint whose aid is given to difficult cases, and The Little Treasury of the Sacred Heart (10 cents), a compendium of the ways and means of devotion to the Divine Heart of Jesus (Paterson, N. J.: St. Anthony Guild Press).

Saint Robert Bellarmine, by Rev. F. D. O'Brien, S.J., and A Great Adventure—the life of Blessed Charles Spinola, S.J., by Rev. Paul Keenan, S.J., are inspiring stories of the great and good; Rev. Dr. Rumble asks and answers the question, Why Not a Catholic Australia? A reprint of Confession Is a Joy, by Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J., completes the output of the Australian Catholic Truth Society (Melbourne, 5 cents each). Handy in format and of much practical value are A Manual of Lenten Devotion, A Novena to St. Joseph, containing as well many other prayers to that Saint, and How to Be Happy, a translation from the French (Brooklyn: International Catholic Truth Society, 10 cents each).

The Catholic Mind for January 8th reprints Cardinal Hayes's notable sermon on Birth Prevention together with the reply made by thirteen Jewish and Protestant clergymen, and a stirring address of Monsignor Keegan's on Social Work; that of the 22d carries several valuable articles, "The Bible in English," by Rev. John Corbett, S.J.; "Euthanasia," "Why Blame the Boy?" by Joseph T. Ryan, and "Moral and Economic Problems of Today," by Robert A. Sauer; the February 8th issue contains Pope Pius's recent encyclical on "The Catholic Priesthood" and the "Pastoral Letter of the Mexican Hierarchy on Education" (New York: The America Press, 5 cents a copy).

An interesting account of education planned to prepare for action may be found in How St. Francis Xavier University Educates for Action, published by The Coöperative League of 167 West 12th Street, New York, and descriptive of the work of the University in Antigonish, Nova Scotia. Of deep interest and concern to all is the report on Religious Liberty in Mexico by the deputation appointed by the American Committee on Religious Rights

and Minorities to visit Mexico, and published by the Committee at 70 Fifth Avenue, New York. The Bulletin for 1936 of The Catholic Library Association is matter of general interest worth perusal.

Catholic writers should be grateful to Mary J. Hennessy for her service to them in compiling The Catholic Writer's Market Guide, in which, at the cost of much labor, she has gathered together a list of some seventy periodicals with their editorial needs and their publishing practice. That it is not altogether complete, is due to the procrastinating habits of some editors and also to the appearance of several new publications since its compilation. We find some of the listings a bit equivocal; for example, our own inclusion under the heading "Buy Occasionally," rather than under "Paying Markets—General" (Brooklyn: P. O. Box 109. $1.00).

International Conciliation for December treats of the Italo-Ethiopian conflict from all angles and authentic sources; the January issue takes up "Neutrality Legislation"; that of February discusses "The Present Status of the League of Nations" and gives the text of James G. McDonald's resignation as High Commissioner for Refugees Coming from Germany. A reprint from *The New Statesman* on "The Abyssinian Dispute" has been made available also by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace (New York: 407 West 117th Street, 5 cents a copy).

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## INDEX TO REVIEWERS

A. R. B.: Rev. Albert R. Bandini, writer and critic, Pastor of St. Rose's Church, Crockett, Calif., author of *A Lineal and Rhymed Translation of the Divine Comedy, St. Catherine of Siena*, etc.

B. L. C.: Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., missionary and writer, Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City; founder and spiritual director of the Catholic Unity League; author of *Studies in Church History, The Question Box*, etc.

B. M. K.: Blanche Mary Kelly, Litt.D., poet and critic, Professor of English, College of Mount St. Vincent, New York City; former editorial manager of *The Catholic Encyclopedia;* author of *The Valley of Vision, Mary the Mother*, etc.

E. VR. W.: Euphemia Van Rensselaer (Mrs. Christopher) Wyatt, playwright, literary and dramatic critic; author of *Monica.*

J. F. T.: Rev. Joseph F. Thorning, S.J., Ph.D., Professor of Sociology at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., associate editor of *Thought* for the Department of International Relations, and Chairman of the Europe Committee of the Catholic Association for International Peace; author of *Religious Liberty in Transition*, etc.

J. H. McM.: Right Rev. Msgr. Joseph H. McMahon, Ph.D., LL.D., writer and translator, founder and Rector of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, New York City; co-organizer of the Catholic Summer School of America. member of the Circulation Committee of the New York Public Library.

J. McS.: Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P., author and translator, Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City; author of *The Sacrament of Duty and Other Essays, A Primer of Prayer*, etc.

K. B.: Katherine Brégy, Litt.D., *Officier de l'Instruction Publique*, author, dramatic and literary critic, Philadelphia, Pa.; author of *Bridges, From Dante to Jeanne d'Arc*, etc.

M. C. L.: Mabel C. (Mrs. James D.) Livingston, teacher of Dramatic Cast Reading, New York School of the Theater and Professor of Dramatics, College of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, New York City.

# BOOKS RECEIVED

BENZIGER BROS., New York:
*Lent and the Mass.* By Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P., S.T.D. $2.00

E. P. DUTTON & CO., New York:
*Ship Without Sails.* By Barbara Barclay Carter. $2.50.

FARRAR & RINEHART, New York:
*Innocent Summer.* By Frances Frost. $2.50.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
*The Historical Scholarship of Saint Bellarmine.* By E. A. Ryan, S.J.

HARPER & BROS., New York:
*Inside Europe.* By John Gunther. $3.50. *Faster! Faster!* By E. M. Delafield. $2.50.

D. C. HEATH & CO., New York:
*The Theory of Social Work.* By Frank J. Bruno. $4.00.

ALFRED A. KNOPF, New York:
*Your Child in Health and in Sickness.* By Hugh L. Dwyer, M.D. $2.75. *Zaharoff, the Armaments King.* By Robert Neumann. $2.75. *Modern Man.* By Harvey Fergusson. $2.75.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:
*Interpretations 1933-1935.* By Walter Lippmann. Selected and edited by Allan Nevins. $2.50. *Personal Pleasures.* By Rose Macaulay. $2.50. *In Music Land.* By Georgia Stevens, R.S.C.J. *Medieval Francis in Modern America.* By Adalbert Callahan, O.F.M. $4.00. *The Life and Times of Beethoven.* By Edouard Herriot. Translated by Adelheid F. and William J. Mitchell. $4.00.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:
*Man and Beast.* By Theodore Maynard. $1.50. *The Old Testament: Book of Ruth.* Westminster Version. Edited by Rev. Cuthbert Lattey, S.J., M.A. (Oxon.). $1.00. *Monsignor.* By Doran Hurley. $2.00.

JULIAN MESSNER, New York:
*The Happy Wanderer.* By Francis Parkinson Keyes. $2.00.

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, New York:
*Structure and Style.* Selected and Edited by Gerda Okerlund and Esther Vinson. $1.90.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
*The Education of Chaucer.* By George A. Plimpton. $2.00. *The Oxford Book of English Proverbs.* $6.50.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
*Up in the Hills.* By Lord Dunsany. $2.00.

REYNAL & HITCHCOCK, New York:
*Holy Ireland.* By Norah Hoult. $2.50.

WALTER ROMIG & CO., Detroit:
*American Catholic Who's Who, 1936-1937.*

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
*The Last Puritan.* By George Santayana. $2.75. *The Hoover Administration.* By William Starr Myers and Walter H. Newton. $3.50. *The Spirit of Ireland.* By Lynn Doyle. $2.75.

SHEED & WARD, New York:
*The Logic of William of Ockham.* By Ernest A. Moody. $3.50. *The Secret of John Bosco.* By Henri Ghéon. $2.50. *Robert Southwell.* By Pierre Janelle. $3.50. *Laws of Life.* By Halliday Sutherland. $2.50.

FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., New York:
*Portrait of a Family.* By Eleanor Farjeon. $3.00.

THE VIKING PRESS, New York:
*The Eternal Road.* A Drama in Four Parts. By Franz Werfel. Translated by Ludwig Lewisohn. $2.25.

WHITTLESEY HOUSE, New York:
*Propaganda and the News.* By Will Irwin. $2.75.

THE DOLPHIN PRESS, Philadelphia:
*The Church Edifice and Its Appointments.* By Rev. Harold E. Collins, Ph.D. $1.50.

THE TELEGRAPH PRESS, Harrisburg, Pa.:
*Hitler's Wings of Death.* By Otto Lehmann-Russbueldt. $1.50. *Not Long for This World.* By Lady Cynthia Asquith and Others. $2.00.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New Haven:
*American Neutrality.* By Charles Seymour. $2.00.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston:
*The Son of Marietta.* By John Fabricius. $3.00.

THE ASSOCIATED PUBLISHERS, Washington, D. C.:
*The Picture-Poetry Book.* By Gertrude Parthenia McBrown. Illustrated by Lois Mailou Jones. $1.25.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION PRESS, Washington:
*Music.* Second Year. *Teachers' Manual.* New edition. $1.50. *Children's Song Manual.* New edition. 68 cents.

DUKE UNIVERSITY PRESS, Durham, N. C.:
*Religion and the Sciences of Life.* By William McDougall, F.R.S. $3.00.

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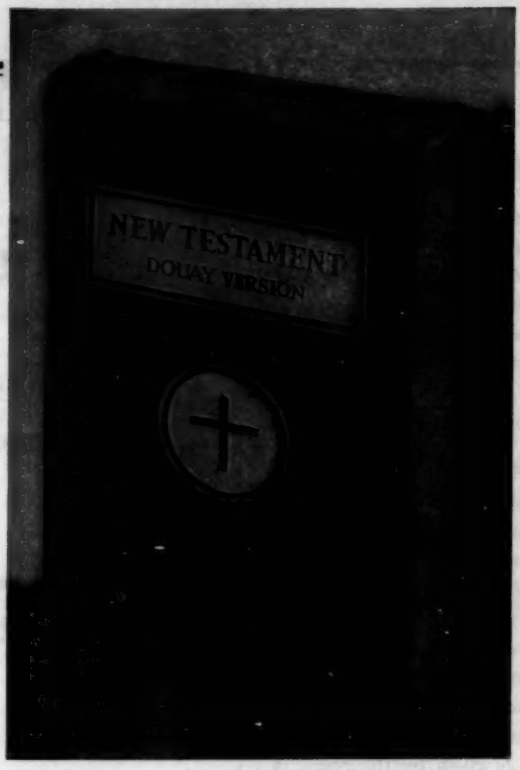


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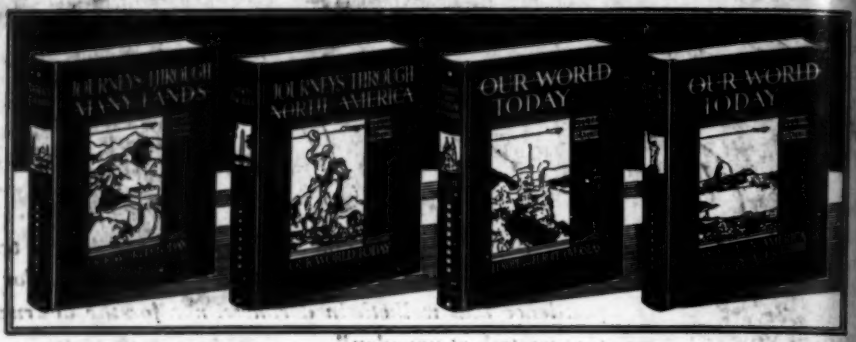


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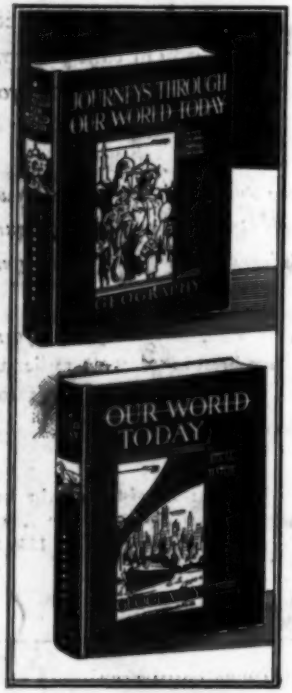


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